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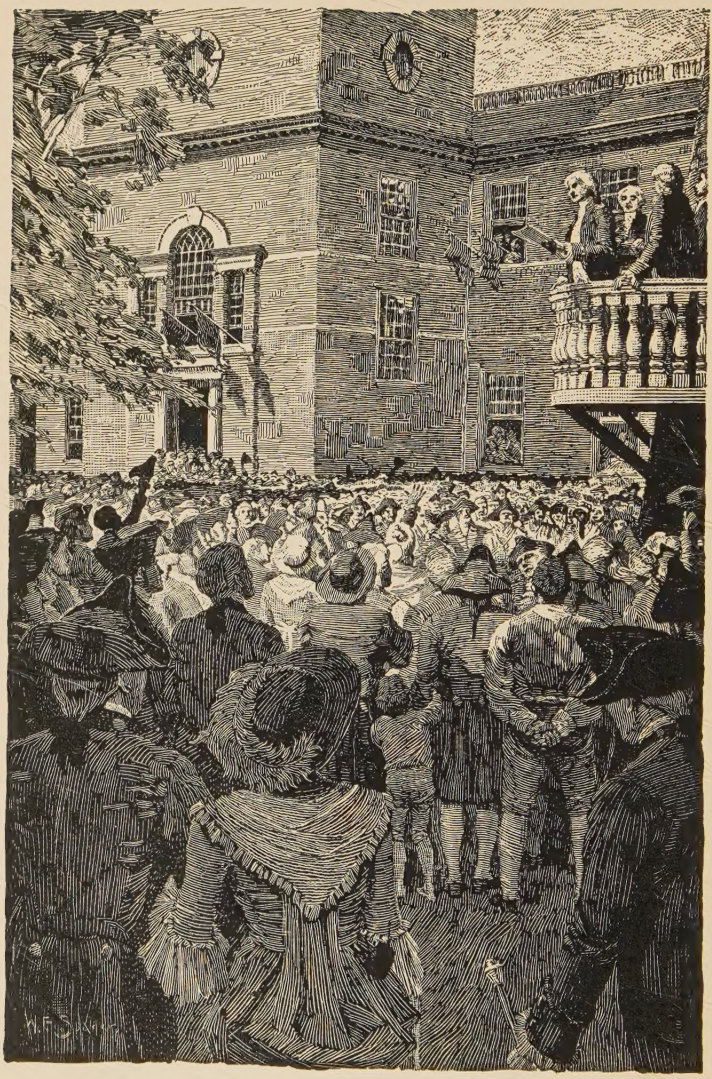

READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

MAKERS OF THE NATION

Revised Edition

BY

FANNY E. COE

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OUR COUNTRY, REVISED EDITION."

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PREFACE

THE content of this book comprises one hundred and fifty years of our national life, from the struggle opening the Revolution to the present decade. Emphasizing as it does the hundred years preceding 1865 (the death of Lincoln), this book is especially adapted for use in a history course for fifth-year pupils as outlined by the Committee of Eight of the American Historical Association. The fifteen decades covered in this volume offer a span of years crowded with momentous events, rich in moral and economic content.

It is impossible to treat adequately of all the important events that transpired or of all the outstanding personages who lived in that period. In order that historic truth may make its strongest appeal to the young, certain leaders, heroes, and patriots have been featured as being identified with certain great movements and situations. The few political documents or institutions which are studied in this volume are, therefore, linked with the careers of the men who were most concerned with their creation, — as the Declaration of Independence with Thomas Jefferson, and the Constitution with George Washington.

The biographical element in the study of history has been emphasized throughout the book featuring patriots

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in the various stages of national development: the frontiersmen, Boone, Clark, Crockett, and Kit Carson; the statesmen, Samuel Adams and Jefferson, Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt; the generals, Washington, Grant, and Lee; the men of great business sagacity, Peter Cooper and DeWitt Clinton; the inventors, Whitney and Morse, Wilbur and Orville Wright.

It has been constantly in the mind of the author not only to present historical facts by a clear, vivid narrative, but also to reveal certain traits of character that dominate heroes and patriots. Whenever practicable, the causal relation is mentioned.

Moreover, the language in "Makers of the Nation Revised Edition" is such as is easily understood by a child of ten; and it will be an aid, therefore, to teachers who are endeavoring to teach historical facts as well as to establish worthy ideals in these junior citizens in our schools.

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MAKERS OF THE NATION

HENRY OF THE SILVER TONGUE

You have read of the French and Indian War. The result of that contest was a great victory for England, and Canada was added to her other possessions in the New World.

The next war in America was that known as the American Revolution. Because of England's oppressive acts the thirteen colonies united against their mother country and, after a long and gallant struggle, won their freedom. General George Washington was our great leader in the field. With noble aids like Greene, Morgan, Marion, and Putnam he brought victory out of what seemed like certain defeat.

But there were other leaders in the contest besides those with swords at their sides. These men perhaps never saw the foe; nevertheless they did yeoman service at home. They were able lawyers and politicians who thought profoundly over the changing political situations and then spoke their minds so eloquently and convincingly to the people that one and all followed where they led. It was they who influenced the colonists to object strongly to England's unjust

measures. It was they who, when the many petitions had failed, declared our country an independent nation.

America was rich in great men one hundred and forty years ago. Nearly every colony had noble political leaders. Two of them, however, stand pre-eminent, one at the south and one at the north. They are Patrick Henry of Virginia and Samuel Adams of Massachusetts. Let us see how these men came to be leaders, even of the leaders.

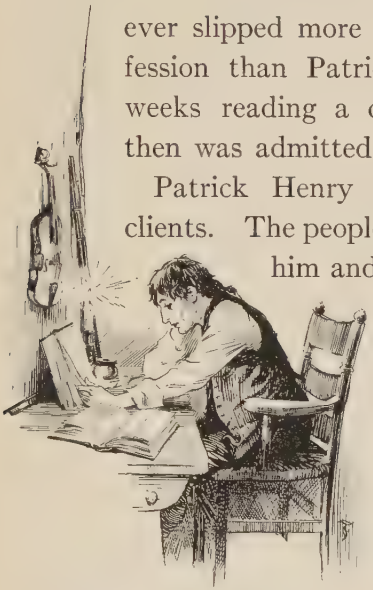
Patrick Henry was born in Hanover County, Virginia, in May, 1736. He was a lad "who liked work as little as a colt liked the cart." He hated books and learned very little in the school which he attended. No mark of the great man seemed upon him. He did chores, went barefoot in summer, swam, sang, and fought like any other Hanover County boy.

At fifteen he began to earn his living. He worked in a store in order to learn the trade. Then his father set him up in business with his older brother William, who was idle and less capable than Patrick. Altogether the firm was not a strong one and soon failed.

Patrick next tried farming and then made a second unsuccessful attempt at storekeeping.

Strange to say, he seemed not the least depressed by his series of failures. He played the fiddle at social gatherings, sang, danced, and talked as gayly as if his prospects were most brilliant.

Soon he made a new decision. He would go into the law. Possibly his tongue might serve him better than his hands had done. Perhaps no one ever slipped more easily into the legal profession than Patrick Henry. He spent six weeks reading a couple of law books and then was admitted to the bar.



Patrick Henry reading law.

Patrick Henry was at once busy with clients. The people of his native county liked him and believed in him, notwithstanding his previous failures. But his fame began with that noted case of 1763, known as the "Parsons' Cause." Let us try to understand the right of this case.

In those old days money was scarce and it was the custom of the people to pay for what they bought with tobacco, potatoes, grain, and any other product. As tobacco was the great crop of Virginia, the salaries of the ministers were paid in that staple. When the price of tobacco was high, the parsons were well off; when it was cheap, they often suffered poverty. But the lean and fat years evened matters somewhat in the long run, and the parsons were content.

During the French and Indian War less planting of

tobacco took place, as many men were away fighting. It was easier to pay the ministers cash. In 1755, consequently, the legislature passed an act allowing this to be done. Three years later they allowed the same again. This year, however, tobacco was sold at an advanced price. Had the parsons been paid in tobacco, they would have received the value of three times what was actually given them in cash. They loudly protested, and their complaints reached England.

King George III examined into the matter and at once proclaimed the Virginia legislature to be in the wrong. He declared the acts of 1755 and 1758 null and void, since he had not approved of them. The parsons were overjoyed. One of them, Rev. James Maury, brought suit to recover the portion of his salary due him. There was no question about the law. The acts of 1755 and 1758 were plainly illegal, and Mr. Maury won his case. It only remained to settle the amount to be paid him, his "damages," as the term is.

The citizens who had opposed Mr. Maury had asked a comparatively unknown lawyer to speak for them. He was Patrick Henry.

It was a most exciting occasion. All the countryside was there, eager to hear the plea and to learn the amount of the damages. Strangely enough, Mr. Henry, Senior, was the judge before whom his son was to plead.

Patrick Henry arose awkwardly. His first sentence

fell haltingly, almost stumblingly, on the ear. People looked ashamed and sorry for the young man who had thought he could speak in court. His father hung his head. "Poor Patrick," he thought, "a failure at law too."

But suddenly a change came over the speaker. He grew erect, dignified; his gestures were full of grace and power; his eyes flashed; his face was aglow with feeling; his voice was deep and musical; and his words rushed forth like a mighty torrent. Eloquence! They heard it then, if never in their lives before. Courage! Men turned pale at his bold words, for he dared to question the right of the king to annul these two laws of the Virginia legislature. George the Third was tried and found guilty by Patrick Henry, the obscure young lawyer of Virginia. "When a king becomes a tyrant," he cried, "he forfeits all right to obedience." A few cried "Treason," but little notice was paid them. Henry had swept almost the whole court room to his side.

The test came with the decision of the jury. They awarded the Rev. James Maury one penny damages! This satirical verdict but emphasized the prestige Henry's eloquence had won for him.

Two years later we find Patrick Henry, at the age of twenty-nine, a member of the Virginia legislature. He entered the legislature in 1765, a year that is always known as the "Stamp Act year." The English govern-

"Suddenly a change came over the speaker."

ment was embarked on a short-sighted policy that deeply angered every liberty-loving colonist. The circumstances were these.

The French and Indian War had left England with a heavy debt. Some of this debt had been incurred in her defense of the colonists. The Americans were not poor; why should they not help to pay the debt? Consequently Parliament laid a stamp duty on all legal papers. This meant that if a man made his will, a stamp must be bought and placed upon the document before it could be legal. If a man bought land, the deed of the purchase must bear a stamp. Notes, mortgages, marriage certificates, — in fact all legal papers, — were worthless without the stamp. These same stamps were sold by stamp officers, and the money they collected in this way belonged to Great Britain.

The colonists did not object to the stamp duty in itself. They were willing to help pay the debt of England, and a stamp tax was as easy a way of gathering in the money as could be thought of. The whole difficulty lay just here. The Stamp Act had not been laid upon them by their own legislatures. In other words, they had not been consulted. They had been taxed without representation, for the stamp law had been passed in the English Parliament where no delegates from the new world took counsel with the lawmakers of England.

The news of the Stamp Act reached America in May, 1765. The Virginia legislature would soon dissolve. It was necessary that the members consider the important act before separating to their homes.

The leaders of the house seemed reluctant to move in the matter. Patrick Henry, however, was not afraid. He read several resolutions of marvelous clearness and power. These resolutions asserted that Americans had all the rights of Englishmen; that Englishmen could be taxed only by the consent of their representatives in Parliament; that the government, by taxing the people in America who were not represented in Parliament, was striking a tremendous blow against the liberty, not of America alone, but of England as well. "Beware," thundered Henry, "lest you lose what your English forefathers won over five hundred years ago!"

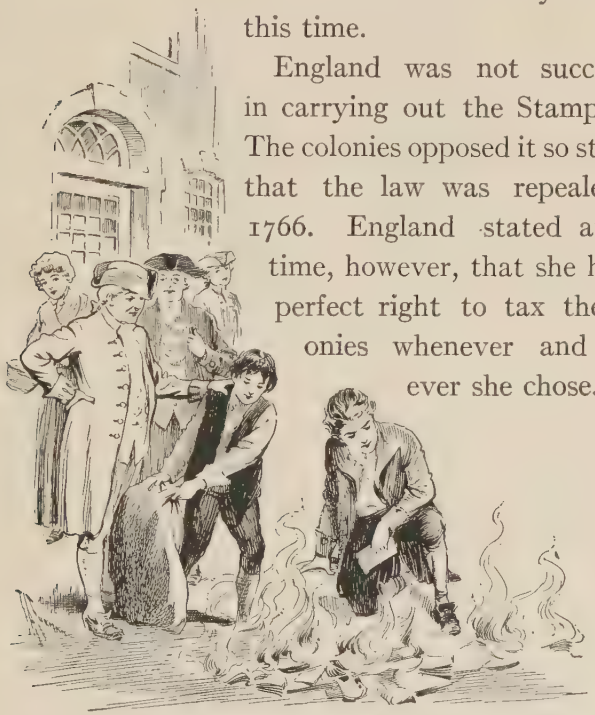
In his address Henry said, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third —" "Treason, treason," cried the speaker and several members. Patrick Henry looked sternly around as he finished his sentence — "may profit by their example! If that be treason, make the most of it." This adroit close, leaving the orator still master of the situation, was magnificent. The incident forms one of the most splendid moments in the history of our Revolution.

The resolutions passed by a very small majority. Copies reached the other colonies and appeared in some

of the newspapers. Woodrow Wilson says, "Henry's words were the first words of a revolution and no man ever thought just the same after he had read them."

"Virginia rang the alarm bell of the continent," remarks Bancroft. This was true. Although war did not break out for ten years, the first resistance to the mother country was at this time.

England was not successful in carrying out the Stamp Act. The colonies opposed it so stoutly that the law was repealed in 1766. England stated at the time, however, that she had a perfect right to tax the colonies whenever and however she chose.



Patriots burned the hated stamps.

Patrick Henry always considered his Stamp Act resolutions as the greatest deed of his life. During

the next twenty years, however, he was constantly serving Virginia and the other colonies.

His unflinching patriotism nerved others to stand fast. In that splendid and gallant colony of Virginia, Patrick Henry was certainly the flower of her early leaders. As Thomas Jefferson says: "He left all of us far behind."

Stamps in use in 1765.

SAMUEL ADAMS, "THE BRAIN OF THE REVOLUTION"

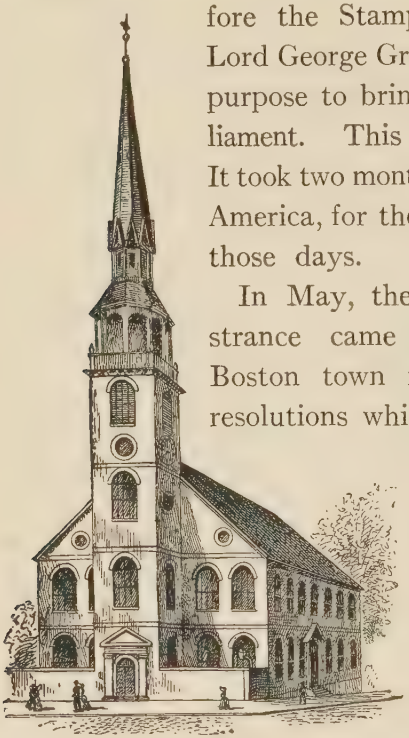
"A man who in the history of the American Revolution is second only to Washington." — JOHN FISKE.

IN the first chapter we read of the services to his country of Patrick Henry, the great southern leader. Let us now learn something of the life of the great northern leader, Samuel Adams.

Samuel Adams was born in Boston in September, 1722. As his father was a man of wealth and influence, Samuel was given the best education possible. He went to the Boston Latin School and later to Harvard College. His mother wished him to become a minister, but it was decided that he should have a business career.

Now there was one thing that Samuel Adams, talented as he was, could not do. That was to make money. This was because he cared nothing whatever about getting rich. His mind was so taken up with thoughts of justice, government, and the rights of man, that he grew poorer and poorer and finally failed in business. But his private misfortunes weighed little upon Adams's mind. He was much more concerned over the troubles between Massachusetts and England.

There was agitation over the Stamp Act, not only in Virginia, but also in Massachusetts. The year before the Stamp Act became a law, Lord George Grenville had declared his purpose to bring such a bill into Parliament. This was in March, 1764. It took two months for the news to reach America, for there were no steamers in those days.



Old South Church.

In May, the first word of remonstrance came from Adams. In a Boston town meeting he presented resolutions which denied the right of England to tax America when there were no representatives from the colonies in Parliament. They also urged the several colonies to unite in order to secure the righting of their wrongs.

Thus a year before Patrick Henry spoke in Virginia against the Stamp Act, Samuel Adams was writing against the threatened evil. His great watchword was "union."

Four years later he adopted a second watchword. This was "independence." For some time he had been

thinking that perfect freedom from English rule was the only possible cure for the difficulties between the mother country and America. In 1768 he said so openly.

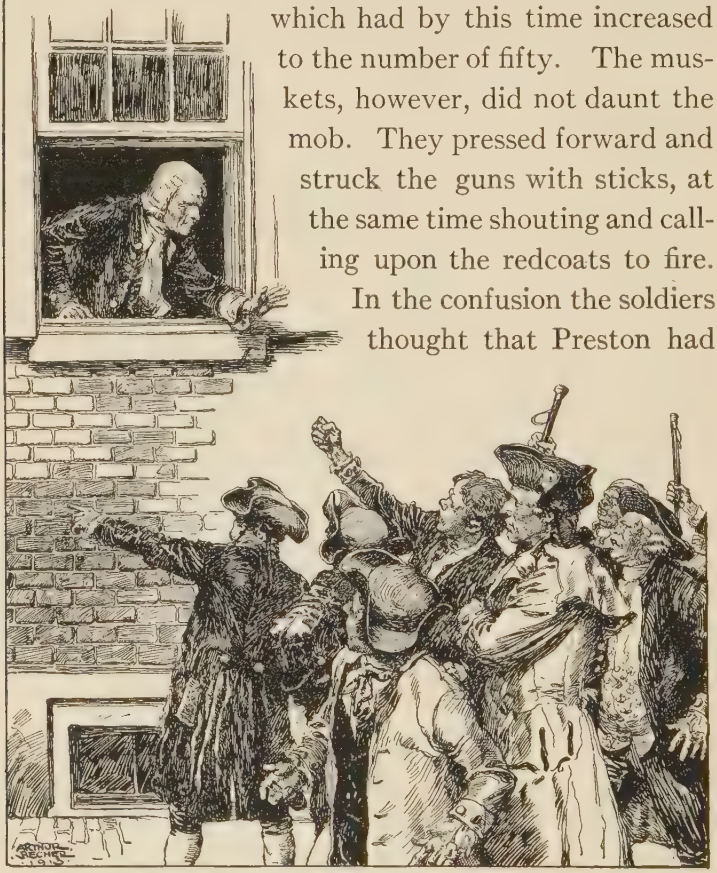
In the town meeting, in the legislature, in the clubs, and in the street, Adams was meeting men and molding their opinion. His learning was great, his words convincing, and, strongest of all, his mind was made up. In these times of shifting opinions, here was one man who knew what he wanted and was not afraid to say so.

He valued the common people and respected their opinion. He would talk with the mechanic or the laborer as long and as earnestly as with the man of wealth and position. Thus he built up a wonderful following. He came to be the great Massachusetts leader, with thousands at his back. Modest and unselfish, all he sought was the best good of the Old Bay State and of her twelve sister colonies.

Boston was a turbulent town in those days. In 1768 England sent over two British regiments to maintain order. The people of Boston did not like to see the redcoats in the streets. They felt insulted.

Nothing serious, however, occurred until the evening of the fifth of March, 1770. A barber's boy had jeered at a British officer passing through King Street. A sentry stationed near by had knocked him down. A small crowd of rough young men and boys began to pelt the sentry with stones. "Kill him! Kill him!" they shouted in a most threatening manner.

The sentry was alarmed and called for aid. Colonel Preston and seven soldiers came to his assistance and lined themselves up beside him, facing the crowd, which had by this time increased to the number of fifty. The muskets, however, did not daunt the mob. They pressed forward and struck the guns with sticks, at the same time shouting and calling upon the redcoats to fire. In the confusion the soldiers thought that Preston had



Hutchinson urged the angry citizens to disperse.

given the order to shoot, and discharged their arms. Five citizens were wounded and three killed. There

they lay, their blood staining the whiteness of the newfallen snow.

A moment of horror and then all the city arose. Bells were rung, peaceful citizens left their homes to swell the crowd in the streets, now hundreds strong. Feeling was at boiling point, and there was danger of a great riot.

Hutchinson, the governor, acted promptly and wisely. He ordered the arrest of Preston and his men. Then from a window of the State House, he assured the angry throng of citizens that justice should be done and urged them to disperse quietly to their homes.

The next day saw multitudes of people gathering for a town meeting in Faneuil Hall. This was no day for farming or shopkeeping, for the life and liberty of Boston citizens were in danger. The numbers were so great that it was necessary to adjourn to the Old South Church.

A committee was chosen to go to Hutchinson and insist that the regiments be removed from the town. John Hancock was chairman of the committee, of which Samuel Adams was also a member. Hancock was a young man of position and wealth, whom Adams had won over to the cause of liberty.

The committee met governor, commander, and councilors in the Old State House. A group of splendid men they were in their rich velvets, gold and silver

laces, white wigs, and scarlet cloaks. The governor told the committee that he would remove one regiment, the offending one, but that he had not the power to remove the other. That must remain.

The Old South Church could not contain all the people; the streets near by were thronged. The crowd made way for the committee on its return to the church.

As Adams led the way with hat in hand, bowing first to one side and then to the other, he exclaimed, "Both regiments, or none! Both regiments, or none!" Thus he gave the people their cue.

Later, in the church, when Hutchinson's reply was given, the crowd shouted with all their might, "Both regiments, or none!" And with this answer, so satisfactory to Adams, the committee returned.

What followed was a personal contest between Hutchinson and Adams. All the other Englishmen yielded; the governor alone resisted the demand of the town meeting. Then it was that Adams's force of will was shown. Pointing at Hutchinson, he exclaimed with flashing eyes: "If you have the power to remove one regiment, you have power to remove both. It is at your peril if you do not. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They are becoming impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighborhood and the whole country is in motion. Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected. Both regiments, or none!"

"Both regiments or none!"

Then, at last, Hutchinson gave way. He saw that Samuel Adams represented that strange new force, the power of the people, and he paled before him. As Adams said later, in talking over the event with Dr. Joseph Warren, "I observed his knees to tremble, I saw his face grow pale, and I enjoyed the sight."

The two regiments were at once removed, and then the town meeting broke up. The work of the day was well done. From that March day in 1770, these two regiments were always known in Parliament as the "Sam Adams regiments."

For some years England had laid a tax upon tea, but the American people had refused to buy the article.

The women steeped all sorts of herbs and roots at their tea drinkings. Cheap as British tea was, no true patriot would drink it.

In the fall of 1773 King George determined to "try the question with America." Loaded tea ships were sent to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Agents were appointed in each town to receive and sell the tea. A strong wave of indignation swept the country from Maine to Georgia. Public opinion forced the agents to resign in all the towns but Boston. There the agents were built of sterner stuff. Consequently Boston, and Boston alone, was to beard the king of England.

By December first, three tea ships had sailed up the harbor and anchored at Griffin's Wharf. The patriots were determined that the tea should never be landed. The friends of the king were equally determined to unload the ships. The latter party, however, had the advantage. By law no loaded ship could remain in harbor over twenty days. At the end of the twenty days the harbor authorities had to discharge her cargo. Governor Hutchinson and the agents could thus afford to play a waiting game.

But all through these trying days there was wonderful self-control on the part of the people. No hand was raised against the timid, shuffling owner or the obstinate agents. Boston citizens were guided by the law. They knew the danger to American liberties; but

a strong hand was at the helm. They trusted their pilot, Samuel Adams.

On December sixteenth, the last of the twenty days, seven thousand people gathered in and around the Old South Meeting-House. They had come to see this thing through, — to stay all night if necessary.

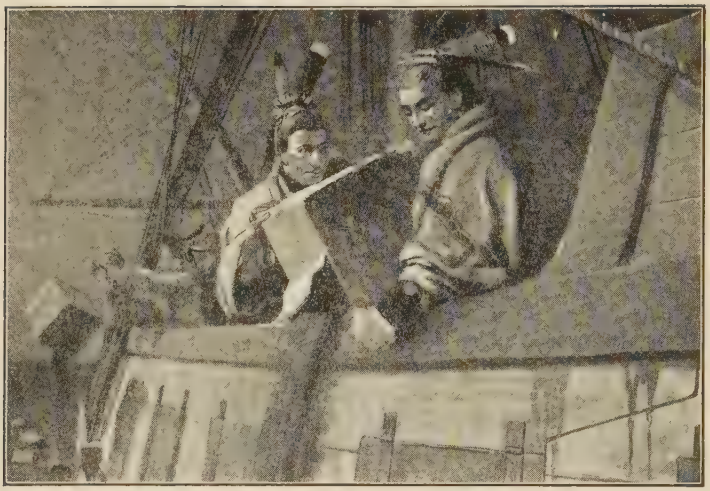
The ship *Dartmouth* had arrived two or three days before her sister ships. She only could have the cargo unloaded in the morning.

The captain could not leave the town without a clearance. Such a paper was to be obtained only from the collector of customs or from the governor. The collector had refused the paper. Consequently the town meeting directed Rotch, the owner, to interview the governor.

Hutchinson, knowing the importance of time, had left town. He was now at his country home in Milton. Rotch was ordered to seek him there. During his absence the meeting considered what should be done in case Rotch failed in his errand. At five, it was unanimously voted that the tea should not be landed.

It was now rapidly growing dark; candles had been lighted; still the thousands waited quietly in their places. At length Rotch appeared and reported the governor's refusal.

Then, amid profound stillness, Samuel Adams arose and said quietly but distinctly, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."



Three guests at the "Tea Party."

Almost as an echo to his words, came an Indian war whoop. Fifty men, disguised as Mohawk Indians, hurried by the church and on to Griffin's Wharf. Eager with curiosity, the crowd followed after.

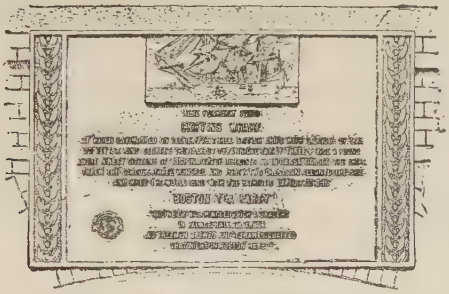
There in the moonlight they beheld the Indians boarding the ships, breaking open the chests, and emptying the tea into the harbor. The people were so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard. By nine the task was over; three hundred and forty-two chests were empty. The great question was settled. This was the famous Tea Party for which Boston was to pay a severe penalty in the near future.

In the next few chapters we shall catch other

glimpses of Samuel Adams, the man to whom "all good Americans should erect a statue in their hearts."

"Boston led the thirteen colonies. Who led the town of Boston? He certainly ought to be a memorable figure."

History replies, "It is the noble Puritan statesman, Samuel Adams, the Man of the Town Meeting."



"Tea-Party" tablet in Boston.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF AMERICA

LAST year you read an account of Dr. Franklin's life. Let us briefly recall some of his deeds before considering the great services that he rendered to the colonies during the Revolution.

Benjamin Franklin was a Boston boy who learned the trade of printing. He was not happy with his brother, to whom he was apprenticed and, at the age of seventeen, he ran away from home. He went first to New York and then to Philadelphia. The latter city was henceforth his home.

Franklin continued the business of printing and was so successful that he was able to retire at the early age of forty-two. For many years he published *Poor Richard's Almanack*. This almanac contained collections of the pithy sayings of all nations and all times. It was widely read, and the American people gained much from pondering its wise saws.

Franklin was made postmaster-general of the colonies. He improved the service greatly and actually made it pay.

Not only was he an able business man; he was a student of science as well. His greatest discovery was

that lightning was a form of electricity. For this discovery he was given a degree and so was henceforth known as Dr. Franklin.

The first great political service of Franklin was the framing of a plan of union for the colonies. This was offered to a convention that met in Albany in 1754. The French were occupying land claimed by the English, and it seemed wise to England to call the richest and strongest colonies to meet in convention. They were to attend to two matters: to make a treaty with the Iroquois and to establish closer relations among the colonies.

Franklin and his kite.

Franklin drew up a plan of union which was laid before the delegates for discussion. The idea was not original with him, but many of the details were his own. There were to be a governor-general for all the colonies and a congress made up of delegates chosen by each colony.

This plan was accepted by the convention, but neither the colonies nor the mother country approved of it. Each thought the other was given too much power, so it was not adopted at this time. The league which the colonies afterwards entered into,

while carrying on the Revolutionary War, was not unlike Franklin's plan of union of 1754.

Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams spoke and wrote against the Stamp Act. Benjamin Franklin also resisted that unjust measure. In 1764 Pennsylvania sent a petition to the king and chose Franklin to be the messenger. He landed in England a few months before the Stamp Act went into effect in March, 1765.

Franklin was so wise, so persuasive, so good-tempered, and so tactful that many Americans had high hopes that he might influence those in authority to prevent the passing of the bill. "But," wrote Franklin, "I could no more hinder the passage of the bill than I could prevent the sun from setting."

The colonies acted as a unit. They refused to use the stamps and they also refused to import certain goods from the mother country. People dressed in homespun rather than wear English cloth. They gave up eating lamb that more wool might be grown for clothing. This was but one of several ways in which they showed their independence of England.

Soon the English merchants began to complain. Their trade with America had nearly ceased. They cried out for the repeal of the Stamp Act. With opposition on both sides of the sea, the ministers paused to consider, and while considering, they called Franklin to their deliberations.

"That examination perhaps displayed his ability

to better advantage than any other single act in his life." He had thorough knowledge of the matter under discussion; his temper was under perfect control; his wit was keen; and his replies were strong and illuminating. His countrymen were right in thinking that his influence had done much towards the repeal of the Stamp Act.

Dr. Franklin had gone to England expecting to remain ten months. Instead, he was gone ten years. He was always loyal to the American people. By his full and clear explanations of their views he presented their cause in a favorable light to those whose minds were unprejudiced.

In March, 1775, he sailed for the American shore. On the very day he landed he was elected a member of Congress. He guided the delegates with his wisdom and cheered them with his humor through all the trying days and months that followed. He was on the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence. He was also one of the signers.

Benjamin Franklin was now seventy years old. This is an age at which most men give up active life to rest in the quiet of home. Not so with Franklin. In the fall of 1776 he sailed for France on a most important mission. His task was the making of an alliance with France against her old foe, England.

He spent nine years in France and was wonderfully successful. France became our ally and furnished us

with money, troops, and a fleet. The aid from France turned the scales against England, and secured American independence.

Franklin was most popular with the French people. His genial nature, his delightful conversation, his wit

"Franklin was most popular with the French people."

and wisdom, won the hearts of all. The greatest men trusted his judgment in the weightiest matters, because they knew him to be just and fair-minded. This was especially the case when the treaty of peace was made that ended our war.

Again and again Franklin asked permission to return home, for he was now an old man nearing eighty years.

He was recalled at last, and Thomas Jefferson was sent as minister to France.

"Have you come to replace Dr. Franklin?" was asked of Jefferson.

"No one can replace him, sir; I am only his successor."

On September 12, 1785, Franklin's ship reached Delaware Bay. The next morning the aged statesman found himself "in full view of dear Philadelphia."

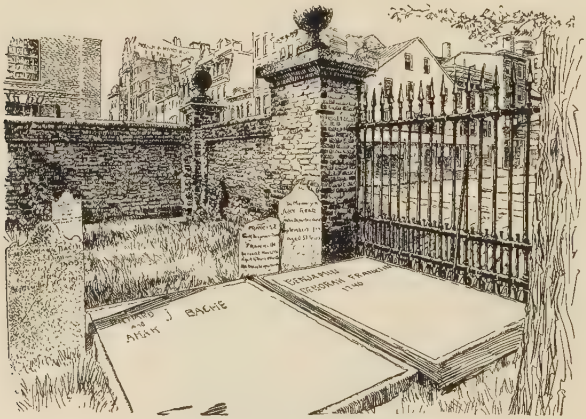
He was welcomed into the city with great rejoicing. Church bells were rung; cannons were fired; crowds met him at the wharf and escorted him to his home. His health had been benefited by the voyage, and he was rejoiced to discover that, even at seventy-nine, he "was by no means yet a worn-out man."

This was well, for even then the people would not let him rest. They sent him to the convention that drew up the Constitution. The Constitution is the document that contains the laws by which our country is ruled to-day.

"Franklin is the only man who wrote his name alike at the foot of the Declaration of Independence, of the Treaty of Alliance, of the Treaty of Peace, and at the foot of the Constitution."

He died April 17, 1790, and America, France, and England mourned him deeply. His life was one of singular completeness. He has been well called "the many-sided Franklin," for he was alike a patriot, a

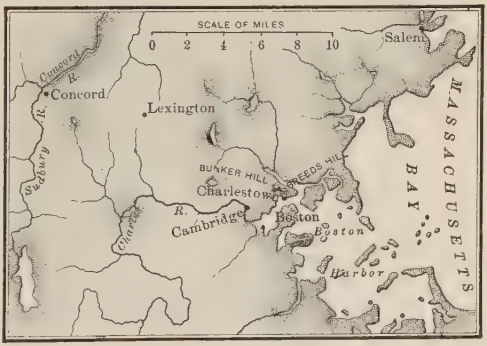
statesman and diplomat, a shrewd business man, an author, and a man of science. "Of sound sense no man ever had more." His great aim was to do good to his fellow men. This aim he certainly accomplished, for his was a life of "magnificent usefulness."



Franklin's grave.

PAUL REVERE, THE MESSENGER OF THE REVOLUTION

EVERY boy and girl delights in Longfellow's poem, *Paul Revere's Ride*. If you have read it, you know already much of the story I am to tell. If you have not read it, do so at your earliest opportunity. The poem is alive. You yourself seem to ride the fleet steed and to live through the thrilling night with Paul Revere.



Boston and vicinity.

Paul Revere was a plain man of the people. He was of the sort whom Adams advised with; he undoubtedly had shouted "Both regiments or none!" and we know certainly that he took an active part in the famous "Tea Party." He had not education sufficient to make him a leader like Adams, Warren, or Otis, but he was a faithful follower of these greater men.

At this time there were no telephones, telegraphs, postal system, or railroads. If one colony wished to

send an important message to another colony, a man on horseback must carry it. Such a messenger must be loyal and discreet. He must also be a swift horseman. Paul Revere was chosen for such errands again and again.

In the spring of 1775, a crisis had come in Massachusetts. The colony was now guided by the Provincial Congress, a body of patriots with John Hancock for president. This body had counseled preparations for war. Stores of powder, cannons, firearms, and food materials were being secretly collected in various towns.

Patriots were being drilled, and a large body of men were pledged to be ready to fight at a minute's notice. These were known as minutemen.

Samuel Adams had advised that the British redcoats should be resisted if they moved more than ten miles inland. The people were determined to be ready.

Governor Hutchinson had been succeeded by Governor Gage. The mother country was urging Gage to act. He had learned that Adams and Hancock were at Lexington, while but a few miles away, at Concord, was a large collection of military stores. By prompt action a strong detachment of soldiers could seize the two rebel leaders, march to Concord, destroy the stores, and then return to Boston. It was a pretty little program requiring but a day.

The very day had already been chosen by Gage, but that fact was kept secret. Some preparations,

however, must be made. Boats were launched, and the position of the troops was altered. This was enough for the keen eyes of the patriots.

Thus it happened that on Sunday, the sixteenth of April, three days before the actual march of the

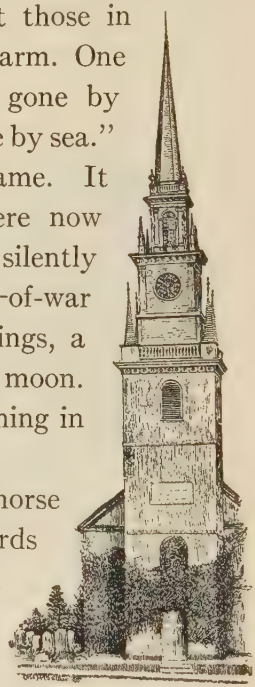
The old North Bridge, Concord.

British, Paul Revere was sent to Lexington and Concord with the word that unmistakable signs pointed to a British movement. In consequence, the great bulk of the stores at Concord were at once removed to other towns.

There were two ways by which the British could leave Boston. One was by the long march around Roxbury

Neck; the other was by crossing the Charles River to Cambridge by boats. Revere arranged with friends in Boston to have lights displayed in the belfry tower of the North Church in that city, so that those in neighboring towns could spread the alarm. One lantern was to signal "they have gone by land"; two lanterns, "they have gone by sea."

The fatal evening of Tuesday came. It was after ten o'clock. Paul Revere now pushed off in his rowboat and silently crossed the river. The British man-of-war *Somerset* was swinging at her moorings, a fair picture in the light of the rising moon. Behind him, two lanterns were gleaming in the tower of the Old North Church.



The Old North Church, Boston.

Once on shore he sprang upon his horse and set off on a brisk canter towards Charlestown Neck. Two British officers tried to stop him, but he eluded them and turned into the Medford Road.

It was a bright moonlight night. Plowed fields, forests, and meadows flowed swiftly past his horse's feet in the rapid flight. Now and then Revere roused a village or knocked at an isolated farmhouse to give his message of dread, "The redcoats are out!" The poet Longfellow thus describes the ride of Revere:

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

Lexington at last and Parson Clark's house! Within, Adams and Hancock were sleeping, while a sentry paced to and fro before the door. Revere shouted as he galloped up.

"Don't make such a noise!" cried the sentry.

"Noise! you'll soon have noise enough! The regulars are coming!" replied Revere.

Soon the little village of Lexington was all astir. Lights were glowing in the houses and muskets were being taken down from chimney pieces and their priming looked to. The spark had indeed "kindled the land into flame with its heat."

At half past four, as the sun was rising, six companies of redcoats entered the little village of Lexington. To meet them on the green were about fifty or sixty minutemen, under the command of Colonel Parker, who had seen service in the late French war.

Parker knew the importance of letting the British begin the attack. Congress would be with Massachusetts provided she did not fire the first shot. So his last commands were these: "Stand your ground!

Paul Revere giving the alarm.

Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here!"

Major Pitcairn commanded the redcoats. Riding forward, he waved his pistol and ordered the farmers to disperse. "Disperse, disperse, ye villains! Lay down your arms, and disperse!" The minutemen stood firm. Pitcairn's anger rose, and he ordered his

men to fire. When they hesitated, he discharged his own pistol and repeated his orders furiously. Then indeed, the British grenadiers opened fire. Eight Americans fell dead and ten were wounded.

The Americans returned the fire, but the odds were against them as to numbers, and they soon retreated. Then the British continued their march to Concord.

There, on Lexington green, lay the dead, staining the fresh new grass with their blood. The fair sunshine of this April morning shone on the white still faces of the first slain of the American Revolution.

Only a handful of men and but an obscure skirmish? Ah, no! "It said to all the world that a people intended to govern themselves, and would die sooner than yield."

The day, however, was not turning out a success to the British. They had missed the leaders, Adams and Hancock, and now at Concord there seemed to be very little to destroy in the way of stores. They spiked a few guns, broke open a few barrels of flour, cut down the liberty pole, and set the courthouse on fire.

At the North Bridge, a detachment of the British met the minutemen who had assembled to guard the town. As the two parties met, the British fired, and two or three Americans fell. Major Buttrick, the American commander, sprang forward, shouting: "Fire, fellow soldiers! Fire!"

The minutemen responded in a businesslike fashion that dropped several of the British and soon caused

The skirmish on Lexington Green.

them to retreat. Here, on the old North Bridge, where French's noble statue of the minuteman stands to-day, was fired "the shot heard round the world."

And now began the return to Boston which soon became a retreat. From all the neighboring towns and from towns that were far away, the militia came pouring towards Concord. These men might not be trained to stand their ground in a pitched battle, but they were adepts in frontier warfare. So from hedgerows, clumps of trees, and stone walls along the roadside came shots, picking off officers and men in a most disconcerting manner.

The day was exceedingly warm; the lines of redcoats were thinning fast; so great was the terror of the British that they almost ran the last mile to Lexington. There, however, they were saved. Lord Percy had arrived from Boston with about twelve hundred men.

Percy formed his soldiers into a hollow square. Into this shelter the exhausted troops flung themselves, lying down on the ground with "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

A rest of a brief period somewhat restored the weary troops. Then the column set out for Boston. All the way the attack grew hotter and hotter. Now and then the soldiers would wheel and form, turn their cannons upon the unseen enemy at their flank, and silence him for a few moments. But when they resumed their line of march, the same enfuriating fire began again.

Their double-quick march at last degenerated into a run. Only when they reached the shelter of their guns upon the war vessels in the Charles did they dare

"From along the roadside came shots."

to count themselves safe. On this eventful day the British lost 273 men and the Americans, 93.

As for the patriots, their numbers were so increased by troops from Connecticut and Rhode Island that by Saturday night the British were surrounded in Boston by a rebel army, 16,000 strong. War had begun in earnest. The Revolution was at last under way.

ETHAN ALLEN, THE ROBIN HOOD OF VERMONT

The battles of Lexington and Concord began the war of the American Revolution. The next military event of importance was the attack on Fort Ticonderoga.

In warfare, success usually comes to the party that seizes and holds the points of strategy. The points of strategy are mountains, hills, and waterways. If you hold the mountains and hills, you can turn your cannons upon any city, fort, or army that lies below you. If you hold the waterways, you can prevent the movements of your enemies and cut off their supplies.

The most important waterway in the country was that formed by the Hudson River, Lake George, and Lake Champlain. If the British could hold this strategic line, they could separate New England from the other colonies and thus stop all united action. As in the old fable of the bunch of rods, each part could be easily broken as soon as the knot was untied.

The Americans knew this fact as well as the English. To be successful they must forestall the enemy. At the southern end of Lake Champlain stood the strong

fortress of Ticonderoga. This was held by the British. Less than three weeks after the fight at Lexington, a small force of Americans under Ethan Allen was marching to take Ticonderoga.

Who was Ethan Allen, and how did it come to pass that such an important service was intrusted to him?

Ethan Allen was born in Connecticut, but at the age of twenty-nine, he left the state to settle in the New Hampshire Grants. By the New Hampshire Grants we mean much of what the state of Vermont includes to-day. Because of trouble over land claims, the men of the New Hampshire Grants formed themselves into a small army with Allen for leader. Colonel Allen he was called, and his rural regiments were known as the "Green Mountain Boys." Their purpose was to keep possession of their farms and to drive out new settlers whose claims they did not consider good.

Ethan Allen.

Many interesting stories could be told of Ethan Allen, the Robin Hood of the Green Mountains. But we are especially concerned with his share in the Revolutionary War.

After actual fighting had begun in April, 1775, the colony of Connecticut had a brilliant plan. They

saw that Ticonderoga must be captured, and decided that Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys were the men for the deed. Orders were sent to Allen, and early in May he gathered his men and set out on that march.

Curiously enough, Massachusetts had also planned to send a force against the same fort. Dr. Joseph Warren had given Benedict Arnold a colonel's commission and power to raise four hundred men in the Berkshire Hills. Arnold was a brave and able soldier, but a proud and tactless man. We shall hear of him often, for he is a notable and tragic actor in our Revolution.

He set out on his recruiting expedition in western New England. Then he heard of Allen's undertaking. He hastened north and overtook the little band a few miles from the fort.

With striking audacity Arnold declared himself the proper leader. He claimed that he outranked Allen as an officer and had been ordered by Massachusetts to take Ticonderoga.

Allen had no need to resist Arnold's claim, for his Green Mountain Boys spoke in no uncertain tones. They had volunteered to serve under Allen and no other leader. What did they care for Massachusetts or Arnold, too, for that matter? They would straightway go home unless they might follow their trusted leader, Allen.

Arnold, thereupon, joined the party as a volunteer, since he could go in no other capacity. On the evening of May 9th they reached the shore of the lake.

Here, boats were necessary. Some had been collected, but there were not enough to take all the party at once. Eighty-three men crossed the first time, and then the boats were sent back for others.

Allen knew that their one chance of success was to have the attack a perfect surprise. The garrison was not more than fifty in number, but behind those massive walls they could easily defy a much larger force.

With his eyes on the east he waited. Lo! the first faint flush of gold! He must not wait for the boats to return.

"Let every man who is willing to go with me, poise his firelock!" he cried. Every gun was poised.

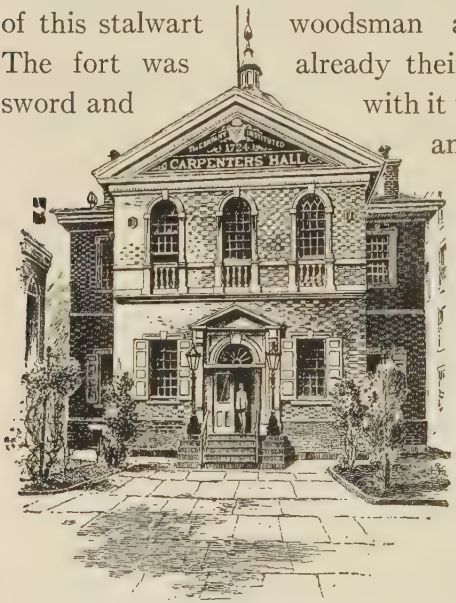
Then Allen, with Arnold at his side, sprang up the bulwarks and made for the sally port. The amazed sentry snapped his fusil and fled for safety into the barracks. The Americans rushed after, forming on the parade ground and giving three loud huzzas.

Ethan Allen ran up the stairway to the room of Colonel Delaplace, the commander. There he thundered on the door and called upon Delaplace to surrender. The bewildered officer opened the door. "By whose authority do you bid me to surrender?" he asked. And then came Allen's noble reply:

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

Delaplace knew little of Congress, but he saw that his men and his fort were entirely at the mercy of this stalwart woodsman and his followers. The fort was already theirs; he gave up his sword and with it two hundred cannon and large stores of ammunition and military supplies. These were of untold value later in the war.



Carpenters' Hall, the meeting place of the first Continental Congress.

Thus Ticonderoga was taken without a blow. "The fort that had cost England several campaigns, many lives, and some millions of pounds fell into the hands of the Americans in ten minutes."

WASHINGTON SETS BOSTON FREE

The same day that saw the fall of Ticonderoga witnessed the gathering of the second Continental Congress. Grave responsibilities faced this Congress. The country looked to it as the chief governing body. Massachusetts urged it to adopt an army and to choose a commander in chief.

To borrow a title from Bunyan, the Continental Congress might have been called "Mr. Facing-Both-Ways." There were many different opinions. A great number still hoped, by conciliating petitions, to patch up a peace with the mother country. Others knew that they had put their hands to the plow of revolution and that there must be no going back. The two Adamses were of this opinion and also George Washington.

Washington was at this time forty-three. His judgment was much respected by the members of the Congress. He was an authority on military matters and was consulted on other affairs as well. Day by day Washington appeared at the sessions of Congress in his blue and buff colonel's uniform. It was a silent witness to his belief that war was inevitable.

On the fifteenth of June, 1775, John Adams moved

that Congress adopt the army at Boston and place over it, as commander in chief, their distinguished colleague from Virginia. "He," said Adams, "could unite the cordial exertions of the colonies better than any other."

Washington was disturbed and agitated at the proposal. He promptly left the room that greater freedom for discussion might be secured. Some persons thought that, since New England men made up the army, they might prefer to be led by a man from their own part of the country.

But the New England representatives in Congress were stoutly against this idea. They saw that the war must be felt from the start to be the concern of all. Greater union would be secured should a Virginian lead troops from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire.

The selection of Washington as commander in chief was the most important step taken in the whole course of the war. "Nothing can be clearer than that in any other hands than those of George Washington the war would have ended disastrously to the Americans." Lodge says, "It was a noble choice, one worth remembering, for they took the absolutely greatest and fittest man in America, a feat which is seldom performed."

Washington gave Congress his reply the next day. He accepted the great trust with these earnest words:

"Since the Congress desire, I will enter upon the momentous duty and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with."

And now Washington set off from Philadelphia to ride to Boston. He was accompanied by two major generals and other officers on horseback. Twenty miles out from Philadelphia they met messengers bearing the news of the battle of Bunker Hill. Washington had but one eager question, "Did the militia fight?" When told how well they had behaved, he replied: "The liberties of the country are safe."

Woodrow Wilson paints a noble picture for us in these words: "It was an object lesson in the character of the revolution to see Washington ride through the colonies to take charge of an insurgent army. And no man or woman, or child even, was likely to miss the lesson. That noble figure drew all eyes to it; that mien, as if the man was a prince; that serene and open countenance, which every man could see was lighted by a good conscience; that cordial ease in salute, as of a man who felt himself brother to his friends. There was something about Washington that quickened the pulses of a crowd at the same time that it awed them, that drew cheers which were a

sort of voice of worship. Children desired sight of him, and men felt lifted after he had passed."

Washington's journey of eleven days ended at Cambridge. Here were the headquarters of the army that was besieging Boston.

Washington takes command of the Continental Army.

On July 3d, 1775, this rustic army was drawn up on parade. It was a very warm day, and Washington and the other officers were glad to take shelter under an elm that grew near Cambridge common. Here General George Washington drew his sword and took command of the Continental Army.

The shrewd New England troops looked into his

eyes and believed in him from the start. They knew they had a leader in a thousand. But their appearance filled Washington with dismay, which only grew deeper as he came to realize how unorganized and poorly equipped they were.

The discipline was lax. A visitor at camp heard this conversation. The speakers were a captain and one of his men.

"Bill," said the captain, "go and bring a pail of water for the men."

"I shan't," said Bill. "It's your turn now, captain; I got it last time."

The men had no uniforms. Washington asked Congress to provide ten thousand hunting shirts. He thought that to clothe the soldiers alike would be a step towards making them act alike.

Washington's greatest anxieties were two in number. One was the short term for which the troops had enlisted; the other was the scarcity of powder.

There were some sixteen thousand men furnished by the four New England colonies. These men, however, were constantly changing. As soon as Washington would see certain troops improving in discipline and military maneuvers — presto, change! they would be off to their farms, and he would be forced to begin all over again with fresh recruits.

As for the powder, — never was a siege maintained with less! At one time each man had but half a

pound. When that fact was told Washington, he was silent half an hour in dismay. The barrels in the magazines that should have held powder were filled with sand. Then a little powder was sprinkled on top. This was to deceive any British spy who might be seeking information.

Congress kept urging Washington to act, and he himself longed to attack. But he was too prudent to move against the British before there was a chance of success. Month after month of drilling improved his men, while powder was being gathered from near and far.

By the end of February the siege guns arrived. They had been dragged all the way from Ticonderoga over the frozen roads of Massachusetts in the bitter winter season. With their aid Washington could carry out what he had planned so long.

On the evening of March 4th, 1776, there was little sleep for General Howe. The American cannon were in action all night. From Somerville, Roxbury, and East Cambridge came the heavy boom! boom! The guns were drowning noises that would have seemed suspicious to the British. Under cover of their thunder, the Americans were stealing a march upon the foe.

Over two thousand American troops were on their way to fortify Dorchester Heights. These were hills commanding Boston on the south, as Bunker Hill

did on the north. First went 800 men with wagons loaded with spades, crowbars, hatchets, hammers, and

Throwing up intrenchments on Dorchester Heights.

nails. Then followed 1200 men with 300 oxcarts, carrying heavy timber and great bales of hay. Last of all came the precious siege guns.

How the men worked that night! Intrenchments were thrown up and the guns mounted in place. Washington rode up and down the lines all night, encouraging the men. Their grit and industry gave him much silent satisfaction.

In the morning, the British were thunderstruck at seeing the familiar hilltop crowned with frowning guns and active troops. "It is like the work of the genii

of Aladdin's wonderful lamp," cried one of the astonished officers.

The Americans had gained one of those strategic points we have already spoken of. There were several British ships in the harbor. The commander sent word to Howe that, unless the Americans were immediately driven from the heights, he would have to leave Boston harbor.

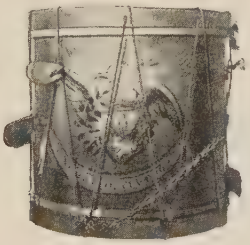
Howe remembered the carnage at Bunker Hill and quailed at the thought of the bloody attack before his men. He hesitated, but finally ordered Lord Percy to take 3000 men and move against Dorchester Heights.

Just as Percy was starting, a fearful storm arose. The troops could not cross the bay and so were forced to wait till morning. The next day the storm continued.

Meanwhile the Americans were strengthening their earthworks with might and main. By the third day, when the British might have attacked, it was seen that the American position was too strong. There was nothing to do but to quit the town. Washington had won in the waiting game with Howe.

On March 17th, 1776, General Howe and an army of 8000 troops went aboard the fleet. From Boston they sailed away to Halifax, Nova Scotia. They left behind 200 cannon, a great number of muskets, and ten times as much powder and shot as Washington's army had ever seen. These articles of war were just what the Americans needed.

Thus, by one blow, New England was freed forever from the enemy. Henceforward the middle and southern colonies feared and hated the redcoats, and were harried from coast to center by the stern chances of war. But New England stood by her sisters nobly and poured out troops and money for the cause so dear to all.



Drum used at Bunker Hill.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The body of grave and earnest men meeting at Philadelphia and known as the Continental Congress did two superlatively wise deeds. In 1775, they chose George Washington to be commander in chief of the American army. In 1776, they declared the thirteen colonies to be independent of the mother country. Let us see how this last great step came to be taken.

Even after Lexington and Bunker Hill a large number of the American people never thought of separation from England. They were fighting for their rights; soon England would see that they were in earnest and would grant them their just demands. Thus they reasoned. But as time went on and England followed one act of bitter enmity with another, the people began to see that the king and his party were determined to carry out their measures, even at the point of the sword.

Three acts opened the eyes of the American people and forced them to recognize the English as their real foes. In the first place George III now refused to read any petitions from America; in the second place armies and fleets were gathered and sent against

the Americans; and lastly, as if there were not enough English soldiers to wage war against the colonies, George III began to hire troops in Germany. Twenty thousand were obtained from that country, especially from Hesse.

This was the last straw for the Americans. Such a cold-blooded act they could never forgive, and their hearts hardened within them.

In the spring of 1776, the colonies began to send word to their delegates at Philadelphia, saying that they were ready for independence. The colony of North Carolina led the way. From New England and from the south came similar messages to Congress, till at last action could no longer be postponed.

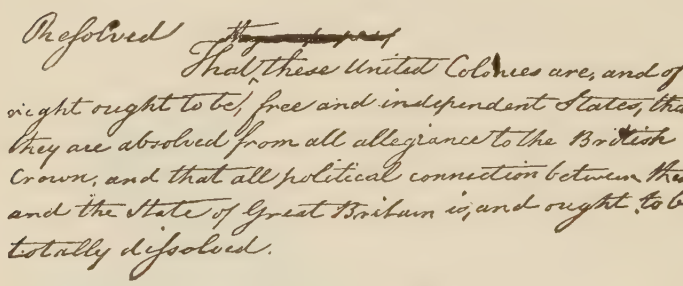
George III.

On June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered three resolutions to Congress. The first one was for independence and read:

"Resolved, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

Massachusetts and Virginia were warm allies. The motion of Lee was promptly seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts. Then followed an exciting debate.

Within the walls of the sedate Philadelphia hall there were all the varying shades of sentiment as in the country outside. These leaders were able, honorable, and patriotic, but there might well be different opinions as to what was best for the country. While all might agree in condemning the unjust acts of England, it might easily be thought that to declare the country


Resolved That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

Lee's three resolutions.

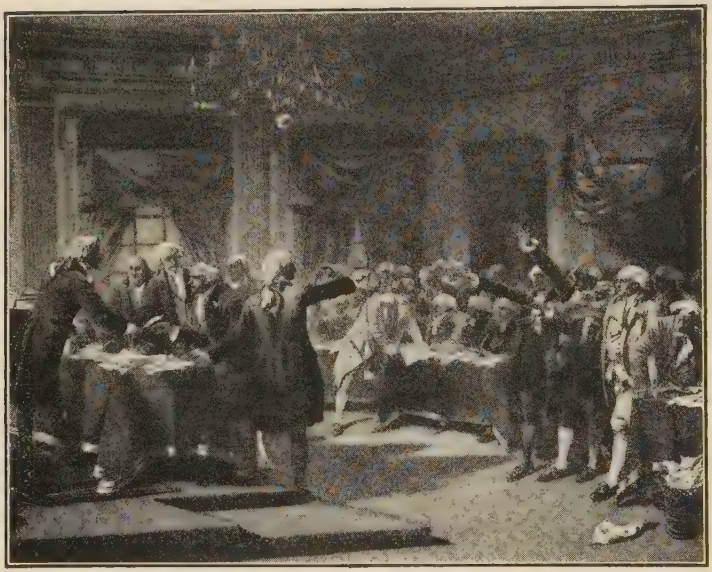
independent was premature and reckless to the last degree. And so the matter was argued until it was seen that the north and the south were for independence and the great middle colonies were for postponing the important step.

It was finally decided that it would be wise to delay. The whole question was postponed for three weeks. This would give certain colonies that had not yet instructed their delegates time to do so. That no time should be lost, a committee was chosen to prepare a paper, stating the causes which had led the colonies to declare their freedom.

The committee was most wisely chosen. The five members were Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of New York. The committee talked over what should appear in the document they were to prepare, and then voted that the writing should be done by Thomas Jefferson. Here again they showed their wisdom, for Jefferson was the absolutely fit man for the task. He was only thirty-three at the time, but he had thought profoundly upon the politics of his day. He was thoroughly in sympathy with his age, and he had unbounded faith in the common sense and right purpose of the American people. Hence he came to write a state paper "the sublimest ever produced by man." In dignity, clearness, and force it is unsurpassed. Generation after generation has listened to it with loving respect. It endures like the solid rock.

The young Virginian read his work to Franklin and to Adams. A few changes in words were made, and then the committee were ready to report to Congress.

The three weeks had sped swiftly away. On July 1st, Congress was ready to consider Lee's resolutions. As Lee was absent from Congress, the right of defending the resolutions fell to John Adams. His speech was wonderful; it thrilled all present. An informal vote was taken, and the colonies stood nine to three in



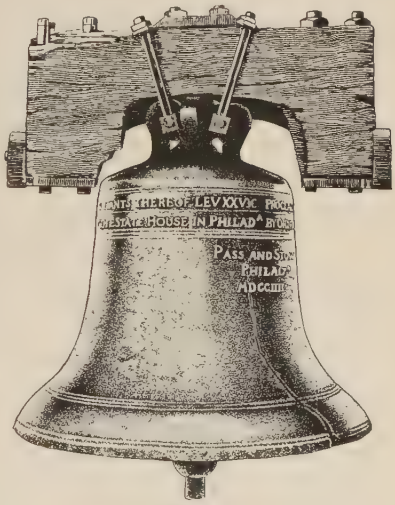
Signing the Declaration of Independence.

favor of independence. New York could not vote, as she had not received instructions.

On July 2d, the formal vote was taken, when it was found that twelve colonies voted for independence. South Carolina had opposed the resolution, but she generously changed her vote for the sake of harmony.

The next step was to consider the document that had been written by Jefferson. Two days were spent in considering this paper, line by line. The step was final, — it might be fatal, and all knew it. During the debate, word was received of the arrival of a large British fleet off Sandy Hook. Another

fleet was known to be in Carolina waters. But there was no wavering, no turning back from the furrow to be plowed. Calm was the debate and deliberate the action as, on the evening of July 4th, 1776, twelve states voted for the Declaration of Independence. The paper was approved by the president and the secretary. The signatures were to be added later.



Independence bell.

All the afternoon there had been great excitement outside Independence Hall, if not inside. It was known that Congress would probably settle the tremendous question that very day, and the people were eager to hear. In dense crowds they gathered about the stately colonial building.

In the steeple waited the old bellman. The bell of Independence Hall had been brought from London nearly twenty-five years before. On its side were engraved these appropriate words: "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

It had been decided that, if the great step were taken, the good news should be proclaimed by the

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ringing of this bell. A small boy stationed by the door was to give the signal to the bellman. When the doorkeeper told him the great paper had been accepted, he ran out and shouted, "Ring! ring! ring!"

And the old bell, henceforth to be known as Independence bell, rang as never before. It said to all the world: "A people has risen up in the West. They are weary of kings; they can rule themselves. They will tear down the old landmarks; they will let loose a new force upon the world; and with the wilderness and the savage at their back they will even do battle for the faith that is in them."

Philadelphia was not the only city that rejoiced. Throughout all the colonies bells were rung, bonfires blazed, and cannons were fired. This was the first Fourth of July.

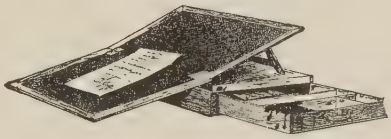
On July 9th, New York formally adopted the Declaration of Independence. In August the delegates signed the great state paper.

It was a very serious matter to sign this paper. Hancock said, "There must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together."

"Yes," rejoined Dr. Franklin, "we must indeed, or we shall all hang separately."

Although all laughed, they knew the words were true. Should the revolution fail, the names upon the declaration would make up the hangman's list. Hancock, Adams, Franklin, and the rest would be

hunted down as traitors, and a price would be set upon their heads. As much courage was there in that quiet hall as ever was shown on the bloodiest battlefield. All honor to the fathers of our nation for their heroic thinking and acting, when they set their names to the immortal paper that made our country free.



Jefferson's desk, on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Statue of Nathan Hale, New York City.

THE SERVICE OF NATHAN HALE

"Every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."— NATHAN HALE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the shortness of Nathan Hale's life, he left a name that shines with a luster as fair as if he had served his country greatly through four times twenty-one years. This is because of the noble sacrifice he made for the patriot cause.

Nathan Hale was born on June 6th, 1755, in Coventry, Connecticut. He was a delicate boy, but his mother and grandmother watched over him so tenderly that he grew into a robust child. He loved outdoor life, and by running, leaping, and other such sports he became a strong, athletic lad.

Nathan was admitted to Yale College, where he was an earnest student. He delighted his classmates by his success in athletics, for he broke the college record for jumping. Even now his record is treasured in the old elm-shaded university. Hale's sweet temper and unselfishness won for him many friends. Whatever he undertook to do he did joyfully with all his might. His favorite motto was "A man ought never to lose a minute."

In September, 1773, Nathan Hale was graduated from Yale College with the highest honors. He taught school in Connecticut for the next year and a half. But when the stirring news of the battles of Lexington and Concord reached him, Hale could not remain at his desk. He was marching to Boston the following day with two Connecticut regiments. He took part in the siege of Boston and was made a captain in January, 1776.

After the British troops were driven from Boston by Washington's clever maneuvers, New York became the scene of war. The opponents were very unevenly matched. The British numbered 25,000 well-equipped troops, with a large number of cannon, generous stores of ammunition, and even ships at their command. The Americans numbered but 14,000 poorly equipped and ill-fed men. Worst of all, the Americans were much discouraged, for they realized the great odds against them. They had just lost the battle of Long Island, and the British had entered the city of New York.

The military situation was now most serious. Washington saw that he must have certain news of the enemy; he must know exactly the number of their troops and how they were posted in the defense of New York. He needed a spy, — one who would enter the lines of the British, learn all he could, and return with the information to the commander in chief. Then Washington would know the place and time to attack.

But the service of spy is most dangerous. With the alert eyes and ears of hundreds of enemies about him, he rarely escapes detection. If discovered, he is not shot but hanged. A soldier considers hanging disgraceful, while death by a bullet is honorable.

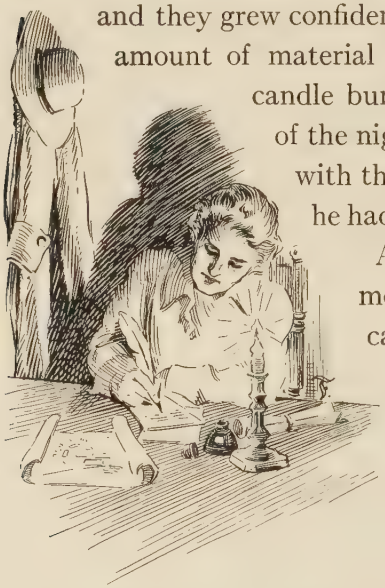
Washington requested Lieutenant Colonel Knowlton to call together the officers and ask for a volunteer for this distasteful business. The men were summoned, and Knowlton spoke. All looked at each other with troubled countenances. Some were angered to think that such a dark and dangerous mission had been suggested to them. No one offered to go.

At this tense moment Captain Nathan Hale entered the room. Knowlton explained the purpose of the gathering to him, and immediately Hale said, "I will go." Now Hale was a favorite with his brother officers, and they promptly began to dissuade him from his purpose. But he replied, "If I do not go, who will?" and they fell silent.

Hale was to enter the British lines as a schoolmaster who was disgusted with the American cause. He laid aside his American uniform and dressed himself in a plain brown suit, with a broad-brimmed, round hat. He carried his diploma, to serve as a kind of passport.

To enter the British lines presented difficulties, but he walked some fifty miles, was carried across Long Island Sound in a sloop, spent the night at a farmer's house, and in time found himself in New York city.

For the next six days he was busy indeed. He walked about from morning to night, taking mental notes of all that he saw. He talked and joked with sentries and officers, until his genial manners won their hearts, and they grew confidential. Incredible was the amount of material garnered by Hale. His candle burned during many hours of the night as he toiled to record, with the utmost exactness, what he had learned through the day.



Hale toiled through the night.

At last there was nothing more to learn in the English camp. On September 21, Hale left New York city in the night, and towards daybreak reached the Cedars. Here he had arranged to have a friendly boat sent for him. It was too early for the boat, and so, grown bolder through success, he turned into the Tory tavern kept by Mother Chichester. Alas! why did not his good angel warn him away?

In the tavern several redcoats sat at breakfast. These Hale joined, in his usual happy way, and a brisk conversation ensued. The young man did not notice that one guest studied him carefully for one long minute, and then slipped from the room.

After a few moments "Mother Chichester," as the soldiers called her, entered the room. "A strange boat is coming towards the shore," she said. Hale sprang up, for he was certain it was his boat. He hurried towards the sea, waving his hand in greeting. Suddenly several muskets were pointed at him from the boat. "Surrender or die!" shouted the leader. The boat was full of redcoats summoned by the man who had hurriedly left the tavern a short time before. He had recognized Hale and had guessed him to be a spy upon the British.

"Suddenly muskets were pointed at him."

His captors rowed Hale to their ship, where Captain Quarme had him searched. The valuable papers were found in his shoes, below movable cork soles.

With the papers spread before him Quarme saw his duty clearly. Hale was a spy who must be sent promptly to the British commander in chief, General Howe.

General Howe questioned Hale, and the young man answered truthfully to his name, his position, and his business in the English camp. Howe was amazed at the truth of all Hale's estimates. It is said that he offered Hale an excellent rank in the British army if he would change sides. To this, of course, there was but one answer, — a proud and indignant refusal.

"Very well, then, you may die for your country," and without proper trial Hale was sentenced to be hanged before daybreak, and was handed over to Cunningham, the provost marshal. Cunningham was a brute who used all prisoners in his power with the utmost cruelty. He stole their money and their food. Much of the time he was the worse for drink.

It was now night; Hale had but a few hours left to him in this world. He asked for writing materials that he might say farewell to those dear to him. This request was rudely refused. He asked for a Bible, but this, too, Cunningham denied him.

Later, a second officer, who had overheard Hale's request, brought him what he desired. Here was another midnight vigil under the British guns, and the last!

With letters of farewell and a last reading of the

word of God the night sped fast. In the early morning Hale was summoned to die. He handed the precious letters, the work of his last hours, to Cunningham, with the request that they be forwarded to his friends. The wretch tore them open, hoping to find weakness and repining. Every page breathed undying love and steadfast courage. In hot anger Cunningham tore them up before Hale's face.

A little group gathered in the orchard, the place of execution. Bravely and unfalteringly the patriot, only twenty-one years old, marched to the spot and waited while the rope was adjusted about his neck. Would he not falter at the very last? "You may make your last speech," said Cunningham, with the hope of his breaking down.

With steadfast eyes looking far beyond the spectators, a few sympathizing, the rest agape, Hale said with a strong, clear voice, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Such a spirit and such words are immortal.

GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE

Roger Williams and Nathanael Greene have always been considered the two great heroes of the state of Rhode Island. Roger Williams was the first settler of the colony, while Nathanael Greene was the great general whom she sent to serve in the Revolutionary War.

Nathanael Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, in 1742. His father was a Quaker preacher who brought up his sons in a very narrow-minded way. He was a man of wealth for those days. He owned grist, flour, and corn mills, and a couple of forges, and could easily have sent to college any of his sons who wished to go. But the elder Greene thought it was enough for them to read, to write, and to cipher.

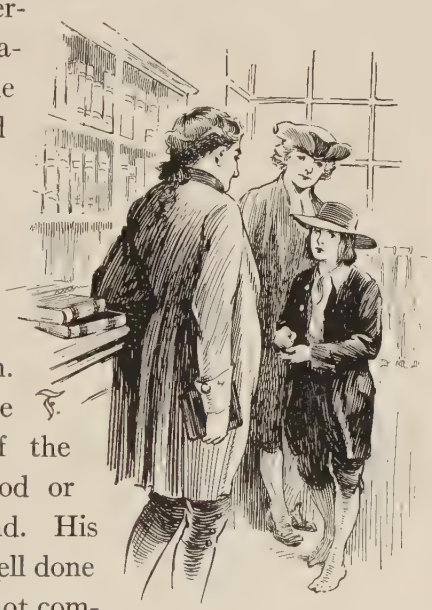
This state of affairs was far from satisfying the boy Nathanael. To own and read books was his great ambition. He made tiny anchors and other iron toys and crossed to Newport to sell them. He found a ready market and soon hastened to a bookstore.

"What do you want, young man?" said the proprietor.

"A book."

"What book?"

Poor Greene was silent. He really did not know what he needed, and was too shy to explain. However, a keen and friendly eye was upon him. Rev. Ezra Stiles, later the president of Yale College, was in the store and understood the whole situation. He invited the lad to his home, talked with him, and advised him as to the best books to buy.



"What book?"

Greene toiled to buy books and then he toiled to read them. By the hopper of the mill or the forge of the smithy, he often stood or sat with books in hand. His work was always so well done that his father could not complain; but as month after month, and year after year passed by, the lad grew into an educated young man, with a clear mental vision and sound judgment.

At the age of twenty, Greene began to read law and to take a deep interest in politics. As the troubles with England grew more serious, he attended military parades and helped to organize the "Kentish Guards."

When the startling news of Lexington and Concord reached Rhode Island, Greene and three others galloped towards Boston to offer themselves as soldiers. It is no wonder that Rhode Island made Greene commander of the troops that she sent to the Continental army at Boston, and that he became a brigadier general.

Washington had but to see Greene to discover his able mind and his true, loyal soul. They were stanch friends from their first meeting at Cambridge, and year by year Greene's ability increased, until, at the end of the war, his military record was second only to that of Washington.

Some day you will follow the fortunes of General Greene's career with keen interest as you read of Forts Washington and Lee, Brandywine, Germantown, and the wonderful campaign in the south. In this little book we have space for but two battles, — Trenton and Guilford Court House. At Trenton, Greene fought with Washington; at Guilford Court House, he was the commander in chief of the American army in the south.

It was December, 1776. For six months disaster after disaster had fallen upon the American arms. The defeat of Long Island had been rapidly followed by the loss of New York and the fall of Forts Washington and Lee. Then had come the retreat through New Jersey with the English in hot pursuit. On December

8th the Americans crossed the Delaware at Trenton, putting the broad swift river between themselves and their enemies. The shores, both above and below Trenton over a distance of seventy miles, had been searched for boats, all of which had been removed to the Pennsylvania side. This made the Americans doubly secure from attack.

Howe and Cornwallis decided that the campaign was well over for that year. The British troops were posted in several New Jersey towns, the line of the Delaware being held by 1200 fine Hessian troops under Colonel Rahl at Trenton and 2000 under Count Donop at Bordentown.

Washington had crossed the Delaware with but 3000 troops. To so few had the Continental army shrunk at this time, which in New York had numbered 14,000. Soon, however, reënforcements from the north joined Washington, so that his little army now consisted of 6000 men. This condition could not last. With the new year the terms of the men would expire,

and most of them would return to their homes. Who could blame them? To friends and foes the American cause was a lost one.

But "all the lion in Washington was aroused." He saw the confident security of the British; he recognized the careless placing of their troops along the Delaware. Christmas would be kept by the Hessians with true German spirit. The feasting and good cheer of the holiday season would put them off their guard. Then surely was the time for attack.

In consultation with Greene and other officers the able plan was laid. There were to be three crossings, — a detachment under Cadwalader was to cross near Bordentown; a second, under General Ewing, at Trenton; and a third, under Washington himself, nine miles north of Trenton.

It was a bleak and bitter night. The river was dangerous with blocks of floating ice. Ewing did not attempt to cross. Cadwalader marched his men to the bank, but after gazing at the dangerous flood, he ordered them back to camp. Both men sent messengers to Washington, telling of their failure to carry out his orders. The messengers traced Washington's little band by bloodstains in the snow.

But Washington's resolve was fixed. Neither river, nor storm, nor faint-hearted allies could turn him back. He was going to fight. The boats were manned by Gloucester fishermen, who had need of all their

skill to avoid the huge blocks of ice bearing down upon them at times most suddenly and swiftly. The crossing took over ten hours. Then followed the nine-mile march to Trenton.

"The crossing took ten hours."

One part of the army under General Sullivan followed the river road, while Washington accompanied Greene's troops along the inland road. Snow was falling fast, and it was intensely cold. Sullivan sent word to Washington that the muskets of his men were wet and useless. Washington returned this inflexible message, "Give them the bayonet, for the town must be taken!"

In the gray dawn the Americans drove back the Hessian pickets and entered Trenton. "From their comfortable slumbers and warm beds, with the mem-

ories of their Christmas feasting still upon them, these poor Germans were roused to meet a fierce assault from men ragged indeed, but desperate with all the courage of their race rising high in the darkest hour, and led by a great soldier who meant to fight."

The struggle was brief. The guns of the Americans swept the main streets. Some of the Hessians tried vainly to escape. Colonel Rahl, the commander, was mortally wounded, and soon surrendered one thousand men as prisoners of war to Washington.

This unlooked-for success turned the tide. Hope arose again in American hearts. Men gladly reënlisted; other successes followed; the darkest hour of the Revolution was past.

The deeds of Nathanael Greene and of Daniel Morgan are so closely linked during the later years of the Revolution that it seems best to consider, at this time, the life history of Daniel Morgan. Later, we can read the account of the battles of the Cowpens and of Guilford Court House, where Greene and Morgan played into each other's hands so ably.

DANIEL MORGAN

"Morgan was a man of gentle and unselfish nature; a genuine diamond, though a rough one; uneducated, but clear and strong in intelligence, and faithful in every fiber." — JOHN FISKE.

THE historian, John Fiske, has given us an admirable portrait of another of Washington's generals in the few telling words at the opening of this chapter. In his early years Daniel Morgan was indeed rough and uncouth. How could he be otherwise, owing to the hard conditions of his boyhood?

He was the son of a poor laborer; he received very little schooling; and at seventeen he left home. At first he hired out by the day, toiling to clear land in Virginia. Later he became a wagoner.

Morgan accompanied the army of Braddock on its ill-fated expedition against Fort Duquesne. After the troops had been surprised and defeated by the Indians, a large number of the wagoners whipped up their horses and fled. But Daniel Morgan, as Fiske says, was "faithful in every fiber." He waited to take up the wounded and carry them, in his wagon, to a place of safety.

Perhaps the most important event to Morgan in the French and Indian War was his acquaintance with

Washington. He watched that fine, strong mind ruling itself and others in the midst of panic and disaster, and admired. Washington became his friend and ideal.

At twenty-three Daniel Morgan was a giant. He was over six feet and four inches in height, and weighed

"Morgan spurred away into the wilderness."

nearly two hundred pounds. The muscles of his limbs were superb. He seemed to have an iron constitution, as the following incident will show.

With an escort, Morgan was once carrying important dispatches from one fort to another. The men were mounted on horses and suddenly rode into a clever

Indian ambuscade. Then began a flying battle. A ball entered Morgan's neck at the back and passed out at the mouth. Faint with loss of blood, and believing that the wound was mortal, he had but one aim, — to save his body from the Indian tomahawk. Throwing his arms tightly around the neck of his fleet steed, he spurred away into the wilderness. The Indians followed, but Morgan soon outstripped all but one. This one ran beside his horse, expecting him every moment to fall, but Morgan outrode the Indian. With a howl of rage, the redman flung his tomahawk after Morgan and gave up the chase.

The good horse took his master back to the fort. Morgan was unconscious when he arrived, and it was fully six months before he was again a well man. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have died.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, but one thing was possible to a man of Morgan's nature. Washington was his friend; he loved his country; honorable service and promotion would await him at the front. He raised ninety-six backwoodsmen in Virginia, put himself at their head, and marched 600 miles in twenty days to join Washington in Boston.

Morgan was in nearly every important battle during the war, but the two most notable were the battles of Saratoga and Cowpens. The account of these engagements, both turning points in the Revolution, may be found in the next two chapters.

THE STORY OF SARATOGA

For the year 1777, the British ministers made a most careful plan of campaign. They said: "Let us capture the Hudson River and Lake Champlain. This will divide the colonies and break up the union. We will then conquer New England. Afterwards we can crush the remaining states, and the war will be over."

The plan was an excellent one, but, owing to certain circumstances, the results were other than the British had expected. General Burgoyne was to lead an army of nearly ten thousand from Canada, over Lake Champlain, down the Hudson River as far as Albany. General Howe was to ascend the Hudson to Albany. When the two generals met, the deed would have been done, — the colonies would have been cut in two.

Burgoyne received positive orders to march southward over the route outlined above. Howe was informed of the projected campaign and advised to join Burgoyne. But the letter containing the order to march northward through New York was drafted and never sent! Thus Howe was left his own master, and he proceeded to carry out a side campaign of his own. He always had longed to take Philadelphia,

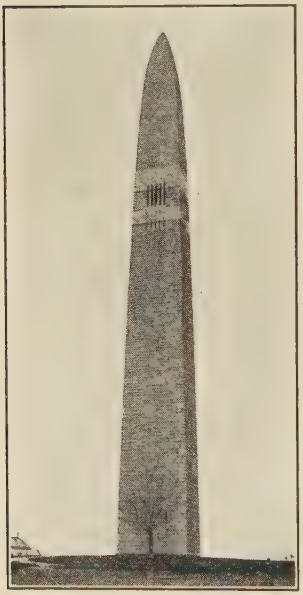
the "rebel capital," and this he attempted to do in the summer months of 1777. Washington, Greene, and all the able American generals knew that, once Burgoyne was on the march, the only right move for Howe was to the northward. So they were much puzzled when he went south toward Philadelphia. Washington wrote, "Howe's in a manner abandoning Burgoyne is so unaccountable a matter that, till I am fully assured of it, *I cannot help casting my eyes continually behind me.*" By the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, Washington kept Howe so occupied in Pennsylvania that the autumn came without his having joined Burgoyne.

The English campaign started off most gayly. The British swept across Lake Champlain, captured Ticonderoga, and pressed into the forest wilderness south of Lake George. Their goal was Fort Edward, where the American army was encamped. It took Burgoyne three weeks to traverse twenty miles. This was because the Americans had made valiant use of ax and crowbar in blocking the British advance.

But meanwhile his men were eating their three meals a day, and his stores were being exhausted. Burgoyne heard that at Bennington, Vermont, the Americans had gathered provisions, powder, and large numbers of horses. These were exactly what his army needed. He therefore sent a thousand Germans, under Baum, to capture this military depot. They,

however, were completely overwhelmed by the Vermont militia led by General John Stark. The effect of this brilliant victory was that large numbers of volunteers flocked to the American army under General Gates on the Hudson River.

Burgoyne's plight was most serious. His army was beginning to suffer for food. With scanty ammunition, few horses, and lessening troops, the outlook was indeed dark. Still he was too loyal to Howe to retreat. He pictured the British commander in chief in straits similar to his own, some twenty or thirty miles farther south in the valley of the Hudson. To aid Howe there was nothing to do but to press forward.



Bennington monument.

On September 13th Burgoyne crossed the Hudson River on a bridge of boats. The Americans were encamped upon the same side of the river on Bemis Heights, to the south of Saratoga.

On the morning of September 19th, the British planned an attack upon the American position. The columns moved out from the enemy's camp

under Fraser, Burgoyne, and Riedesel. The American scouts saw the glitter of bayonets and the red patches of uniforms through the green trees, and gave the warning. Morgan with his sharpshooters undertook to turn General Fraser's right, while General Benedict

Arnold's fall at Freeman's Farm.

Arnold threw himself upon his left with the view of cutting him off from the British center. Both Morgan and Arnold fought most brilliantly. The fighting was desperate on both sides, for one fourth of those engaged were either killed or wounded. The British outnumbered the Americans, as they were 4500, while the Americans numbered but 3000. Again and again Arnold sent messages to Gates, the commanding general,

begging for reënforcements. The foolish Gates turned a deaf ear to his requests, and 11,000 Americans sat on the hills watching their comrades engaged in an unequal but gallant struggle in the valley below. The British plan of attack was foiled by the dash of Arnold and Morgan. Such was the first battle of Freeman's Farm.

Arnold claimed that, if Gates had properly supported him, he might, then and there, have crushed Burgoyne. Gates scouted the idea, and the two generals quarreled fiercely. Gates relieved Arnold of his command and sent him his passports.

Burgoyne could not rest upon his arms. His whole force was upon short allowance of food, and it was imperative that either he or the Americans should soon win the day.

With picked troops and his most gallant officers, on October 7th, Burgoyne advanced for a second time against his stubborn foe at Freeman's Farm. General Fraser's column was once more stationed at the right, and Morgan with his sharpshooters again attacked him with fury.

Deprived of his command, Arnold was watching the battle from the heights. As the troops swayed to and fro, he suddenly saw how a furious charge might win the day. He threw himself upon a horse and galloped down the hill. The American troops hailed their "fighting general" with joy. As he was the senior officer on the field, his orders were instantly

obeyed. He led three brilliant charges, scattering two columns of the British. As a detachment of German troops was flying like chaff before him, a ball passed through his leg. His horse was killed at the same time, and he fell helpless to the ground. An American soldier was about to bayonet the German who had wounded Arnold, but the suffering general stayed his hand with the words: "Don't kill him. He is a brave fellow!" If only Benedict Arnold might have died at that moment with these generous words upon his lips, our country would have been spared a dark and painful chapter.

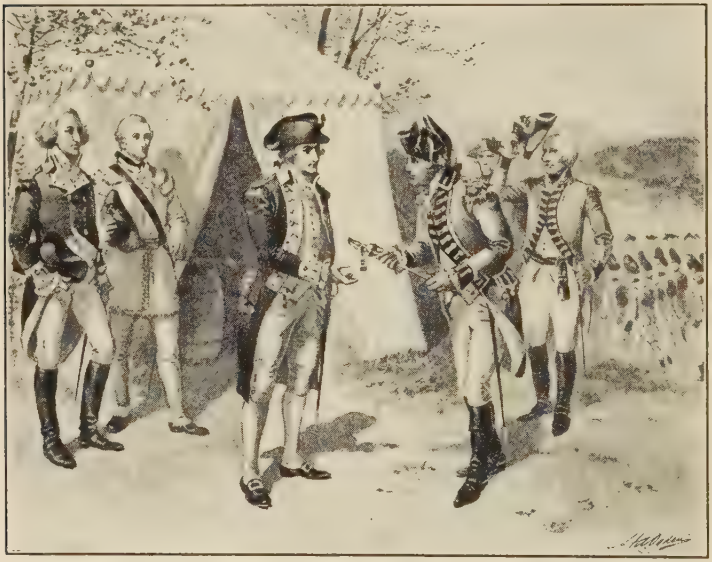
The American army now consisted of 20,000 men, and outnumbered the British four to one. The soldiers in the English army were worn by weeks of incessant toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were in an amphitheater with hills all around, and the enemy's cannon playing on every part of their camp.

To contend with such odds was impossible. At Saratoga, on the 17th of October, Burgoyne surrendered 5791 men, 42 guns, and 4600 muskets.

The country rang with praises for Gates. All the glory of great success was his, although the praise was really due to Arnold, Morgan, and, above all, to Washington. He it was who had kept Howe at the south, even by fighting losing battles with him again and again.

All Europe was impressed by Saratoga. The na-

tions came to believe that the Americans would win their freedom. France was an enemy of England, and she now decided to ally herself with the United States.



Burgoyne surrenders to Gates.

Our cause was henceforth hers. She gave us money, supplies, troops, and even the aid of a fleet. All these advantages were the direct result of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga.

GREENE AND MORGAN IN THE SOUTH

During the last years of the Revolution, the war was carried on chiefly in the south. As in 1777, the British now formed a careful plan of attack. Their aim was to conquer the southernmost colony, Georgia; then to conquer South Carolina; then North Carolina; and so on, until each in turn had been won back to the mother country.

At first they were most successful. The Americans were defeated again and again. Savannah and Charleston were surrendered to the British, and both Georgia and South Carolina were overrun by the enemy. The fall of Charleston was a terrible blow, for General Lincoln, the American commander, was there forced to surrender the only patriot army in that field. Aside from the little bands of Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, there was no armed resistance to the enemy.

A new commander must be sent south. Congress consulted Washington, who strongly advised the choice of Greene. Congress, however, was still much impressed by Saratoga and gave the command to General Gates. Gates acted with rare folly, and at last rushed upon a terrible defeat at Camden, where the British destroyed a second American army. The British

now overran North Carolina and even threatened the great state of Virginia itself. The darkest hour of the Revolution in the south had been struck.

Congress had been taught a lesson in watching the collapse of its favorite, Gates. This time the choice of southern commander was left to Washington, who named General Greene.

Nathanael Greene.

Greene's undertaking was most difficult, owing to the defeats of Lincoln and Gates. He must first create an army; he must equip it with suitable clothing and weapons; he must drill these troops until they would stand and deliver shot in the faces of a charging enemy. Greene was a man of great patience; he would not be tempted to fight until his army was ready. Meanwhile he examined and surveyed the rivers, located the fords, and studied the roads. Thus the country became an open book to him.

The army of the south, though poor in numbers, was rich in officers. Besides Greene and Morgan, there were Henry Lee and Colonel William Washington, a cousin of the commander in chief. Both Lee

and Washington were placed in command of cavalry. The partisan commanders, Marion and Sumter, the swift and sly "swamp foxes," had been despised by Gates. Greene, however, saw what valuable allies they were and constantly made them a factor in his plans.

The British leaders were Lord Cornwallis and Colonel Tarleton, men of great ability. The British numbered 3100 veteran troops; the Americans numbered 2000, and many of these were fresh recruits. To bring the armies together in battle would be utter folly for the Americans. The part for them to play was one of strategy. So Greene divided his small force, placing 900 under Daniel Morgan. Colonel Washington with his cavalry also made a part of Morgan's separate command.

Cornwallis found himself much hampered by this two-headed enemy. He must keep Greene in check, yet Morgan's men were here, there, and everywhere, menacing strong posts and doing all the damage they could.

He finally decided to divide his forces also. Tarleton was given command of 1100 British and sent to crush Morgan. The latter led the redcoats a long chase until they were quite worn out. Then he stopped at the Cowpens ready to give battle. The Cowpens were upland meadows where cattle were branded.

That evening Morgan went about among the camps

of the North Carolina militia, telling the men something of his plan of battle and urging them to stand firm on the morrow. These were the unseasoned troops, and much depended upon their conduct in battle. All Morgan asked of them was three shots.

The battle at the Cowpens.

Let them stand firm for that length of time, and the fight was won.

Morgan aroused his troops early and saw that they had a good breakfast. Then he arranged them in line of battle and told each division exactly what was expected of it. In front he placed the North Carolina and Georgia militia; one hundred and fifty yards behind them, on the brow of a hill, were the

Maryland Continentals; one hundred and fifty yards behind them, but out of sight, on a second rising ground, were the cavalry under William Washington. Behind all was a deep river, for there was to be no retreat.

The militia were to deliver three shots at killing distance and then retire behind the Continentals. The Continentals were to stand their ground firmly, and they would be supported by the cavalry which Washington was to wheel against the enemy at the critical moment. The plan was certainly an admirable one.

Tarleton's troops had been hurrying over muddy roads and crossing swollen brooks all night. At dawn they reached the Cowpens, and rushed at once upon their foe.

The militia did nobly. They stood their ground and delivered not three, but many shots. Then, in excellent order, they retired, as they had been directed, behind the little hill on which were posted the Continentals. These were as fine troops as fought in the Revolution. The British thought that the Americans were giving way. They rushed forward to be met by a terrible fire. While they faltered, Colonel Washington charged upon their right flank with his cavalry, and the American militia, which had reformed behind the hill, enfolded them upon their left. They were completely surrounded, and they threw down their

arms and surrendered. Tarleton, with a few of his officers, cut his way through the lines and galloped off. But he left behind over 600 of his men prisoners, while 230 lay wounded or dead upon the field. The American loss was very small, — 12 killed and 61 wounded.

"From the point of tactics this was one of the most brilliant battles of the war." Morgan had surrounded and captured a force equal to his own, and, what was quite as wonderful, he had made his militia fight well.

Morgan now acted with the utmost prudence. He knew that Cornwallis, who was not far distant, would pursue him in revenge for this victory. Accordingly he led his men in rapid retreat to the northward. He outmarched Cornwallis and crossed the fords of the Catawba first. On January 30th, Greene joined Morgan and took command.

And now Greene took up again Washington's old game of the fox and the hounds. Such a sly fox as he showed himself to be! He gathered up all the boats along the rivers he reached. Some he destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the British; others he mounted upon wheels, so that they could readily be drawn along with the troops in their rapid march.

Cornwallis found himself impeded by his heavy baggage. Accordingly he destroyed it. When Greene heard this, he exclaimed gleefully, "He is ours!"

At last Greene offered battle at Guilford Court House, a place that he had thoroughly examined some time before. Greene's arrangement of his men was not unlike that made by Morgan at the Cowpens. There were three lines, or barriers. First were posted the North Carolina militia, with the American cavalry, under Lee and Washington, on their flanks. In the second line were stationed the Virginia militia. Behind these were the Continentals, the first and second Maryland brigades, while the Virginia Continentals were held in reserve.

Flag of Morgan's Rifle Corps.

The North Carolina militia fired two volleys, but broke and fled in wild panic at the first charge of the British. The enemy next hurled themselves against the Virginians. These behaved well. They stood their ground stubbornly, and were nobly aided in their resistance by the American cavalry, who charged the British flanks. When, at last, they gave way, they retreated slowly and in excellent order.

When the British encountered the third line of the Americans, the first Maryland not only opened a stubborn resistance, but in a gallant charge drove the British backward. The second Maryland brigade, however, were driven from the field, leaving behind them

two field pieces. These were afterwards retaken by the first Maryland brigade, while the American cavalry charged again and again upon the enemy.

The outcome looked dubious to the British. Cornwallis resorted to a desperate expedient. He ordered the artillery to play upon the fighting armies, even though it destroyed as many of his own men as of the enemy. Under the protection of the guns he reformed his troops for another charge.

Greene had inflicted a severe blow upon Cornwallis. He dared not risk the loss of all his troops. An army must be kept in the field, or the game would be up. So he wisely ordered a retreat.

The British remained as victors upon the field, but they had lost about 600 men, more than one quarter of their whole force. The American loss was 400. Cornwallis sent a glowing report of his success to England, but Charles Fox and a few other clear-sighted leaders saw the true state of affairs. "A few more victories like that and we are undone," was the keen comment of Fox. Greene had "lost his battle but won his campaign."

Cornwallis marched to Wilmington, on the coast of North Carolina. There he debated what to do. He could return to Charleston, to begin his campaign anew, or he could join the British troops in Virginia. The latter plan was more pleasing to his pride, and this he decided to do.

Long before this, General Greene had turned southward to capture posts held by the British and still further to free the southern states.

From this time the American cause, thanks to Greene's energy and skill, grew brighter and brighter at the south until that glorious October day, at Yorktown, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington and closed the long war of the Revolution.

Gold medal awarded to General Morgan by Congress.

FRANCIS MARION, THE SWAMP WILL O' THE WISP

In May, 1780, General Lincoln surrendered the city of Charleston and 3000 American troops. Three months later a second army under General Gates was cut to pieces at Camden. Georgia and South Carolina were, in fact, reconquered, and the country was overrun by the British.

During these gloomy months the only opposition to the sweeping conquests of the British was that offered by the partisan commanders, — Marion, Sumter, and Pickens.

The partisan method of warfare was unusual. With numbers so small that they could not fight in the open field, the leaders sought at all times the sudden surprise. A sleeping camp, a small detachment of British escorting American prisoners, an isolated post, — these were what they fell upon like a bolt from the blue. Such was the suddenness of these appearances and the fierceness of their attack that they were almost always successful. Ten or a dozen of the foe killed, American prisoners set free, needed stores secured, — these were the results obtained. They were not large in themselves, but what was of

importance was that the British were never at ease. At any moment the foe might be upon them.

Let us see how Marion built up his famous "brigade." His followers were those he gathered himself. They were bound by no term of enlistment and could

Sweet potatoes are served to Marion and his guest.

leave him at any time. They were seldom more than seventy in number, and sometimes their ranks fell as low as sixteen.

The food was plain and often scanty. Hominy, rice, and sweet potatoes were the staples. Marion and his men could live very well on such fare. The story is told of a British officer who came to their

camp under truce. Great was his astonishment when he found that the dinner consisted of nothing but roasted sweet potatoes, and that they were served on pieces of bark. But, as Marion said, "Hunger is the best sauce."

The arms of the brigade were, at first, of the poorest sort. The men robbed the sawmills, and blacksmiths ground the saws into rude swords. Pewter mugs, spoons, and plates were melted into bullet molds. But after a few raids the men provided themselves with the guns, powder, and small arms that they took from the enemy.

The brigade was rarely in the same place for two successive days. Their headquarters, however, were on Snow's Island, in the Pedee River, South Carolina. An outsider could never have found this swamp island. It was surrounded by a network of creeks, rivers, forests, swamps, and undergrowth. Tangled vines of laurel and sweet-scented jessamine threw their frail bars across the way. All the boats in the neighborhood had been collected by Marion. Those he needed he moored at the island; all others he destroyed. In Bryant's well-known poem, *Song of Marion's Men*, their forest home is thus described:

"Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass."

Much of Marion's success as a leader was due to the fact that he never told his plans to a soul. He listened to the reports of his scouts and consulted with his officers, but he decided his moves against the enemy, himself.

As the sinking sun flooded swamp and forest with its crimson fire, Marion's men sprang into their saddles and followed their leader blindly. They trusted him perfectly, because he had never led them to defeat. Although poor in food, clothing, and ammunition, his companions were splendidly mounted. They rode the finest and fleetest of horses, and this was wise, for their lives often depended upon the swiftness of the steeds they rode. To strike and to get away was Marion's policy.

When Marion planned to attack a camp, his men surrounded it silently. Next, taking careful aim by the light of the camp fires, at a given signal each shot his man. Then, in the confusion, horses were seized, prisoners were made, and the valiant little band plunged off into the darkness.

If the band were closely pursued, they scattered for greater safety. Marion could hide so cleverly that often the members of his brigade, who knew all his

"Marion's men sprang into their saddles."

haunts, found it hard to rejoin him. No wonder the British angrily called him the "swamp fox."

Every month the enemy were harassed by some daredevil deed of Marion's. In August, 1780, an English party, with one hundred and fifty prisoners taken at Camden, were near Nelson's Ferry on the Santee River. At daybreak Marion's men swooped down upon them, freed the American prisoners, captured twenty-six of the escort, and then sped off.

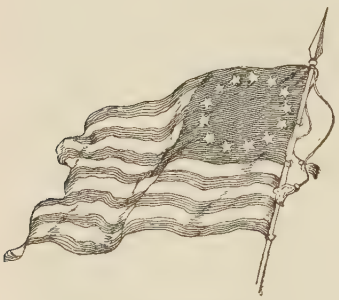
Another time the brigade actually entered Georgetown and carried away the commander of the post from the midst of his men. The very insolence of the deeds infuriated the enemy.

Scores of stories might be told of the daring of individuals in the band. One man was closely pursuing a British officer through the forest. He had far outdistanced his comrades, so that he was now alone. Suddenly he found himself riding directly upon a company of Tories. With enemies all around him, he played the game of bluff. Turning in his saddle, he waved his arm and shouted: "Here they are, boys. Come on!" The Tories thought the whole band were at his heels, and turned and fled.

Francis Marion was "a man of few words and modest demeanor . . . but a knight in courtesy, truthfulness, and courage." On this account he has been called the "Bayard of the South."

JOHN PAUL JONES, THE FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

JOHN PAUL, like many of the English admirals, was born within sight and sound of the sea. His father was a poor Scotch gardener whose cottage stood on the north shore of the Solway Firth. The child ran on the beach and watched the great ships tacking in and out of the Solway. Very soon he was allowed to manage a small sailing boat and began to earn his own living by fishing.



The first national flag.

When he was thirteen, the master of a ship watched him bring his boat to harbor through a driving squall. Immediately he offered to make Paul cabin boy on his vessel, which was sailing soon to America. So John Paul voyaged to the New World and to Virginia, where his older brother William was already settled as a planter.

In 1773 his brother died and left him his property in Virginia. The next two years John Paul spent as a planter. The time passed happily because the young

man had formed a warm friendship for Willie Jones, a man of much importance in North Carolina. At this time he took the surname of Jones. Henceforth he was known as John Paul Jones.

In 1775 war began between England and America. For two hundred years England had been supreme upon the sea. From the first, her navy gave her a tremendous advantage over the colonies. She could attack any town on the seacoast or on a deep river. By means of her fleet she could rapidly move troops from place to place.

Congress set to work at once to build up a navy. But it was slow work. The duty of the American ships would be to attack English vessels on the high sea and to raid the coasts of the English colonies in Canada and the West Indies. Perhaps, in time, they might even dare to attack coast towns in Great Britain itself.

Jones became a captain in the American navy. He was given a beautiful ship, the *Ranger*, and was directed to prowl along the coasts of Great Britain and to do all the damage he could. As the *Ranger* had just been launched in Portsmouth, some young ladies there wished to give her a silk flag. So they made the first Stars and Stripes that ever floated over an American man-of-war. The white for the stars was contributed by a young bride, who used bits of her silk wedding dress.

Jones made a successful raid on the coasts of the Irish

Sea. He first attacked White Haven and then crossed to Carrickfergus on the Irish coast. The *Drake*, a sloop of war that carried twenty guns, as against eighteen of the *Ranger*, lay in the harbor. Jones cruised about for several days, hoping that she would come out

"The *Drake* finally surrendered."

and give battle. At last the *Drake* appeared, and with her came several small boats full of people eager to see a sea fight. They all confidently expected the capture of the bold little *Ranger*. But their hopes were bitterly disappointed, for it was the *Drake* that finally surrendered.

England was much startled by Jones's achievement.

Never before, in modern times, had an English warship surrendered to a craft of lesser power. Was the world coming to an end?

The *Drake* with several other prizes was taken to Brest. Thence the *Ranger* was sent home, while Jones waited to take command of a small fleet which Benjamin Franklin was gathering and equipping in France.

Franklin did his best, but any delays were most vexatious to Jones. One day, it is said, he happened to take up an old almanac by Poor Richard. One of the maxims read: "If a man wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, let him go on it himself; otherwise, send." Jones was much impressed, and, from this time on, went to the French court himself, instead of sending letters and messages as he had been doing. Matters did move more speedily; so, in gratitude to Franklin and his homely wisdom, Jones named his flagship the *Bon Homme Richard*.

The *Richard* was an extraordinary flagship for a fleet, for she was an old East Indiaman that had been pierced for forty guns. The *Pallas* and two smaller craft formed Jones's fleet, with the *Alliance*, the finest warship of them all. She had been built very recently in Massachusetts and was well armed and equipped in every way. Unfortunately the command had been given to a French captain named Landais, who proved insubordinate.

The American fleet sailed to the north of Scotland.

Jones planned to make a descent upon Leith and entered the Firth of Forth. Sir Walter Scott, then a school-boy, well recollected the dismay and terror aroused by his coming. One minister gathered his congregation on the sandy beach, where they knelt and prayed for a west wind.

And the wind did come. "A steady and powerful west wind settled the matter by sweeping Paul Jones and his vessels out of the Firth of Forth." But the "ill wind" was perhaps not so ill to Jones after all. Had he been detained in Leith, he might not have encountered the fleet of forty-two sail off Flamborough Head. They were forty English merchantmen bound for the Baltic and escorted by two warships, the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, with fifty guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, with twenty-four guns.

While the merchant vessels crowded all sail to escape the foe, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* turned to engage the enemy. The *Bon Homme Richard* alone drew near boldly. The *Pallas* hovered uncertainly at a distance, while the *Alliance* ran some way out to sea.

As the *Serapis* and the *Richard* neared each other, Captain Pearson shouted: "What ship is that? Answer immediately or I shall be under the necessity of firing into you." The next moment broadsides blazed from both ships, and the battle began. This was about seven o'clock of the evening of September 23d, 1779.

The *Serapis* was a new fast warship, well officered and manned, superior in every way to the *Bon Homme Richard.*

The most powerful guns of the *Bon Homme Richard* were six old eighteen-pounders from whose action Jones hoped much. Early in the fight two of these guns burst, killing several men in the gun room. After this, no one dared fire the others, so that the *Richard* was crippled from the start.

During the din and confusion the two ships maneuvered for favorable positions. At last they ran into each other. This was just what Jones wanted, for "he ever loved close fighting." With his own hands he lashed the two ships together. The English gunners had not opened the gun ports on the side now toward the *Richard.* They fired directly through the closed ports into the enemy's hull. The damage wrought was terrible. Part of the *Richard's* side was gone, and the waves washed freely through the awful gap.

"Do you surrender?" shouted Pearson.

"I have not yet begun to fight," was Jones's dauntless answer.

The Americans had been driven to the upper deck and the rigging. Jones had now the use of but three guns. These were nine-pounders, whose loading he superintended himself. They swept the enemy's deck with such deadly aim that the British fled below. Then Jones ordered the gunners to aim at the main-

"The loading he superintended himself."

mast. If that could be overthrown, the *Serapis* would be severely crippled.

The *Alliance* now drew near, and Jones counted much on her support. What was his horror when she fired into the bow, the broadside, and the stern of the *Bon Homme Richard!* Several of the best men were killed, and an able officer was mortally wounded. "The *Alliance* has been captured by the British and is now capturing us!" This explanation seemed the only one possible; it was not, however, a true one. Landais had given the order. He hated Jones and was indifferent to the harm he might inflict upon his ally. Later he was judged to be insane.

The *Pallas* was maintaining a good fight against the *Countess of Scarborough*, but she could not aid the battered flagship. The *Alliance* was worse than useless. The *Bon Homme Richard* stood alone.

The mainmast of the *Serapis* had been tottering for some time. The persistent aim of the nine-pounders was having an effect. The *Serapis* was on fire in many places, and her guns were silent. The *Bon Homme Richard* was still bombarding with a few guns. Further resistance seemed useless, and Captain Pearson struck his flag at half past ten. The next moment a well-directed shot sent his mainmast crashing overboard.

Never had fiercer battle been fought on the high seas. Each commander knew this. When Captain Pearson handed his sword to Captain Jones, the latter said:

"Sir, you have fought like a hero; and I make no doubt your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

The *Countess of Scarborough* had also surrendered to the *Pallas*. John Paul Jones's one care was now the *Richard*. He toiled to keep her afloat, but that was soon seen to be impossible. At ten o'clock in the morning of September 25th the brave old ship sank from sight beneath the waters of the North Sea. She carried down, flying at her masthead, the silk flag made by the Portsmouth girls.

A year and a half later Captain Jones explained to one of these girls, Mary Langdon by name, that it had been his most ardent desire to bring that flag home to America, with all its glories, and give it back untarnished into the fair hands that had presented it to him nearly four years before. "But, Miss Mary," he said, "I couldn't bear to strip it from the poor old ship in our last agony, nor could I deny to my dead on her decks, who had given their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them."

"You did exactly right, Commodore!" exclaimed Miss Langdon. "That flag is just where we all wish it to be — flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sank in victory."

"The moral effect in Europe of such a victory within sight of the British coast was prodigious." The nations began to awake to the prestige of the republic

of the West. England was most unpopular, and the great nations of Europe were pleased to heap honors upon the bold young navigator who might be said to have "singed the English king's beard."

Medal presented to Captain Jones by Congress.

The United States Naval Academy, where young men are trained for the navy, is at Annapolis, Maryland. Not far from the great buildings sleep the remains of America's great admiral, John Paul Jones. He was "the father of the American navy, and for nearly one hundred years his was the grandest figure in the naval history of his adopted country."

LAFAYETTE, THE SERVANT OF MANKIND

"We bow not the neck,
We bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette,
We surrender to thee."

— Song of 1824.

It is a beautiful fact that in all countries there are born, at times, men who are absolutely unselfish. Such men do not seek wealth, or fame, or power; their single purpose in life is to help their fellow men. George Washington was a man of this type; so also was the Marquis de Lafayette, a citizen and soldier of France.

If ever there was a child born with a silver spoon in its mouth, it was Gilbert, the Marquis de Lafayette. The little nobleman was given the best education the city of Paris afforded. At thirteen he fell heir to an immense estate. At sixteen he married Adrienne, a granddaughter of the Duke of Noailles (nō-ä′y'), so that by birth and by marriage he belonged to the noblest families in France.

Lafayette had an earnest nature and could not bear to idle his time at court or on his beautiful estates. He must do something that seemed to him worth while. The only career open to a nobleman at that time

was a military one. So Lafayette became a captain of dragoons and was stationed at Metz.

The Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III, visited Metz in the summer of 1776. A banquet was given to the royal guest, and of course Lafayette was present. During the dinner much of the talk turned upon the struggle of England with her colonies in America. Soldiers were naturally interested in fighting; the Duke of Gloucester brought authentic news; all men were eager to hear, but one more so than the rest. Knowledge of colonial farmers struggling bravely for the rights of man and for their sacred liberties fired the ardent soul of Lafayette. Before he rose from the table he had resolved to cross the ocean and to offer his sword to the Americans.

The American commissioner, Silas Deane, promised Lafayette the rank of major general in the Continental army. At the same time he confessed that the American credit was so low that he was unable to secure a vessel in which to transport European volunteers to America. To this Lafayette replied, "Thus far you have seen my zeal only; now it shall be something more. I will purchase and equip a vessel myself. It is while danger presses that I wish to join your forces."

Accordingly the Marquis bought and secretly began to equip a vessel named the *Victory*. His plans soon became known, and the king, Louis XVI, commanded him to remain at home.

But Lafayette cared very little for the hue and cry of the court. He went steadily on with his preparations. However, he saw that he must plan most carefully or he would be detained by force.

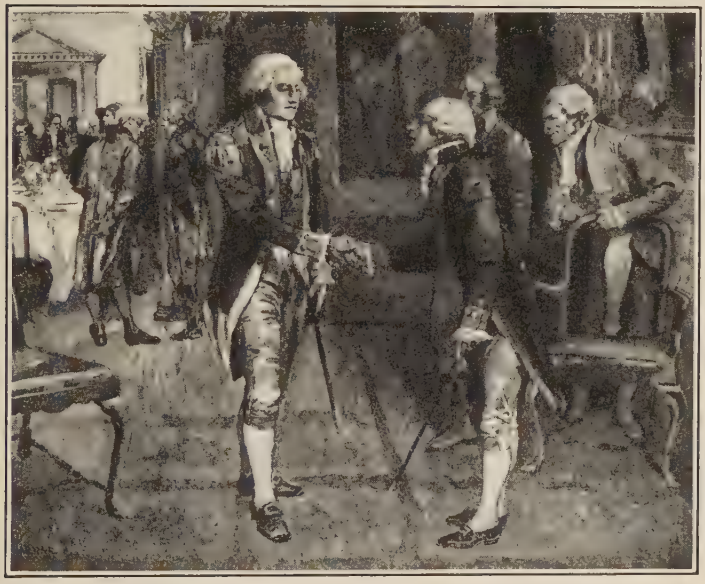
The *Victory* sailed for a Spanish port. Crossing the Pyrenees in the disguise of a courier, Lafayette at last boarded his vessel and set sail for the new world. With him were Baron de Kalb, a soldier of wide experience, and ten or twelve French officers.

On April 19, 1777, the little party landed at midnight on the American coast near Georgetown, South Carolina. Next came the journey overland to Philadelphia, where bitter disappointment awaited the little party. Congress, having been constantly besieged by foreign adventurers, all clamoring for high offices and boasting of their rank and experience in continental armies, did not immediately recognize Lafayette and De Kalb as men of different caliber. They were told that there were no more positions for officers vacant. Lafayette showed his commission of major general granted him by Commissioner Deane, but Congress refused to honor it.

Lafayette, however, was not discouraged. He wrote a letter to Congress asking permission to join the Continental army as a volunteer without pay.

That letter awakened Congress to the unselfish spirit of one foreigner at least. Very shortly after this he was granted that for which he had longed.

He was made a major general, and, at the age of nineteen, took rank with Gates, Greene, Lincoln, and Lee. Further, Washington invited him to become his aid.



"He looked into the earnest eyes of the French lad."

Lafayette was not a handsome man. He was short, slight, pale, with plain features and red hair. Washington, however, was drawn to him at their first meeting. The commander in chief was a judge of men. He looked into the earnest eyes of the French lad and read there a heart of gold and a spirit that would be loyal and true to its last breath. A beautiful friendship sprang up between the man and the boy. It was

always "my dear general" and "my young soldier." Lafayette has been called "the favorite pupil" of Washington. Washington was, in his judgment, a great soldier and the best of men. All he could, he would learn from him.

Another beautiful quality in Lafayette was his sympathy. He made our cause his; he became an American while serving in our army. At the battle of the Brandywine he received a severe wound in the leg, of which he was for a time unaware. He wrote later, "The honor to have mingled my blood with that of many other American soldiers on the heights of the Brandywine has been to me a source of pride and delight." And again, "I had the good fortune to bleed for our cause." It was always *our cause* to Lafayette, the faithful!

Some day you will follow Lafayette's career through the American Revolution with keen interest. This sketch of his life can but mention the places associated with him. He suffered at Valley Forge; he outmaneuvered Howe at Barren Hill; he played a tactful and spirited part at Monmouth and Newport. He showed his beautiful loyalty to Washington again and again.

Early in the spring of 1779, Lafayette was given leave of absence to return to his native land. France was now our ally, but there was, at times, friction between the two nations. It was thought that the

presence in France of so wise and true a friend as the marquis would help the American cause.

In April Lafayette returned to his adopted country. He brought the best of news. France was soon to send the Count Rochambeau with 6000 troops to be under the orders of Washington.

The most brilliant exploits of the marquis came during the last year of the war, when he held an independent command in Virginia. Lord Cornwallis, outgeneraled in the Carolinas, appeared upon the scene and planned to capture that "boy." But the young nobleman had learned from Washington the method of masterly retreat, and he so maneuvered and marched his little army of 3000 men that Cornwallis grew weary and abandoned the chase.

The English earl withdrew his 7000 men to Yorktown, where he proceeded to fortify himself behind intrenchments. Lafayette took position at Malvern Hill.

Yorktown was a peninsula. On three sides was the deep sea; the fourth side was a narrow isthmus. Cornwallis had chosen this position that he might have easy communication with the English fleet.

But foes of Cornwallis could also lay plans. Washington was daily expecting news of the arrival of the French fleet of twenty-eight ships and 20,000 men under Count de Grasse. With such tremendous reënforcements what might not be accomplished? If

De Grasse sailed for New York, the French and the Americans could recapture the city from Clinton. If, instead of New York, the goal of the fleet was Chesapeake Bay, Cornwallis might be forced to surrender. So Washington held himself ready for either campaign.

On August 14th, 1781, a message came from De Grasse, saying that he was sailing for the Chesapeake.

Washington then prepared to execute a wonderful move. He meant to hurl his army five hundred miles to crush Cornwallis. The French, under Rochambeau, and the Continentals marched overland together. At first both British and Americans thought these movements were directed against Clinton in New York. It was not until Philadelphia was reached that Washington's destination dawned upon the Americans, and then their glee knew no bounds. Flags were displayed; flowers were thrown upon the dusty troops; shouts of huzzas filled the air. "Long live Washington" was the toast of the moment. "He has gone to catch Cornwallis in his mousetrap!"

De Grasse was first at the rendezvous. He besieged Yorktown by sea, while Lafayette took up his position on the isthmus. The "mousetrap" was closed. Still Cornwalls did not move. He was not afraid of

Lafayette whose forces he far outnumbered. But he waited a trifle too long. "A greater than Lafayette was at hand." On September 26th, Washington's army of 16,000 troops invested Yorktown.

The story of the next three weeks may be very briefly told. The Americans pressed nearer to the British lines and at length carried two redoubts by storm. On the following day, the fifteenth of October, the British made an unsuccessful sortie. Their breastworks were now falling into ruin under the bombardment of seventy cannons. There could be but one end to such a situation and, on the seventeenth, the fourth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, Lord Cornwallis raised the white flag. Two days later, on October 19th, the second British army surrendered to the Americans.

This was really the close of the war. Lafayette, by his energy, courage, and excellent judgment, had done much towards securing this great American triumph.

It would be interesting to read of Lafayette's wonderful career in France, of his relations to another Revolution, of his rises and falls in public esteem, of his loss of property, of his five years' imprisonment — events as thrilling as any in a story. But through all the changes of a singularly checkered career we find Lafayette the man, true to the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity that he had cherished as a lad. His friendship with Washington and with America was the great joy of his life.

Lafayette statue, Washington, D.C.

He made two visits to America — one in 1784, the other in 1824. In 1784 he landed in New York and went by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore to visit Washington at Mount Vernon. They were happy days that the two friends spent together reviewing the recent past. Lafayette then went to Boston and later along the coast to Yorktown, where he revisited the battle ground of three years before. He then returned to Mount Vernon to say farewell to Washington. This was a final parting, although neither realized it at the time. He promised to return soon, but forty years passed by before he stepped again upon American soil.

He was now a man of sixty-seven. Washington and other friends of the Revolution were in their long sleep. But the children and grandchildren of those he had served rose up to welcome him, and America, the Great Republic, was alive and deeply grateful. Lafayette was grateful, too, for America had sought at all times to stand by him. When his family was endangered by the furious Red Republicans of France, it was America that had offered an asylum to the young heir, George Washington Lafayette. When the mob leaders in Paris would have sent Madame Lafayette to the guillotine, Gouverneur Morris, the American minister, defied them. "If you kill the wife of Lafayette," he said, "all the enemies of the Republic . . . will rejoice; you will make America hostile and justify England in her slanders against you." This bold talk cost Morris

his office, but Madame Lafayette's life was saved. When Lafayette's fortune was swept away, American friends sent him money, and Congress gave him large tracts of land in the newly acquired Louisiana. So, with a heart swelling with gratitude and love, Lafayette trod again the shores of his other country.

The year and a half he spent here was one long fête. He visited every one of the twenty-four states, — the eleven new as well as the thirteen old. He went over all the Revolutionary battle fields; he wept at Camden by the grave of his old comrade, Baron de Kalb; he laid the corner stones of monuments to De Kalb at Camden and to Pulaski at Savannah. On June 17th, 1825, as the only present surviving officer of the army of the Revolution, he laid the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument at Charlestown.

But his most sacred hour in America was that in which, leaning on the arm of his son, George Washington Lafayette, he entered the tomb at Mount Vernon and approached the coffin of his beloved friend, George Washington. With bared head, he stood for a while in silence. Then with the tears rolling down his cheeks, he bent to kiss the name plate and turned away.

Lafayette died full of years and honors, on May 20th, 1834. "His name shines aloft like a star." He was a true servant of his fellow men, and "his fame can be measured only by the limits of a world's gratitude."

DANIEL BOONE OF KENTUCKY

"Some to endure, and many to quail,
Some to conquer, and many to fail,
Toiling over the Wilderness Trail."

In our study of the battles of the Revolutionary War, we have seen the importance of a flank movement. If you can carry the left or the right flank of your enemy, you have him at a great disadvantage.

During the Revolution the western flank of the Continental army was the region of the Allegheny Mountains. From 1775 to 1783 there were settlers from the colonies trying to make homes for themselves in the far section west of those mountains, known as Kentucky. So bitterly and fiercely did the red men oppose the coming of the whites that the soil of Kentucky came to be called "the dark and bloody ground."

The pioneers served the cause of freedom more than they themselves realized. Had they given way, the English and Indians would undoubtedly have entered Pennsylvania and Virginia from the west. An attack from this side would have been a crushing blow to the American army. The Kentucky pioneer, fighting for his few acres of farmland and the lives of his wife and

children, was really a soldier in Washington's army, though he knew it not. He stood shoulder to shoulder with Greene, Marion, and Daniel Morgan.

The man who was foremost in this service to his country was Daniel Boone. He was a born pioneer and

"Daniel became an excellent shot."

leader of men. Let us see how his early training had fitted him for such a post.

Daniel Boone was born in eastern Pennsylvania in 1734. His father was a Quaker farmer. Mr. Boone had some fine grazing pastures quite a distance from his home. Daniel, from the time he was ten, lived for long months on this dairy farm. All day he spent in the wide out-of-doors, following the cows as they roved from place to place.

The boy had no books, but the book of the great world was always open before him. His eyes became

wonderfully keen to read Nature's secrets. His first weapon was the stem of a young sapling with a knot of tough roots at the end. With this he often brought down small game for the family table.

When Daniel was twelve, his father gave him a rifle. How proud he was! The gift was well worth while, for Daniel became an excellent shot and brought home venison and other game for the family. The skins of the creatures he shot or trapped he exchanged in Philadelphia for hunting knives, flints, lead, and powder.

When twenty-one years of age, Boone married and settled down in a rude little cabin upon the Yadkin River in North Carolina. During the next few years his hunting trips did not take him far from home. He farmed in the spring and summer, but went shooting

"The rude little cabin upon the Yadkin River."

in the fall and winter. Game grew scarcer in time, as more settlers crowded into the valley of the Yadkin. The timid deer and buffalo retreated westward, and Daniel longed to follow them to their new haunts.

In the winter of 1768 and 1769 John Finlay, an old friend of Boone, entered the Yadkin valley as a peddler. The two men had often talked of a trip to Kentucky, and now they determined to go. Plans were made in detail, and with the spring six sturdy horsemen, dressed in deerskin and carrying blankets, kettles, salt, and a small supply of provisions strapped to their saddles, set off for the promised land.

Passing through Cumberland Gap, they journeyed until they reached a place where a suitable camp might be made. This was on a small stream flowing into the Kentucky River.

It was the custom of Boone and his friends to hunt in pairs. Deer was the chief game in the summer and fall. When a deer had been brought down, the hunter removed the skin and cut off the most eatable portions of the meat. These he packed upon his horse. On arriving at the camp, he smoked the meat and cured the skin.

A deerskin was worth a dollar in those days, and, as a horse could carry one hundred skins, the frontiersmen toiled with high hopes. During the winter season the coats of the otters and beavers were in fine condition. These pelts were of greater value than deer-

skins, so that the winter was the best time for the trappers.

December had come. On the 22d of the month Boone and his brother-in-law, Stuart, were returning to camp, when they suddenly were surrounded by a party of Shawnee Indians. They forced the white men to conduct them to their camp, which they stripped of all it contained. Then they departed after ordering the white men home.

Boone and Stuart could not bear the loss of a half year's work. They secretly followed upon the trail of the Shawnees, and, overtaking them after five days, stole into camp at night and recaptured four or five of the horses.

This, however, was a game at which two could play. The Indians pursued, in their turn, and overtook Boone and Stuart at the end of two days. The whites were held prisoners for a week. At the end of that time they made their escape on a dark night.

Boone was determined to begin his labors all over again. Although a number of his companions returned to their homes, Daniel and his brother Squire, who had recently joined the party, remained alone in the wilderness. They were made of stern material; their iron wills were set to accomplish the purpose for which they had sought Kentucky.

Steadily the number of pelts grew again, as the winter drew on towards spring. In May, Squire Boone re-

turned home with horses laden with skins, and with food for the families on the Yadkin. Daniel remained alone in the wilderness.

Boone's leap of sixty feet.

Dangers were all about him from wild beasts as well as from man. He lodged in caves and in rude shelters of bark and boughs. He frequently changed his sleeping place that he might be safer from prowling foes. He had very little powder and shot, so that his food was scanty. He spent his time in exploration, in learning the hills and river valleys, the dells and mountain peaks of the land of his love. He had hairbreadth escapes from Indians, at one time leaping sixty feet down the cliffs to save himself from capture. Always there was the possibility of sudden illness or of the breaking of a limb in this great solitude. Death might come at any moment,

and there was no human face within hundreds of miles. Still Daniel was far from unhappy. As a matter of fact, he was full of a deep joy in his lonely experience. The beauty of the charming country and the wonders of nature filled his heart with a strange content.

Squire returned after three months. The brothers toiled for another year, and then set out happily for home. They carried with them what seemed like ample means. But alas! when nearly home, they were attacked by a wandering tribe of Indians, and robbed of all their forest spoils. And so Daniel returned poorer than when he had left his family two years before. "Still, I have seen Kentucky," he said to himself. Of calm and even temper, he never murmured at hard fortune.

Early in the year 1775, a few men of wealth and prominence in North Carolina organized a land company for the purpose of settling Kentucky. Daniel Boone was to be a leader in the undertaking.

First the land must be bought. In March, 1775, Boone gathered together some twelve hundred Cherokees who ceded to the land company a large tract of land between the Kentucky and the Cumberland rivers. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods was given in exchange.

The Cherokees did not promise the future settlers safety from the Indian tribes. They said, in meaning

tones, that "a black cloud hung over the land." War-paths from north and south crossed this very territory. The danger to settlements was indeed great.

Wild animals at the salt licks.

A party of thirty men was led by Daniel Boone to Big Lick on the Kentucky River. Here it was decided to build Boonesborough.

When the pioneers reached Big Lick, they beheld a most remarkable sight. Certain places in the soil of Kentucky contain large deposits of salt. The wild animals, as well as man, have need of salt. So they came in herds to lick the ground where these salty deposits are found.

As Boone's party drew near Big Lick, they beheld between two and three hundred buffaloes. These huge creatures scattered in all directions — "some

running, some walking, others loping slowly and carelessly, with young calves playing, skipping, and bounding through the plain. Such a sight some never saw before, nor perhaps ever may again."

From the very first, the history of Boonesborough was a thrilling one. As a matter of fact, it was Daniel Boone's devotion that preserved the settlement again and again as you will see.

Boonesborough consisted of a fort and rows of cabins arranged in the form of a rectangle. At the corners of the rectangle were blockhouses. Between the blockhouses and cabins were to be palisades. But these were unfinished.

The settlers lived on their farms, scattered in all directions from Boonesborough. It was only in time of danger that they retreated to the fort. When possible, they would drive their cattle before them and pen them in safety in the open space within the palisades. Water was a great necessity, and the women and children would labor hard to bring all they could from the spring into the fortress before the foe besieged it. When Indian attacks were expected, men kept watch night and day beside the rifle holes in blockhouse or palisades. At such times the women were as busy as the men. They loaded muskets and melted pewter into bullets; when the garrison was in special stress, they even defended the portholes. "It was a time to make heroes or cowards of either men or women — there was no middle course."

The Kentucky settlements were obliged to depend upon the older colonies for such articles as salt, iron, lead, and powder. In 1777 Virginia sent to Boonesborough some large salt-boiling kettles and two experienced salt makers. Crude salt could be obtained at the Licks, and the settlers were to be taught to prepare it for their own use.

The men at Boonesborough divided themselves into two parties. Each was to work for six weeks at the Blue Licks. The first party, headed by Daniel Boone, began work on January 1st, 1778.

One day in February, Boone was returning to camp with his horse laden with meat and skins. It was snowing heavily. Suddenly he walked right into a party of Indian braves. From their dress they appeared to be on the warpath. He soon learned that their destination was Boonesborough.

Now Daniel knew that his beloved town was short of men at this time. He also knew that the palisades had not been completed. His one idea was to save the women and children from a painful winter's march through the wilderness to the Indian villages north of the Ohio. He would do this, even though he had to sacrifice all the able-bodied men at the Salt Licks.

After close thinking, he told the Indians that he would lead them to his camp, where he would persuade the men to surrender without a blow. This promise he kept. The salt workers were amazed; they were

much perplexed at the strange conduct of their leader; but they obeyed him without a murmur.

Then happened what Daniel had foreseen. The Shawnees, delighted with the large number of captives they had taken, hastened homeward to celebrate this victory. They reasoned that in the spring they could remove the women and children more easily than in the dead of winter.

Boone is adopted by the Shawnees.

As they marched northward, his comrades understood Boone's strategy and admired his cunning. Boonesborough in a few days would discover that the salt makers had been taken captive. She would then foresee her danger and prepare for the worst. As for them, there was always the chance for escape.

But, as Boone soon found, the captives were watched night and day. To escape was impossible. He there-

fore did his best to win the trust of the Shawnees and to lead them to think that he was happy in his fate. He told stories, chatted over past skirmishes, ran races, and introduced tests for rifle practice.

The Shawnees grew so fond of Boone that they adopted him into their tribe, and he became the son of Black Fish, a chief of the Shawnees. He was washed in the river in order to "wash out his white blood," his hair was pulled out, leaving only the scalp lock, and he was given the name of Big Turtle.

Weeks and months went by with still no chance of escape. In time, as the Indians came to trust Boone more, he was allowed powder and shot that he might obtain food for the village. But his bullets were always counted, and he was obliged to show game for every shot expended. The Shawnees did not intend Daniel Boone to lay up a store of ammunition for himself. However, he was more cunning than they. He cut his bullets in halves, and so, in time, had a quantity of ammunition buried in the ground for safe keeping.

At last Daniel knew that immediate escape must be made if he would save Boonesborough. On returning from a hunt one day, he found many strange Indians in the Shawnee village. He knew enough now of the Indian speech to understand what was under way. Boonesborough was the place of attack, and Daniel's hosts were making ready to accompany their friends.

Early in the morning Boone stole to the spot where

his ammunition was hidden, secured it, and started upon his long journey. He was one hundred and sixty miles from home.

In two days he had covered seventy miles and had reached the Ohio River. Beyond that stream there was less danger of pursuit and capture. He was an indifferent swimmer and had thought to float across on a log. But, by great good fortune, he found an Indian canoe hidden under some bushes.

Once across, he dared to stop to rest and to eat. His food was gone, so he shot and roasted a wild turkey. At the end of the fourth day he reached Boonesborough. All were overjoyed to see him, for he had been given up as dead.

Daniel was distressed to find that Boonesborough was far from ready for a siege. The palisades were not even completed, for the men had preferred to labor upon their farms. But with the arrival of Daniel Boone and his grim and certain tidings, all hastened to the fort. The sixty men worked bravely, and soon the palisades were completed, the blockhouses strengthened, the stores of provisions and water secured, and everything was in readiness for the advent of the savages.

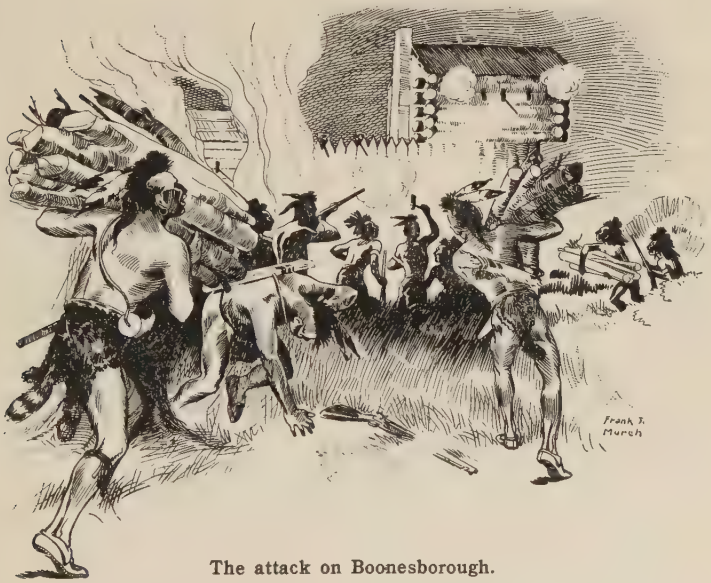
They came, four hundred strong, and with them were forty French Canadians, all under the command of Black Fish, who wept in a heartbroken fashion over the treachery of his dear son, Big Turtle. By flattery, Boone's adopted father tried to lure him from the

"Boone was aware of their cunning."

fort just to shake hands with his Indian brothers! But Boone was well aware of their cunning and did not fall into the snare. Then a stubborn siege began. Every feint known to the red man was tried. Efforts were made to fire the roofs of the fort; attempts were made to tunnel into it from the river bank. Each of these undertakings was foiled. The savages used an enormous amount of powder and shot. Over one hundred pounds of bullets were gathered up after they had gone. For go they did, at the end of ten days. They had made the severest attack ever known in Kentucky, and, being defeated, they gave up the idea of ever taking Boonesborough. The town was little molested after its great siege of 1778.

As explorer, fighter, surveyor, and land pilot, Boone's services to Kentucky were incalculable. It

is sad to think that he lost all his lands in Kentucky through neglecting to have his claims properly recorded. But the brave, sweet-natured man of sixty-four went



The attack on Boonesborough.

to seek better fortune in the lands beyond the Mississippi. Here, where game was plentiful, he enjoyed the free life of the backwoodsman, and his old age was a happy one.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

WITHIN the American continent is a tumbled, tawny-brown river, full of dangerous currents and eddies. Often it seems lost amid its islands and mud banks. Lofty bluffs form the shores of the upper river. Sometimes these bluffs are cut through by the action of the swift, strong currents. Such is the Mississippi, "the Father of Running Waters," as the Indians named it.

At first the river was held by the French. They had established New Orleans at the river's mouth; they had dotted its shores with fur stations, or trading posts, hundreds of miles apart. The village of St. Louis was a French settlement. Then, by the treaty of 1763, New Orleans and all the west shore of the Mississippi passed into Spanish hands.

Meanwhile, a new nation was appearing in the Mississippi valley. The Americans struggled across the Allegheny Mountains, drifted down the Ohio River on rafts, and began to build their log cabins on the rich soil near the great river. What patience, courage, and endurance these pioneers showed! With a rifle and a little corn meal in a bag they explored the pathless forests. Cold did not daunt them. Whenever the need came, they could quickly make shelters, or even

forts, of logs. More and more the Americans pressed on to the fertile lands beyond the mountains. The tide could not be stemmed.

The wealth of the Mississippi valley was not in furs, although the fur trader was first upon the spot. The plodding farmer, with his crops of corn, wheat, and

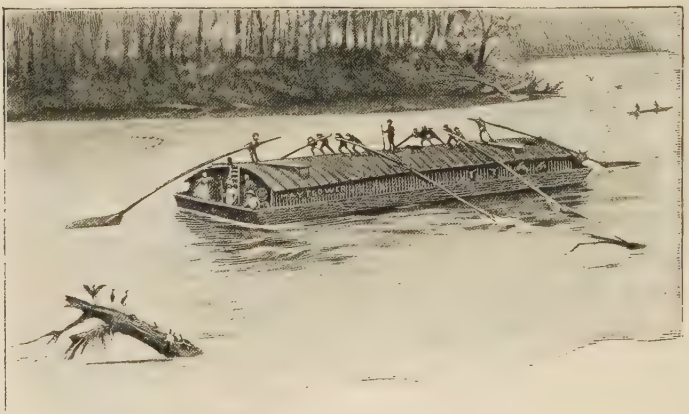
"They struggled across the mountains."

tobacco, his bacon, hides, and tallow, found the truer path to the resources of the great valley. Soon he had raised more than was needed to supply the wants of his family. A market must be sought.

East of the mountain barriers, cities on the Atlantic seaboard paid three and even four times the price for farm products that was paid in Kentucky and Ohio. It was impossible to haul the produce over the mountains,

for the expense of carriage was so great as to eat up all the profits. The cheaper plan was to send all the way by water. Boats could descend the Mississippi to New Orleans, whence their cargoes could be reshipped to the Atlantic coast.

The first boats upon the river had been canoes, or pirogues. Now appeared a new type of craft in the



A flat-bottomed boat on the Mississippi.

"flat-bottomed" boat. These boats were sometimes forty feet long and twelve feet wide. They had a flat bottom and square corners and were steered by a long sweep at the stern. They were cheaply built and were often sold as timber at the end of the voyage, or built into houses or shops. Sometimes they had keels and a rude steering rudder. Some of the keel boats had cabins with stone fireplaces and bunks.

Cargoes varied. Sometimes a boat carried priceless furs alone. Again, the goods would be miscellaneous in character, — flour, corn, hay, flax, tobacco, dried beef, bacon, hides, tallow, and salt.

The journey was long and tedious. Weeks passed in the trip down the river, and months, in the return. In the latter case the boats must be poled back against the strong current, and that required the utmost caution and skill. The descent of the river had its very dangerous passages also.

The most favorable season for the trip was between February and May. Then the Mississippi was at flood. The pilots used to cross from one concave shore to the other to insure safety. When they were in doubt as to the channel, they trusted to the current.

The boatmen were powerful and often lawless. Many of them were Frenchmen. They wore rough shirts and gay-colored worsted belts, which made them look very picturesque.

Many were the dangers of the Mississippi. There were the perilous rapids, sandbars, and shoals. There were the huge trees floating southward from their forest homes in the far north. There were the sudden storms when the river became a furious sea with its waves whipped into foam by the angry winds.

Other perils came from man, — from the lawless Americans or from Spaniards at Natchez or New Orleans. At Natchez Spanish custom-house officers

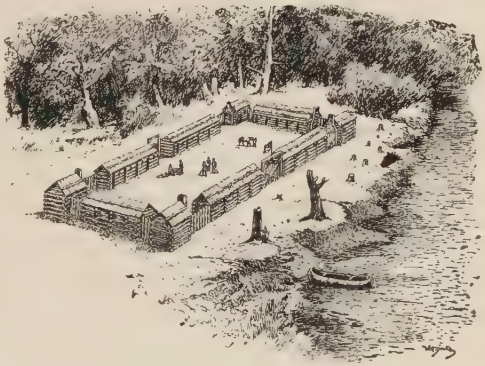
examined every American boatload of goods. Tolls were exacted, and often there were serious delays and annoyances of various kinds.

Arrived in New Orleans, the cargoes were either sold or reshipped to Havana or to the Atlantic coast cities. Frontier traders sometimes exchanged their farm products for horses, cattle, or negro slaves. These, by slow stages, returned overland to Kentucky and the other western states.

The fact that the Spaniards held the mouth of the great waterway was a serious menace to the growth of American commerce west of the Alleghenies. For years there was complaint and unrest. Once the Spaniards closed New Orleans to American trade. The outburst of anger was so great that, a year later, Spain withdrew the obnoxious law. However, it was not until the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, that the states in the making on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were free to expand to their full measure.

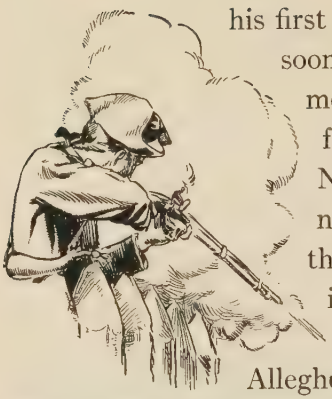
NOLICHUCKY JACK OF TENNESSEE

KENTUCKY and Tennessee were alike in two respects. Each formed the frontier of an older state, and each was used as a hunting ground by Indian tribes. North Carolina was the parent of Tennessee, as Virginia was of Kentucky. We have just read of the valiant struggle of the settlers to maintain themselves on "the dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky. The story of Tennessee is a similar one, with John Sevier as the hero in place of Daniel Boone.



A frontier settlement.

In 1769 James Robertson with other pioneers set out to explore eastern Tennessee. The noble rivers, the fair plains, and the soaring hills pleased them all, and they built their rude homes near the Watauga River. Three years later Sevier left his home in Virginia to visit the settlement. So charmed was he with



his first sight of the country that he soon brought his family to the mountain region. Many other families from Virginia and North Carolina flocked to Tennessee, so that in a short time the white man was no stranger in those mountain valleys.

Meanwhile, eastward of the Allegheny Mountains, the tides of warfare were ebbing and flowing. In 1776, the English sent agents among the Indian tribes of Tennessee to bribe them with trinkets to fall upon the frontier settlements.

On July 21st, 1776, a band of several hundred Indians approached to attack the fort at Watauga. It was defended by forty men commanded by Captain Robertson and Lieutenant Sevier. It was early morning. Some women were outside the fort milking the cows, when the Indians burst upon them. They ran shrieking to the gateway of the fort. One beautiful girl was cut off by the enemy, but she was as fleet of foot as a young deer, and she did not give up hope. With her dark hair streaming like a flag behind her, she ran around the fort to a protected part of the stockade. With a cry for help she gave one tremendous spring and caught the top of the palisades. Lieutenant Sevier had heard her screams, and he also sprang to the

top of the palisades within the fort. With ready weapon he shot down the pursuer and, at the next moment, helped the young girl over the well-nigh fatal barrier. Spent with her terrible fright and great exertion, she fell almost lifeless into his arms.

A hot fight was maintained for a short time, and then the Indians withdrew. It was thought wise to attack their settlements promptly, and Sevier rendered most useful service as a scout, for he was an expert woodsman as well as a superb Indian fighter.

Woodsmen are trained to see in the forest many things for which you and I would never even dream of looking. Sevier could tell whether an upturned stone had been disturbed by the foot of man or beast. He could tell the points of the compass by the bark on trees; he could throw a tomahawk; and he could mimic the cries of birds and animals. Also he could distinguish between such cries made by the creatures themselves and those made by Indians. It was a clever device of the Indian to mimic the gobble of the wild turkey near a settler's cabin. When the colonist crept out with his gun to secure a choice dinner for his family, he was shot or clubbed by his crafty foe.

As an Indian fighter, Sevier was renowned. His method was always to attack first. With a handful of followers he would hurl himself like a thunderbolt into an Indian camp, never stopping beforehand to count the number of his foes. The sudden attack accomplished wonders. Often the savages ran away on the spot. Then he would burn their villages and destroy their cornfields. His Indian war cry was: "Here they are! Come on, boys! come on!"

Sevier was a fine, strong man, with features not unlike those of George Washington. He had fair hair and keen blue eyes. His honesty, his fearlessness, and, above all, his charm of manner won the hearts of his countrymen. "Nolichucky Jack" was his nickname in Tennessee, Nolichucky being the name of the river that flowed near his home.

One battle that Sevier fought was of national importance. This was the battle of Kings Mountain. It was the year 1780, and a dark time for the American cause. There was practically no American army in the South. It would seem as though the British and their Indian allies were to sweep the field. But no, there were the backwoodsmen to be reckoned with, — the rear guard of the Revolution. When all else had failed, they would take a hand in the game.

The men of eastern Tennessee met at Sycamore Shoals. Every lad able to carry a rifle followed his elders. Only the old men and very young boys were

to remain behind to protect the settlements from the Indians. There was grave danger, but the stout-hearted frontier women cheered on their husbands and sons. Were they not going forth to strike a blow for Liberty?

Sevier's party looked more like a company of hunters than like soldiers. They wore hunting shirts of deer-skin, and each man had fastened in his cap a sprig of hemlock.

The British leader whom they planned to attack was Major Ferguson, one of Cornwallis's most trusted officers. He had twelve hundred men and had been harrowing the Carolinas. Sevier's company joined parties from Virginia and North Carolina until their number reached over one thousand.

For days they followed Ferguson, making very rapid marches. In time that keen officer realized the pursuit and halted his troops in a wonderfully strong position. This was upon the top of Kings Mountain. The northern side was a steep precipice; the other three sides formed exceedingly abrupt approaches. Ferguson was delighted as he looked around. His safety seemed perfect, and he cried: "Well, boys, here is a place from which all the rebels in the country cannot drive us!"

But he did not know the mettle of the backwoodsmen, and of their leaders, Williams, Campbell, Shelby, and Sevier. They laid careful plans, and at three o'clock of

the afternoon of October 7th, 1780, they began steadily, though cautiously, to advance upon the enemy from three sides.

In time Ferguson saw the party coming up the southern slope and hurried forward to engage them. The Americans hesitated and then fell back. The

Battle of Kings Mountain.

British pressed after them. In a few moments Ferguson's men were assailed from the east and the west. The party from the south, moreover, renewed the assault, and the English were thus in the midst of hot attack from three directions. The trees and scattered bowlders broke up the ground so that it was impossible to charge. The backwoodsmen, accustomed to fighting under precisely these conditions, were at strong advantage. The brave Ferguson was shot dead in the

heat of action, and finally seven hundred of his men surrendered. Four hundred had been killed or wounded or had escaped. The Americans lost less than a hundred men. This battle of Kings Mountain was that turn in the tide of success that terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of our independence.

Later Sevier joined General Marion and did good service in the closing months of the war. The swift and sudden onslaught of the "Swamp Fox" must have just suited the mind of Sevier.

He had his enemies, of course, as what strong man has not? But when Tennessee became a state, Sevier was twice chosen governor. Other civil honors came to him, and he performed all these duties ably and faithfully. He was a true patriot and the servant of his state.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, THE WASHINGTON OF THE OHIO VALLEY

In recent chapters we have read of the defense of Kentucky and Tennessee by those whose homes were in daily peril from the fierce redskins. The English in Canada launched these painted furies upon the defenseless wives and children of the American pioneers. They gave their allies guns and sharp scalping knives and paid well for the scalps of the palefaces brought to Detroit. General Hamilton, the commander at Detroit, was known as the "hair buyer," all along the American frontier.

Soon after the coming of George Rogers Clark to Kentucky a new plan of action was adopted. Clark said to himself: "It is all very well to burn the Indian villages north of the Ohio, as Boone has done. But that is not enough. We should strike at the English and cripple them, if we can. They are, after all, responsible for most of this bloodshed." And so he laid his plans to carry the war into the enemy's country. Under his leadership was wrought one of the miracles of our western world, for "a handful of backwoodsmen won an empire by a splendid stroke of pure heroism."

George Rogers Clark was a native of Virginia. When

he was about twenty-five, he came into Kentucky as a surveyor. Month after month, with chain and compass, ax and rifle, he traversed the noble plains and forests of the wilderness until he knew well its trails and fords, its mountain passes and its native people.

Do you remember another young surveyor who came into this very region some years before Clark? He, too, was a George. I do not know whether the business of surveying enables a man to take long-distance views. But certainly Clark and Washington were alike in thinking "far, far thoughts." Clark was a man "with empire in his brain."

The Ohio valley.

To the northwest of Kentucky stretched miles and miles of grassy prairie and rich timberland. From the Ohio they extended northward to the Great Lakes and westward to the Mississippi. All this land had once belonged to France, but, at the close of the French and Indian War, she had ceded it to England. The two most important settlements were Vincennes, on the Wabash River, and Kaskaskia, about two miles east of the Mississippi River, and fifty miles southeast of St.

Louis. The people of Vincennes and Kaskaskia were, of course, French. Now they were governed by the English. Were they loyal to the English, Clark asked himself. It did not seem likely.

Spies to these distant parts reported, on their return, that the French rarely joined the Indians in their war parties, for they took little interest in the Revolutionary War. This news was satisfactory to Clark, and at once he set out for his native state of Virginia. There he held a long conference with the able governor, Patrick Henry. The elder man studied the younger carefully. He saw before him "a man of picturesque and stately presence, like an old Norse viking, tall and massive, with ruddy cheeks, auburn hair, and piercing blue eyes sunk deep under thick yellow brows." "He'll win out, if any man can," thought the governor of Virginia. And so he backed Clark's enterprise with all the power of his high office. He gave him six thousand dollars, orders for supplies upon the Ohio posts, the rank of lieutenant colonel, and the power to recruit three hundred and fifty Virginians "wherever he might find them." All this happened in January, 1778.

Clark gathered his men slowly. It was not until late in May that he started down the Ohio River in flat-bottomed boats with a small force of one hundred and fifty men who did not even know what was to be asked of them.

At the falls of the Ohio, where Louisville stands to-

day, the little party was increased by a number of volunteers from Kentucky. Then Clark at last revealed their destination. They were on their way to Kaskaskia to surprise the little French town. It was to be wrested from the English and added to the territory of the united colonies. Nearly all of the party were full of enthusiasm and eager to follow their young leader.

The usual route to Kaskaskia was by water, but Clark did not intend to go that way. The news of their coming would be rapidly carried to Kaskaskia, as this route was frequented by many scouts and Indians. Instead, Clark's party went but part of the distance by water and then proceeded overland through the dense woods and across the wide prairies that were like seas of grass.

At twilight, on July 4th, 1778, Clark's band halted on the eastern shore of the Kaskaskia River. Across the water they beheld their goal, — the peaceful little French village with its small stone church, low-built houses, orchards, and gardens, and its fort over which floated the banner of England. Lights gleamed from the humble cottages; suppers were cooking or were being served to the light-hearted villagers. Only the distant barking of a dog broke the hush of the evening hour.

The troops captured a ferryman and learned from him that their coming was a complete surprise. The prisoner ferried them across the river, and then one half

Clark's men were ferried across to Kaskaskia.

the force took possession of the town, while the remainder surrounded the fort. This stronghold was entered without a shot. It is said that the commander was asleep in his cabin. He was awakened to find both town and fort in the hands of the Americans.

Clark at first acted with great sternness. The French must be overawed from the start. With all their boldness his men were but few in number; they were in an enemy's country and far from reënforcements.

On the capture of the town the villagers were ordered

to keep within doors. The next day Clark announced that he would speak to them in the village church. The French gathered there in fear and trembling; they thought they were to be killed or sold as slaves.

Clark then threw off his harsh looks and spoke to them with great kindness. He told them that the cause of the American colonies was a just one. To prove this he declared that their own king Louis of France had just allied himself with the Americans in making war upon the English. Clark further added that the Americans liberated them from the English and offered them the chance to become free American citizens.

The French were overjoyed at this speech and gladly took the oath of allegiance to the American cause.

George Rogers Clark had gained one warm friend in Kaskaskia. This was the village priest, Father Gibault. The good old man believed that Vincennes, the French post on the Wabash River, would become American as readily as had Kaskaskia before her. He offered to set out with one companion on this mission.

He went, and all fell out as he had said. Vincennes listened and heeded the words of the good priest. She drove away the few English within her bounds, hauled down the red flag of England, and raised in its place the flag of the thirteen colonies. This good news Father Gibault brought Clark on the first of August.

Clark had prospered in his undertaking, but his posi-

tion in this western wilderness was most unsafe. The English would move against him as soon as the news of his success reached Detroit. Meanwhile, nearer than Detroit, there lay all around him, the dusky tribes of fierce and unfriendly Indians, and he had less than two hundred trustworthy men. He, however, summoned the Indians to a council, and by his wise words and dauntless bearing won the friendship of the forty tribes in the northwest country.

Clark decided to winter in Kaskaskia, but his mind was not at ease. It was some time since he had heard from Vincennes, and he feared that the important little post might have been retaken by the English. As a matter of fact that was just what had occurred. General Hamilton himself, with a strong force, had come from Detroit over the waterways and portages to Vincennes. He had promptly captured the town, and the fickle French had again taken the oath to England.

This news was brought by a friendly Spaniard, who added that General Hamilton intended to remain in Vincennes during the winter. In the spring he would march against Clark and Kaskaskia. He felt perfectly safe in Vincennes. The winter had set in with unusual rains; the rivers were swollen torrents. "Only a navy can reach Vincennes," thought Hamilton.

Clark pondered the situation. His force was too small to defeat Hamilton in a pitched battle; he could win only by strategy. If the winter march of two

"Clark summoned the Indians to a council."

hundred and thirty miles could be made, he might recapture Vincennes and take Hamilton prisoner. This he determined to attempt.

On February 5th, 1779, one hundred and seventy men assembled to receive the blessing of Father Gibault. The old man gave it fervently. He believed in the American cause so strongly that he had lent Clark the savings of a lifetime.

The men encamped the first night about five miles from Kaskaskia, and in the morning they began the long march. Clark's seasoned warriors were in the

party, but there were besides, French volunteers, farmers of Kaskaskia. How would these gay, light-hearted people meet the hardships before them?

"In the misty rain that fell and fell, the prairies seemed to melt afar into a gray and cheerless ocean. The sodden grass was matted now and unkempt. Lifeless lakes filled the depressions, and through them the troops waded mile after mile ankle deep." The hardships of the day, however, were forgotten at night. Huge camp fires were lighted; steaks and haunches of venison and buffalo meat were cooked; and the warmth, the savory smells, and the good fellowship caused the men to forget the misery of a short hour since. After supper, stories were told, songs were sung, and jigs were danced to the scraping of the fiddle.

To cover the miles, to bring his men to the spot where it was more difficult to retreat than to go on, was Clark's aim.

Rivers lay in their path, the Little Wabash and the Wabash. On the eastern shore of the Wabash stood Vincennes, their goal.

When they reached the crumbling banks of the Little Wabash, they found that that pleasant stream had become a river five miles broad. Dismay filled the minds of Clark's men. How could the Wabash be crossed, if this fierce, wide torrent was the Little Wabash! Clark did not allow his men time to brood over such dark thoughts. He set one company to work at making

a boat. With the rest of his little company he played leapfrog and other games till they were warm and in good spirits. The idea that they were on a pleasure trip must be maintained.

At length, by the slow means of ferrying and wading, the Little Wabash was passed. Some of the stronger men swam over with the pack ponies, but the stores and most of the men were taken over in the boat. There was a little drummer boy of about a dozen years in the company. He was a lad of high spirit or he would not have been there. He had been placed in the bow of the boat, but he suddenly cast himself and his drum overboard. Supported by the drum, he swam ashore, to the shouts and rough applause of the men.

And now, once across the Little Wabash, there could be no return. All were committed to the undertaking. In these drowned lands little or no game was to be found. Often the men went supperless to bed and arose to find nothing for breakfast. Cold, wet, hungry, inexpressibly weary and footsore, — is it any wonder that some murmured against Clark and the government for which he fought?

But still Clark was undaunted, and his cheerful spirit was something at which to marvel. "Was there a stream to wade or swim, Clark enthusiastically shouted, 'Come on!' and in he plunged. Was there a lack of food, 'I'm not hungry,' he cried. 'Help yourselves, men!' Had some poor soldier lost his blanket,

'Mine is in my way,' said Clark. 'Take it; I'm glad to get rid of it!'" His men loved him and would die rather than fall short of his expectations.

At the Wabash, pause was made for the building of canoes. The Wabash was then crossed, but, to the dismay of the men, more water lay between them and Vincennes. These were the flooded lowlands, the backwater of the river.

The drummer boy beat the advance.

That night a frost came, and in the morning the men found their wet hunting shirts as stiff as boards. Some of the shirts were even frozen to the ground. To add to the discomfort, there was no breakfast.

To hearten the men for their day's march Colonel Clark broke the ice, and taking some of the water in his hand, poured powder into it. This he rubbed over his face until he was as black as an Indian. Giving a Shawnee warwhoop, he took a flying leap into the water. He crashed through the ice, the water coming up to his thighs. As had been agreed beforehand, he

was preceded by a tall scout bearing the small drummer boy upon his shoulder. The child beat the charges and without a word the feeble little band followed.

The next morning it was the same story of misery and heroic courage. But at this crisis an Indian canoe, paddled by two squaws, appeared. The boat, by happy chance, was laden with a quarter of a buffalo. This food the hungry men seized and cooked. The wholesome hot broth revived those who were near to death. Here was food, and they were nearly at their journey's end. They could count the houses in Vincennes from their present camping ground.

Clark now sent a manifesto to the town. In this paper he told all those villagers who were friendly to the Americans to remain within doors. Any persons found in the streets would be looked upon as foes.

When Clark had left Kaskaskia, twenty stands of colors had been given to him. His men had often wondered why he had brought them all along. They were now to learn his reason. Saplings were cut and the flags were fastened to the ends of these long, slender poles; bearers were chosen and stationed a good distance apart. Then Clark deployed his men behind the low hills near the town. The flags were seen, but not the men. The people of Vincennes counted the flags and trembled, for they thought a great army was upon them.

Strangely enough the English in the fort did not

take alarm till hours after Clark's arrival was known in the town. Hamilton himself felt perfectly safe, for the whole Illinois region was flooded with the heavy winter rains. But the commander, as he lounged and played cards, failed to realize the new type of man that had arisen in the wilderness. It was a type of steel, a man "who would not flag at any point short of the topmost possible strain."

Thus the surprise was complete. It was not until the fort was surrounded and Clark's riflemen were shooting through the open gun ports that Hamilton realized his situation.

It was only a matter of forty-eight hours before Hamilton surrendered himself and seventy-nine prisoners of war. This was on February 25th, 1779.

The consequences of Clark's enterprise were far-reaching. When peace came in 1783, the Americans were still holding the western posts of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. This made it possible for John Jay and Benjamin Franklin to make a strong claim for this western territory. England was loath to grant it; France and Spain were none too friendly; but the fact that the American nation had held these posts for years could not be gainsaid. A new nation needs room to grow; if the treaty confined the Americans to the strip of territory east of the Allegheny Mountains, there would be constant quarreling with the English beyond the ranges. This was Franklin's argument, and it was

a good one. Nevertheless, the potent argument was that the Americans were already in possession of the Ohio valley. Their claim was granted, and the boundary of the United States went from the Great Lakes on the north to the Mississippi River on the west. Clark had indeed given an empire to his country by "a very shining and splendid feat of arms."

The glory of Clark's winter campaign will never fade. "His military achievements, all conditions considered, are nowhere excelled in the proud annals of American heroism."

IN OLD VINCENNES AND KASKASKIA

In the early days of the eighteenth century the French traders, in their wanderings in the Mississippi valley, erected small log forts. These forts protected their wealth, — the rich skins secured from the Indian and the trinkets, weapons, blankets, and liquor with which they tempted him to make the exchange. When there were uprisings among the savages, the forts served as rallying points. Behind the heavy stockades the French sought safety. Vincennes and Kaskaskia were villages that had grown up around such frontier forts.

The French always showed remarkable judgment in choosing sites for their trading posts. Vincennes on the Wabash River, a tributary of the Ohio, commanded both the Wabash and the lower Ohio rivers. Kaskaskia was situated on the small Kaskaskia River, about two miles from the Mississippi. With a few neighboring settlements it held the French center. On the north was Canada, on the south, Louisiana; Kaskaskia was the link between. Kaskaskia was founded in 1700; Vincennes, a few years later.

When Clark captured these posts in 1778, they had been in the hands of the British but a dozen years. The people were still French at heart. Most of them had

Trading with the Indians.

come into the wilderness from Canada and clung closely to their French speech, dress, and customs.

Both Kaskaskia and Vincennes, it has been said, grew up near a fort. At Kaskaskia, the fort was within the village; at Vincennes the fort was on a bluff overlooking the Wabash, just without the town. The frontier forts were usually of one kind. A rectangular piece of ground was inclosed by a palisade of upright logs. One or two sides of the fort were often formed

by the backs of a row of log cabins, which served as quarters for the garrison. Within the fort there was a strong central blockhouse. At each corner stood another, generally two stories high and pierced with loopholes. If the fight went against the holders of the fort, the last struggle was waged about the blockhouses, the places of final retreat. The fort was closed by a gate of heavy timbers with massive bolts and hinges.

The French, however, were on far better terms with the Indians than were the English. For a hundred years it had been war to the knife between Englishmen and Indians. The French, on the other hand, had tried to teach the red men their religion and had managed to build up a wide and profitable fur trade. "Eat frogs and save your scalp," was a frontier saying of the English, full of grim humor.

The houses, the people, the daily tasks, the merrymakings were much the same in Kaskaskia as in Vincennes. To describe one village is to give a picture of the other also. So let us visit old Vincennes.

It is a cold, bleak, winter's day. The ground is frozen, and a biting wind blows across the prairies bringing with it little flurries of snow. The houses stand along the street, as alike as beehives. They are cabins of logs with the low roofs either thatched or clapboarded. The chimneys are daubed with a gray stucco made of mud and lime. Most of the houses have verandas over which grapevines clamber, making a pleasant shade in summer.

Behind each house stretches a narrow, ribbonlike field. The field is narrow because the common ground of the village has been thus divided among the inhabitants. Just such "pipe-stem" farms may be seen to-day in Quebec. Close to the house stand the well-sweep and the orchard, in summer one white bloom of cherry, pear, and apple.

The village has a large pasturing ground very carefully fenced in, where the goats and the little black cows of the villagers browse the day long. The tiny mission church of logs stands on a low rise of ground overlooking the marshlands. Here and there is a larger house surrounded by grounds kept up with much taste. Here dwell the citizens who have been most successful in trade.

Now and then an opening door reveals within the cabin a glorious wood fire leaping and roaring up the blackened throat of the chimney. Pots and kettles, banked around with glowing coals, stand on the broad hearthstone. Dishes are being prepared for supper in true French fashion. The savory odors, wafted through the doors, set all the dogs to whining a reminder of their presence.

Very scarce is the furniture, — rude cots, rough pine tables and chairs, earthenware bowls, and big horn spoons; but the spirit of hearty good cheer makes amends for all that is lacking.

Who were the people that dwelt in these simple

Street scene in old Vincennes.

cabins of the wilderness and went to and fro to fort, or church, or pasture through the streets of old Vincennes?

First, there were the traders and the farmers. These men belonged in Vincennes. They were its most substantial citizens. The traders often acted as agents to more important merchants in far-away Montreal. They exchanged goods with the Indians and sometimes carried furs to be sold in Detroit. The small farmers raised corn, wheat, fruit, cattle, and hogs. These products they sometimes shipped down the Mississippi River to the New Orleans market.

Beside the traders and the farmers, there was what might be called the floating population, consisting of the *voyageurs*, or boatmen, and the *coureurs de bois*, or woodrangers. These men were here one day and gone the next. The *voyageurs* paddled the canoes; they carried canoe and cargo over the portages, as each was reached; they transported packs of furs and other goods through the forests; they guarded their employer and his property often with their lives. They earned but a trifle, but were the gayest of the gay. At the oar they sang their musical French boating songs. They also knew how to enjoy their earnings; a day or two in town was enough to disperse it all! The *coureurs de bois* were the most daring men of the great Northwest. Such tales as they could tell of crossing unknown rivers, of climbing nameless divides, and of fighting with savage beasts and still more savage man!

Two very important persons in the village were the priest and the notary, or judge. The priest was like a father to his people. He shared the joys and sorrows of all. Such was his influence over even the most careless that many were the offerings of wild squirrels and turkeys brought to his door by bronzed *coureurs de bois*.

As for the notary, he was seldom idle. The French rarely settled disputes by blows; they went to court instead. Even in small matters, they delighted to be guided by the law.

The people of Vincennes and Kaskaskia loved gay little gatherings. Nearly every night there was a dance in the barn of one of the villagers. If the night were cold and more guests came than could enter the house, great cheerful fires were built outside. The fiddler sat enthroned on a table or upon a stool in a sheltered corner of the room. With legs crossed, hands flying, and head beating time to the lively reel, he made a delightful picture. The young people danced, regardless of the roughness of the puncheon floor. The elders smoked, listened to the music, or discussed the village gossip. From one group to another the priest moved quietly, welcomed everywhere and treated by all with the finest respect. Surely these good old days were happy ones, full of peace and content, of childlike faith and open-hearted hospitality!

GEORGE WASHINGTON, OUR FIRST PRESIDENT

In an earlier chapter you read of a most important state paper called the Declaration of Independence. Our country has another great document. This is the Constitution. In it are set forth the laws by which the affairs of the United States are regulated. Year after year the government rolls along smoothly and well because of the excellence of this Constitution.

But over a hundred years ago there was a time when the country was sadly perplexed and troubled. This was just after the close of the American Revolution. We had won our freedom, but we did not know how we should use it. What rulers should we have? What laws should we make? The states disagreed among themselves; the people were as sheep having no shepherd. There were plenty of laws, but no laws for the whole country; there was no federal Constitution.

These dark times lasted for several years. At last a number of able men from the different colonies gathered together to frame a government. Here were Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and, best of all, George Washington. What they prepared was the Constitution.

Before these new laws could be enforced, the people must agree to them. They must vote for the Constitution. It was a question whether they would or not. There were laws set down in this paper that

"Able men gathered to frame a government."

were far from pleasing to certain sections of the country.

Washington had been the presiding officer at the convention. He had studied with great care the making of the paper from day to day. He came to believe in it with all his heart. He said this to others; he

wrote it to friends and acquaintances. People far and wide began to say, "What is good enough for George Washington is good enough for me! What he believes in, I do too!" Thus it came to pass that the people finally voted to adopt the Constitution.

One of the new laws was that the United States was to be ruled over by a President. There was one man especially fitted for that honor, — George Washington. "If he guides us, all will be well," said the people.

As they thought, they voted. And so the election of Washington was unanimous. This was on the sixth of April, 1789.

Washington received the news gravely, even sadly. He dearly loved his home; he had given the best years of his manhood to his country and he longed to be left in peace. But there was one voice to which Washington had never turned a deaf ear. This was the voice of duty. And now, clear and unmistakable, he heard its call. Once more he was to serve the American people, but now he was to be ruler instead of general.

On April 16th he started upon his journey to New York, then the capital of the country. Washington was now widely known and deeply loved. His passing was the great event of the year, nay of a lifetime. So busy men left the plow, the forge, the shop, the bench; women left their washing, their weaving, their sewing; children left their play. All gathered by the wayside to catch one glimpse of the great man.

As they saw his noble head and calm face, all felt a new sense of the fitness of the man for the presidency. So they cheered and blessed him as he passed, and went home with hearts at peace.

If it was good for them to see Washington, it was also good for Washington to see them, for he carried a heavy heart. He knew himself to be a soldier. But could a soldier succeed as a ruler? He knew that he should do his level best, as always. But would that best satisfy his people? These were the thoughts beating time to the cantering of his horse's hoofs on the road. So the shouts, the smiles, and the blessings along the way, cheered the good man hastening to his new task.

Washington was to take the oath of office on April 30th, 1789. "It was one of those magnificent days of clearest sunshine that sometimes makes one feel in April as if summer had come." At nine in the morning there were services in all the churches. With full hearts the people asked for the blessing of God upon the new government and the new President.

At twelve o'clock the city troops paraded before Washington's door. The procession was formed and started promptly at half past. First came the soldiers, horse and foot; then the carriages in which were seated important men under the new government; next came Washington in a state coach; then came the foreign ministers; and lastly a long train of citizens.

All were going to Federal Hall, on the corner of Wall and Nassau streets. The streets through which the procession passed were lined with citizens; the open windows were crowded with gazers; the porches, even the housetops, held eager watchers. What hearty

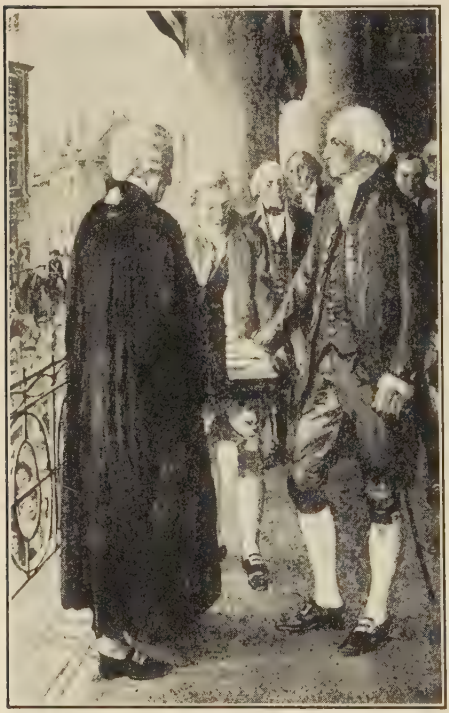
On the way to Federal Hall.

cheers rang out as the coach, bearing the quiet, stately figure came in sight!

Washington realized at all times the importance of appropriate dress. To-day he wore a suit of dark brown cloth with metal buttons decorated with eagles. At his side hung a dress sword. His hair was powdered and clubbed in the fashion of his time, while white silk stockings and silver shoe buckles completed his costume.

At Federal Hall all alighted and entered the Senate Chamber. Here were gathered the Senate and the

House of Representatives, the men who were to make the laws of the country. Here was also John Adams, the Vice President. He met Washington and conducted him to a chair of state. There was silence for a short time. Then John Adams arose and informed Washington that all was prepared for him to take the oath of office.



Washington taking the oath of office.

There was a deep balcony with pillars and iron railings on the second story of Federal Hall. Attended by John Adams, Governor Clinton, Alexander Hamilton, and a few others, Washington stepped into this balcony. There stood a table covered with a crimson velvet cloth. Upon it lay a crimson velvet cushion and a Bible.

At sight of the President elect the crowd again broke into cheers, and hundreds of cocked hats were waved.

Washington, deeply moved, walked to the railing and bowed to the people with his hand on his heart. Then he seated himself in the large armchair near the table. There was profound silence for a brief time. Then Washington arose. Before him stood Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of State. Near by was the Secretary of the Senate, holding the Bible upon its velvet cushion. Washington placed his hand upon the Bible, while Livingston read the oath in impressive tones. "Do you solemnly swear," asked Livingston, "that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States?"

Washington replied, most reverently, "I swear, — so help me, God." He then bent and kissed the Bible as the seal of his pledge. The simple ceremony was over.

Livingston stepped to the railing, waved his hand, and shouted "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The crowd below repeated his cry with wild enthusiasm. At that moment a flag appeared on the cupola of the hall. This was the signal for cannons to thunder forth salutes and for bells throughout the city to peal forth joyously. Thus was George Washington made first President of the United States.

HOW A CAPITAL CITY WAS CHOSEN

If a man has a beautiful painting, he places it in a beautiful frame; if he owns a noble statue, he sees that it is mounted upon a fitting pedestal. If you have anything that is great and beautiful, you endeavor to have its surroundings fitting. That was exactly the idea of the framers of the Constitution. They said to each other: "We have made a new government. We believe it to be noble, generous, and worthy. But to help the nations of the world and our own people realize its greatness the sooner, we must build a new city for our government. The cities we already have, devoted to trade or manufactures, with streets full of shops and water fronts edged with wharves and shippings, will not answer. The important buildings in our new city must be a capitol, where the Senate and the House of Representatives may meet to make the laws; a mansion for our President; a library; and many stately offices in which the work of the nation will be carried on."

Soon after Washington became President, the question arose as to the location of the capital. The northern states wished to have it placed within their territory; so did the southern states. Heated discussions arose, and, in time, feeling became very bitter.

Another matter was being hotly discussed at the same time. This was whether the United States government should pay the debts that each state had contracted during the Revolution. The southern states, especially Virginia, were opposed to this plan. Their debts had either been paid or been largely reduced by themselves. The northern states, on the contrary, favored the measure.

Alexander Hamilton had been made Secretary of the Treasury by Washington. He was very anxious to have the government assume the debts of the individual states. He rightly thought that it would make the new nation respected abroad and at home. It would tend to strengthen the Union. Finally the thought came to him that a compromise might be made. If a few southern legislators could be induced to vote for the assumption of the state debts, a few northern men would vote to locate the capital at the South.

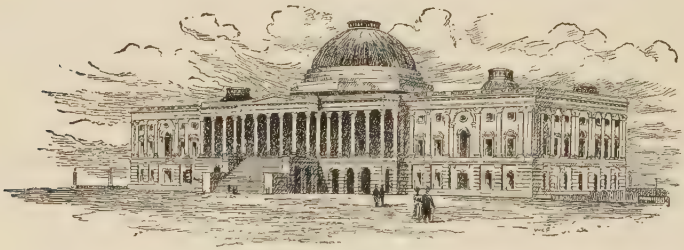
The vote passed as Hamilton wished. The government took upon itself the state debts amounting to $21,500,000, and the South secured the capital. The bill stated that the new city was to be erected upon the Potomac River. The choice of site was left to Washington and to commissioners to be appointed by him.

When Washington was a young surveyor forty years before, there had been a spot on the Potomac River that he had often admired. It had seemed to him a place marked for the site of a fair city. It was a few

miles north of Mount Vernon, on the Maryland side of the river. This was the place finally chosen, on July 24th, 1791.

In September, 1791, the commissioners gave the new city the name of our first President, Washington.

Work was begun promptly. In 1792 the home for the President was started, while in the following year



The capitol in 1825.

President Washington himself laid the corner stone of the capitol.

The streets of Washington run due north and south or east and west. In that respect the city is like Philadelphia. Washington, however, differs from Philadelphia in having noble avenues radiating from the capitol, from the President's house, and from other centers of like importance. The early engineers were far-sighted in insisting upon avenues one hundred and sixty feet in width. Squares, parks, and open places were equally spacious.

On November 17th, 1800, Congress met for the first time in Washington. The members were far from

satisfied with the city. Only one wing of the capitol was finished. The streets ran through bits of forest or lost themselves in the open fields. There were not proper abodes for the congressmen, many of whom were obliged to seek boarding places in Georgetown, the nearest city.

Washington was called, half jestingly, "a city of magnificent distances." For decades it remained a city of magnificent promises. It was not until after the Civil War that it became finished, and stately, and beautiful.

To-day, North and South, East and West, we are all proud of it. It is one of the noblest capitals of the world. It is what Washington and the other founders of our nation dreamed it might become.

The capitol to-day.

HOW ELI WHITNEY INVENTED THE COTTON GIN

"There is hardly another instance in history where it is so easy to trace, in a very few years, results so tremendous following from a single invention by a single man."

— Edward Everett Hale.

It is always interesting to see any one showing, when a boy, the qualities that lead to his future greatness as a man. Such a youth was Eli Whitney, the son of a Massachusetts farmer. Whitney was a mechanical genius. He loved to use tools, and to discover the laws of machines. There are many stories told of his ingenuity.

One bright Sunday morning the whole family were about to start for the meeting-house. Eli discovered that his father intended leaving his watch at home. For a long time the boy had coveted the chance of studying the workings of that watch. The opportunity was too good a one to be lost. So he begged permission to remain at home and, after the family had gone, he took the watch entirely apart.

It was not until every wheel, screw, and bright piece of metal lay before him that he thought of the consequences of what he had done. Was his father's

watch a wreck? Could he ever put it to rights again? Desperately he set to work, and soon the watch appeared as good as ever. Mr. Whitney never knew what had happened until his son told him of his misdeed many years after.

This is only one of many stories that might be told of that clever farmer's boy. He made nails, bonnet pins, and walking sticks. He even made a fiddle. Many things that were too difficult or delicate for their owners to repair were brought to Eli Whitney.

Eli at work on his father's watch.

At nineteen Eli decided that he needed a college education. To carry out his purpose he earned money during the next few years in any way that presented itself. Sometimes he taught school; sometimes he was busy with tools, making or mending with his rare skill.

In May, 1789, at the age of twenty-four, he was able to enter Yale College. Even here he found an opportunity of turning his mechanical gift to account. One day a professor expressed regret at being unable to perform a certain experiment before the class. The

necessary apparatus was broken, and must be sent to Europe for repairs. Whitney asked to examine it and soon delighted the professor by making it as good as new.

After he was graduated, he accepted a position to teach in the family of a Georgia planter. He journeyed to the South but found, to his dismay, that his post was already filled. Here he was, in an unknown state, alone, poor, and far from home. One friend, however, he had, and she was fortunately near at hand. This was Mrs. Greene, widow of General Nathanael Greene.

On hearing of his disappointment, Mrs. Greene sent for him and said: "You wish to study law. Very well, you can study in my home. Your room is your castle, — you are most welcome."

For this southern hospitality the forlorn young man was most grateful. He lost no opportunity of proving his appreciation of Mrs. Greene's kindness. Hearing his hostess complain that her embroidery frame tore the delicate threads of her work, Whitney promptly made another that gave perfect satisfaction. Because of this act and because of the ease and neatness with which he mended broken toys for the children, Mrs. Greene came to have a high opinion of Whitney's dexterity.

One day a group of distinguished men came to visit the house. They were soldiers who had been officers under her late husband, General Greene. The con-

versation turned upon cotton. One and all, these men declared that if a way could be found of rapidly separating the cotton seeds from the cotton, they all would grow wealthy.

Have you ever examined the cotton boll? The silky white cotton bursting out from between the scaly, dead-brown leaves, is very beautiful to look at. If you examine the cotton more closely, you will find seeds scattered through the fleecy mass. Try to separate a seed from the cotton fiber. It clings like grim death. The apparently small task takes time. No cotton can be made into cloth until after it has been cleaned from the seed.

A cotton plant.

In 1793 it took a man a whole day to prepare a pound of cotton for the mill. Because this process was so slow, very little could be made of cotton as a product.

Mrs. Greene's guests knew that the rich, moist lowlands of the South with their genial sunshiny weather were adapted to raising mammoth crops of cotton. Thus it was that they exclaimed as one man: "If we

only had a machine to do what now has to be done by hand! Such an article would make us all rich men."

"You must meet Mr. Whitney," exclaimed Mrs. Greene. "Perhaps he can help you. He can do anything! Only see this embroidery frame that he made for me!"

Thus warmly recommended, Whitney was summoned to the discussion. Soon after, he began experimenting.

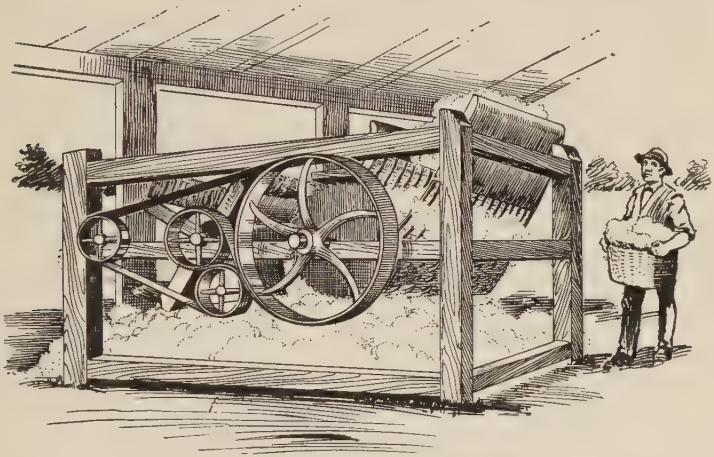
Success crowned his efforts. In time he called his kind friend, Mrs. Greene, to see what he had done. The cotton gin was found to do the work of one thousand people. It could "gin" one thousand pounds in a day.

Once more Mrs. Greene gathered her friends to show them the marvelous labor-saving machine. They saw, and wondered, and went away to spread the amazing news. They knew that they had looked upon a great achievement, but no one realized the tremendous industrial revolution that was even then at their doors.

And now a serious disaster occurred. Whitney's workshop was broken into and the precious model was stolen. It was a serious blow, but Whitney did not despair. He at once hurried north to forestall others from obtaining his patent rights.

He secured a patent, but it never brought him the great wealth that it should have done. The southern states evaded his just claims; southern planters grew rich at his expense; even the courts broke their agreements and declared judgment against him.

Eli Whitney did make a fortune, but not through the cotton gin. During the War of 1812 he manufactured rifles, and this enterprise was a success financially.



An early cotton gin.

He died in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1825, at the age of sixty. As Dr. Hale said in the quotation at the head of this chapter, rarely have results so tremendous followed upon a single invention. Let us see exactly what the results were.

Up to 1793 there was practically no cotton industry. The chief crops were tobacco, rice, and indigo. With the appearance of the cotton gin, however, all these conditions were rapidly altered. Great areas of rich, moist lands were planted with cotton; great harvests were gathered under the warm southern sun; and great quantities of the fleecy wool were passed

through the cotton gin and hurried to the mills at the North to be made into cloth. Formerly every one wore wool for clothing; now they began to wear cotton, because it was so cheap. In time a yard of calico cost but four cents. The South almost immediately began to compete with India and Egypt in supplying the world with cotton.

Cotton manufactories flourished at the North and later in England. "Cotton is king" was the cry of the age, for "the spindles of both Old and New England waited on the bursting of the cotton bolls."

All this must seem to you a happy and prosperous state of affairs. But there is another side that is dark and foreboding. This is the influence of the cotton gin upon slavery. White men could not endure work in the low, moist fields under the hot sun. Consequently the labor of planting and harvesting was done by the negro. It was thought that the indolent black would not work unless he were a slave. Therefore slavery was looked upon, after the invention of the cotton gin, as desirable and necessary.

Before 1793 slavery had been dying out. The wisest men at the South, men like Washington and Jefferson, considered it a great evil. Still they thought the slaves would gradually be set free. The cotton gin altered this happy prospect.

Slaves, slaves, slaves, was the cry. Here are these broad acres to be tilled, and we have not enough

"hands." So ships were hurried to Africa, and hundreds of blacks were brought to America to toil in the unhealthy cotton fields. The Constitution had forbidden any importation of slaves after 1808. But in the fifteen years between 1793 and 1808 the slave traders were exceedingly active.

Thus the great evil of slavery was fastened upon our country by the invention of the young New England teacher. Cotton planters at the South, cotton mill owners at the North, cotton spinners in England, all wished to keep the negro in slavery. It meant much money to them, and they shut their eyes to the question of right and wrong. The Civil War wiped out the great evil, but for over sixty years the canker was growing deep into the body politic.

Good and evil were wrapped together in the gift of Eli Whitney to his nation.

THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA

England is a great world power. It is said that the sun never sets on the English flag. This means that, if we could travel with the sun for twenty-four hours, always there would be in sight the scarlet flag fluttering in the bright sunlight above some island of the sea, some dark and nameless jungle, some sandy desert, or some rocky cliff claimed and ruled by England.

The United States is, to-day, a world power. Now that our flag flies over the Philippines, it might almost be said that the sun never sets on the Stars and Stripes. We were once but a narrow strip of thirteen states on the Atlantic seaboard. Now our country stretches from ocean to ocean across the broad continent. How did our territory expand?

The first expansionist was George Rogers Clark, the man with "empire in his brain." As you know, he made such conquests in the region between the Allegheny Mountains and the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers that England ceded to us the rich and beautiful Northwest Territory.

The second great expansionist was Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and the third President of the United States. It was during

Jefferson's first term that the great purchase of Louisiana was made.

Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia had become thriving states. They raised more grain, tobacco, and cattle than they needed for themselves and so sought a market for their goods. The Allegheny Mountains formed a lofty barrier to the east. The rivers were the natural roads for trade. The Kentucky, the Tennessee, and the Ohio ran to the Mississippi; the Mississippi poured its wide yellow waste of waters into the Gulf of Mexico. A city on the Mississippi, beside the Gulf, was plainly the trading center of this region. Such a city was already there, — New Orleans!

But New Orleans was not an American city, it was Spanish. Spain owned the western bank of the Mississippi and the vast regions stretching far, far away into the great unknown. East of the river, her territory consisted of Florida and the city of New Orleans.

In 1795, a treaty was made with Spain by which she granted what was called "the right of deposit." This right allowed American merchants to take their goods into New Orleans without paying duty to Spain, to store their wares for a while, if necessary, and then either to sell them in New Orleans or to ship them to another port. The traders of the United States eagerly availed themselves of the privilege, and an active little commerce flourished.

The rough westerners who journeyed to New Orleans

found the city one of wonderful charm. It was so strange, so foreign, so unlike anything they had previously known.

To begin with, the city was walled. On three sides were stout earth embankments surmounted by a wooden palisade. The fourth side edged the river, and there the levee made the wall. At New Orleans the Mississippi was like a great yellow lake. To keep it from flooding the whole country, dikes, or levees, had been built along its shores. Thus it happened, just as in Holland, that the water was higher than the land beyond the levees.

Five bastions were built upon the wall, and at each bastion were mounted a few cannons. The wall was pierced by four gates, beside which Spanish soldiers stood on guard.

The streets of New Orleans were narrow and unpaved. When it rained, they were deep in mud. Most of the houses were built in the Spanish style. This means that the various buildings of the household were grouped so as to inclose a courtyard. A covered gallery, or piazza, on the second floor ran around the walls of the house. The courtyard itself was most attractive. Here grew blossoming orange trees, figs, and magnolias, "camelias, dazzling in their purity, blood-red oleanders, and pink roses that climbed even to the tiled roof." In this cool and refreshing spot the family and their guests would gather at the close of day.

Some of the houses were built of brick covered with pink or cream-colored stucco; others were built of adobe, or hard-baked clay; still others were of wood. They had red tiled roofs and charming dormer windows and lattices, while the delicate ironwork of the gateways was a marvel to behold.

"The courtyard was most attractive."

New Orleans had its fine public buildings. The people were justly proud of their cathedral and of the houses of their governor and other Spanish officials.

The levee was the center of the life of the city. It was planted with trees that gave a grateful shade in the heated hours of the day. But very few people were found here at noon, for every one took a nap of sev-

eral hours at that time. "Siesta" was the name of this noonday rest. All visitors to the city, whether they had come for business or for pleasure, soon adopted this custom. Thus it came to pass that the busy times on the levee were in the early morning and in the late afternoon.

"The levee was the center of the life of the city."

New Orleans had no exchange, or market building. Consequently the levee itself became a huge market. The ships were unloaded upon this mammoth earthen counter; and flour, tobacco, molasses, sugar, ham, pork, and live stock were here bought and sold. Then followed the hush of midday; and then, with the cool breezes of evening, a gay and laughing throng gathered to pace beneath the orange trees and to gaze upon the

magic sunset tint of the river. "There were grave Spaniards in long cloaks and feathered beavers, jolly merchants and artisans in short linen jackets, . . . children laughing and shouting and dodging in and out between fathers and mothers beaming with quiet pride and contentment, swarthy boatmen with their worsted belts, gaudy negresses chanting in the soft patois, and here and there a blanketed Indian. Nor was this all. There were fine gentlemen with swords and silk waistcoats and silver shoe buckles, and ladies in filmy summer gowns." A city of beauty and romance, — such seemed New Orleans to the hardy fellow from the backwoods of Kentucky or Tennessee.

During the next few years the westerners were constantly urging upon the government at Washington the need of a port at the mouth of the Mississippi River to be controlled by the United States. "Spain may recall her grant; she may close the whole river. Then we and our children shall starve," they urged. "New Orleans we must have at any price!"

Some of the leaders in Washington took a wider outlook. They saw danger always menacing the nation from across the Mississippi. Spain as a neighbor was all very well. She might yield what was asked of her. But there was always the chance that the Spanish colonies might pass to France or to England. Both France and England were strong, ambitious nations,

far stronger than the United States. They could dictate then in America and not we.

At this time France was ruled by Napoleon Bonaparte, a man of lofty ambitions. France once had had vast possessions in America. But all this territory she had lost when defeated by England in the French and Indian War. Napoleon wished to regain a footing in America. Consequently he made a treaty with Spain, in October, 1800, by which he acquired Louisiana with New Orleans. The treaty was kept secret, because both powers knew that the exchange would anger England as well as the United States.

Napoleon prepared to colonize Louisiana and, in time, the facts of the secret treaty became known. At once Jefferson instructed Robert Livingston, the American minister to France, to endeavor to buy New Orleans and the territory east of the Mississippi for our country. Napoleon, however, would not consider the matter.

Suddenly a high Spanish official in New Orleans — for the Spanish had not yet turned Louisiana over to French rule — withdrew "the right of deposit." The hue and cry throughout the American side of the Mississippi was tremendous. War was threatened; secession was proposed; the air teemed with wild and ill-considered plans.

More than ever was there need of obtaining New Orleans. Monroe was hastily sent as special envoy

to assist Livingston in his well-nigh impossible task. And lo! an astonishing change came over the great man of France. He offered to sell, not only New Orleans, but all Louisiana to the United States! Livingston and Monroe could not advise with Jefferson. There were no cables in those days as there are to-day. The envoys were men of nerve, and they accepted Napoleon's offer. They bought Louisiana for $15,000,000. This was at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents an acre. Did ever a country acquire so much for so little?

"Napoleon offered to sell all Louisiana!"

Jefferson had acted quite outside any powers of the President given by the Constitution. He said himself that he had strained his authority "even to creaking." But every one saw that the good of the country was secured by the Louisiana Purchase, and plain men everywhere applauded the good sense and zeal of the President.

This purchase has been called the greatest act in the brilliant career of Thomas Jefferson.

THE EXPLORATION OF LOUISIANA

Once Louisiana was actually a part of our country, the people of the United States were eager to know about it. For miles upon miles the great unknown region stretched westward to limits no one exactly could name. Within its uncertain borders were nameless rivers, lakes, watersheds, plains, mountains, and even mountain ranges where the foot of the white man had never trod. Here might be new plants and animals, and tribes of Indians strange to the dwellers at the east.

No man was more eager to learn the secrets of Louisiana than President Jefferson. He promptly appointed his secretary, Meriwether Lewis, to lead a band of picked men into Louisiana. They were to ascend the Missouri River to its source, which had never been found. Then they were to cross the high mountains in which the Missouri rose, to find the spring of the Columbia, and to float down that mighty river to the Pacific Ocean. Thus the continent would be crossed for the first time in the middle latitudes.

Thomas Jefferson knew Meriwether Lewis well as boy and man. He had watched him grow up and knew how brave and tactful, how truthful and painstaking he was.

Lewis was overjoyed to be appointed leader of the expedition. He chose for his second in command, Lieutenant William Clark, the younger brother of George Rogers Clark. The entire party numbered forty-five, most of whom were soldiers. Lewis himself was a captain in the United States army.

Jefferson gave Lewis very carefully written directions. He was to note the location of mouths of rivers, falls, islands, and portages; he was to study the speech, laws, and occupations of the Indian tribes he might meet; he was to observe the animals, plants, and minerals, especially such as were unknown in the east. Occasionally the notes and sketches of the journey were to be sent back to Washington.

In the late fall of 1803, the party went down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi to a spot opposite the mouth of the Missouri River. Ice was forming in the rivers, so the band of explorers spent the winter here, on the Illinois side of the river.

In May, 1804, they broke camp and loaded their three boats with food, clothing, guns, powder, lead, and trinkets for the Indians. Up the Missouri they went, until they came to unfamiliar ground. The Indians were strange and also the face of the country.

They lived upon buffalo, deer, and occasionally black bear. In summer wild fruit varied the fare. Currants, raspberries, mulberries, plums, and wild apples were abundant and delicious.

In time, the little band reached the prairies, — the wide plains where grew tall and waving grass that was never sown by man. When they wished to meet the Indians of a place, they would make a glorious bonfire of dried grass. The dense smoke, seen for miles around, was the well-known signal for a council. "Red-

"In time, the little band reached the prairies."

men, your white brothers call!" it beckoned across the leagues. "Come, they await you." And the Indians promptly trooped to the meeting ground.

At the gathering, medals and other knickknacks were presented to the savages. By means of interpreters they were told that their hunting grounds had passed from Spain to the United States. They listened solemnly; the news of this far-away transfer meant

little to them. Lewis and Clark urged them to keep peace with the other tribes, their neighbors. They promised gravely and then did as they pleased after the little party were out of sight.

November, 1804, found the explorers near Bismarck in North Dakota, and here they passed the winter.

When the ice broke up on the Missouri River, the party divided. Fourteen went southeasterly, back to civilization; the others were to travel on into the unknown. The return party carried precious freight in the shape of a complete report of the journey, letters to Jefferson, sketches, specimens of plants and insects, stuffed animals, and even a few live animals.

Soon the explorers drew near the head waters of the Missouri. Here, in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone, they entered the finest hunting ground in America. Here they found animals unknown to white men up to that day. These strange creatures were the prong-horned antelope, the mule deer, the coyotes, and the grizzly bear. The black bear was a native of the Allegheny Mountains, but the grizzly bear was a foe of a very different type.

Theodore Roosevelt, in his account of the Lewis and Clark expedition, speaks of the grizzly bear: "Again and again these huge bears attacked the explorers of their own accord, when neither molested nor threatened. They galloped after the hunters when they met them on horseback even in the open;

and they attacked them just as freely when they found them on foot. . . . In one case, a bear that was on shore actually plunged into the water and swam out to attack one of the canoes as it passed."

"They bought horses from the Indians."

Buffaloes, though large, were gentle and even tame. At times the explorers were obliged to push them out of their path with sticks.

Rattlesnakes were troublesome foes, but the creature most dreaded was the mosquito, so small yet so formidable. The suffering inflicted by this tiny pest was maddening. The men would have chosen to meet

a grizzly bear any day, rather than a swarm of mosquitoes.

And now hard work was ahead. They had reached the source of the Missouri and must cross the Rocky Mountains. They hid their boats and stores on the eastern side, bought horses from the Indians, and struggled across the great divide. Hungry, weary, sometimes lost, they toiled on with their faces to the setting sun and at last were rewarded. They drank deeply at the first spring they found on the Pacific side of the mountains, and then set to work to build boats. In these they floated down the Columbia River, and in November, 1805, they came to a spot where they saw "waves like small mountains rolling out to sea."

Here was their goal, the Pacific Ocean! The great task that President Jefferson had laid before them had been brought to completion.

The return journey was safely accomplished, and September, 1806, found them once more at St. Louis. "Never did a similar event excite more joy through the United States." The citizens everywhere were eager for news of the western territory.

The two chief results of this enterprise of Thomas Jefferson were the knowledge gained of Louisiana and the strengthening of the claim of the United States upon Oregon. An American had found the mouth of the great Columbia River; Americans had explored

the Oregon region. Who had a better claim to the remote territory?

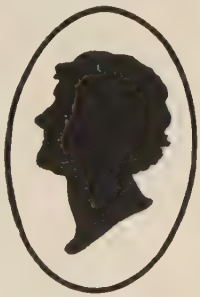
As for Louisiana, great facts about it had been acquired. The Rocky Mountains had been located; the head waters of the Missouri had been found; the Yellowstone and other tributaries had been explored. Naturalists were delighted to learn of new varieties of antelope, deer, and bear.

Thus the trail to the Pacific was open; and hunter, trapper, trader, pressed with more certain footsteps westward, because the rough road had been blazed for them by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AS A SCIENTIST

"The greatest service which can be rendered to any country is to add a useful plant to its culture, especially a bread grain."
— THOMAS JEFFERSON.

AN interesting story is told of Jefferson. Once when stopping at an inn, he spent the evening with a stranger from the North. The latter was much pleased with Jefferson's conversation and much surprised at his learning. "When he spoke of law," said the stranger, "I thought he was a lawyer; when he talked about mechanics, I was sure he was an engineer; when he got into medicine, it was evident that he was a physician; when he discussed theology, I was convinced that he must be a clergyman; when he talked of literature, I made up my mind that I had run against a college professor who knew everything."



A silhouette of Jefferson.

All that this Northerner said was true. Thomas Jefferson was a man of wide interests and scientific thought. His inventions, his experiments, and his introductions of plants from England resulted in great good to the United States.

We have spoken in this little volume of two other inventors. They were Benjamin Franklin and Eli Whitney, both of whom were born in New England. Although Thomas Jefferson was a Virginian, he seemed to possess the genuine Yankee talent for invention. He invented a carriage top, a hemp brake, a plow, and a copying press.

Jefferson also invented a revolving armchair, which certain unfriendly newspapers used to call "Mr. Jefferson's whirligig." They said he had planned it so that he could "look all ways at once."

Citizens of the United States are most grateful to Jefferson for planning our coinage system. We count our money by tens, and that is far better than the English system with its difficult shillings and pence.

During the long years that Jefferson spent in Europe he was constantly on the lookout for inventions and superior methods in husbandry or in cattle raising. All that he learned he passed on to his country. The first threshing machine set up in Virginia was imported by Jefferson from Scotland.

To improve the native flocks, he brought over a fine breed of Merino sheep and sheep from Barbary as well. He also imported hogs.

Most interesting were Jefferson's experiments with plants. He introduced vines, melons, nuts, and caper plants from Europe, and scattered cuttings and seeds broadcast among his friends. He was much impressed

with the value of the olive tree to France and Italy. It was hardy and would grow in very poor soil. It bore abundantly, and its fruit was most useful in cooking. Jefferson had a cargo of olive plants brought from Marseilles. The crop was started in South Carolina and Georgia, but it was not a success.

The best rice of Europe was grown in northern Italy, but it was against the law to carry any rice seed out of the country. Jefferson, however, became a law breaker for the sake of the United States. While in Turin, he arranged with a donkey driver to carry two sackfuls of rice over the Apennines. Jefferson also filled his own pockets with the precious seeds. Even if the man should fail to carry out the agreement, he would still have a tiny store. The driver never appeared, but Jefferson sent his rice to the Agricultural Society of South Carolina. It was parceled out, a dozen grains or so to a planter, and was carefully watched as it grew.

Jefferson and the donkey driver.

It took kindly to the new soil, and to-day the rice of the South, the finest rice in the world, is a product of the couple of handfuls Jefferson smuggled out of Italy in his pockets.

Jefferson said he acted according to "the higher law." I wonder whether he really did right. What do you think?

THE GAINING OF FLORIDA

SIXTEEN years after the great Louisiana Purchase, the United States gained another large territory. This was Florida. Our country would probably have won Florida at some time, either by purchase or by conquest, but the man who hastened matters was Andrew Jackson. That was very like Jackson. He was a man of unbounded energy. Wherever he was, deeds were done, events were sped on their way. He was a sort of "hurry-up" man.

To understand the story of Florida, we must know something of Jackson.

Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina in 1767. Andrew became a lanky, barefooted boy, with a long face under red and tousled hair. His eyes were bright blue and very keen. "He was a merry lad, with a wondrous quick temper, but a good heart." Even from a child, Andrew Jackson was a fighter. He whipped the boys in the village school where he picked up his scanty education; and he longed, above everything else, to join the army.

When Andrew was thirteen, he joined the patriot troops in South Carolina and was with General Sumter

"I'll clean no man's muddy boots!"

in the battle of Hanging Rock. Soon after, he was made prisoner by the British.

One day an English officer ordered Jackson to clean his boots. "Clean your boots!" cried Andy. "Do you take me for a slave? I'm a prisoner of war, and I'll clean no man's muddy boots." The officer gave him a

blow with his sword. Andrew parried the blow but received two severe wounds, the scars of which he carried to the grave.

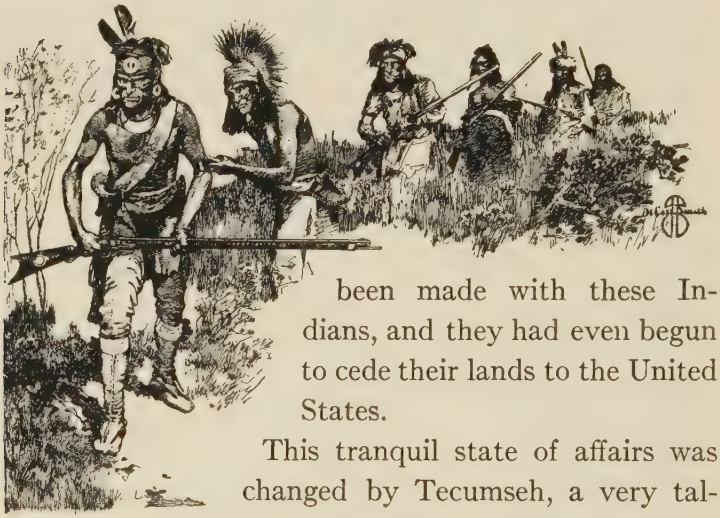
During the next few years, Andrew tried various occupations. Finally he settled down to the study of law, and this profession he followed to success. He became a district attorney in Tennessee at twenty-one.

Tennessee was a wild and lawless region in those days. Men used their pistols impulsively and reflected over the irreparable consequences afterwards. As district attorney, Jackson was often in grave danger. Sometimes, in the very court room itself, men would double up their fists and refuse to be tried. Jackson was not the man to stand any nonsense. He himself would take a hand in the fray, would force the prisoner back into his place, and compel him to await the verdict and to pay the penalty.

Andrew Jackson was just the man for this difficult office. The people of his state grew to know him and to trust him. His manners were rough and his judgments harsh and severe, but the man was honest to the core. He loved his state and his country from the depths of a big warm heart.

When Jackson was thirty-four, he was made major general of the Tennessee militia. This post he held for sixteen years. Most of these years were peaceful ones, but in 1813 Jackson carried on a hot campaign against the Creek Indians.

The Creeks were a tribe of Indians holding land that comprised a large part of the states of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. They had sided with the English during the Revolutionary War. After the war, treaties had been made with these Indians, and they had even begun to cede their lands to the United States.



Creek Indians.

This tranquil state of affairs was changed by Tecumseh, a very talented Shawnee chief. Tecumseh was a born leader of men, much like Andrew Jackson himself. He planned to unite all the Indian tribes of the West and the South in one grand effort to free America from the powerful whites. With this purpose in mind he came to visit the Creeks and to urge them to rise. The time was favorable, for the Americans were again at war with the English. Now or never was the time for the Indians to make themselves free.

The Creeks uprose and inflicted a terrible blow upon

the whites at Fort Mims, a garrison in southern Alabama. Of the five hundred and fifty-three whites, but five or six escaped.

The neighboring states of Georgia and Tennessee were filled with sympathy and with terror. They knew that this rising of the Indians must be put down with a strong hand, or their turn would follow. With a ball in his shoulder and his left arm in a sling, General Andrew Jackson rose from his bed to take the field.

The campaign was a brief but a brilliant one. In the next seven months Jackson laid waste the finest portions of the Creek country, and slew and captured 2000 of the tribe. In May, 1814, Jackson was made a major general in the regular army and was given the command of the department of the South.

The news from Florida was very disturbing. Many Creeks had fled to Florida, where they were harbored by the Spaniards. Moreover, English vessels were landing arms and troops at Pensacola. The English were also gathering together the scattered Indians and training them as soldiers. Evidently the next step was to be a move against the United States.

As soon as General Jackson grasped the situation, he gathered 2000 volunteers and marched southward. He did not stop at the southern boundary line of the United States. To the amazement of the British, he appeared at Pensacola and demanded the surrender of the fort garrisoned by the British. He declared that he had no

wish to fight Spain, but that she was no longer to shelter either English or Creeks. Early in the morning of November 7th, Jackson with 3000 men marched upon the town. Pensacola promptly surrendered, the

Jackson at the battle of New Orleans.

British sailed away in their ships, and Jackson was left master of the field.

He had no orders to enter a foreign country. It was his own headlong way of pursuing his enemy to its lair that caused him to act as he did. But the nation came very soon to feel that he had acted wisely.

Two months later he won the battle of New Orleans.

The country rang with his praises, for this was the one great land victory of the War of 1812. That victory had much to do with winning for him the presidency.

A few years later Jackson was once again in Pensacola. It came about in this way. An Indian war, known as the Seminole War, was raging in the South; and again Andrew Jackson was the general in the field. The Seminoles fled before him, and he pursued. It mattered little to him that they crossed the border into Florida. He followed to destroy. He captured two Spanish towns and hanged two Englishmen who had been aiding his Indian foes.

The government at Washington was aghast at what he had done. Spain and England were both at peace with the United States. Such action might at once provoke war. It was ill advised and foolhardy.

Jackson, however, had one able defender. This was John Quincy Adams, secretary of state. The two towns, one of which was Pensacola, were promptly returned to Spain, but Jackson's course was declared right and necessary. Spain was too weak to police her borders; she could not discipline her marauders. Jackson had come to her aid.

Had Spain been a strong, rich nation, the outcome of this episode would have been very different. As it was, she saw her inability to keep order, and acted most wisely in ceding Florida to the United States in 1819. For this picturesque region of creek, marsh,

and forest land, one twelfth the size of the original thirteen colonies, we paid $5,000,000, — a goodly sum, but it was best to own Florida at any price. At the same time the United States gave up all claim to Texas, while Spain ceded to us what rights she had in Oregon.

As for Andrew Jackson, he became our seventh President. He was fearless, he was honest, he was untiringly energetic. These were qualities that the plain citizen so admired that he gave Jackson eight years in the White House. It is said that "never were the affairs of the republic in its domestic and foreign relations more prosperous than at the close of his term of office."

ROBERT FULTON AND THE STEAMBOAT

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

— COLERIDGE.

IN pioneer days, the easiest way from place to place was to go by water. Later, horseback trails and then wagon roads were made, but the river highways were still gladly used.

Nothing could be easier than to float downstream, but to go upstream was a very different matter. To make headway against the current meant hard tugging at the oar. "If we could only make boats go upstream, how delightful it would be." This was what many in all parts of the country were thinking.

James Watt, an Englishman, had just invented the steam engine. Inventors everywhere saw what a great achievement it would be to make boats move by steam. The fortunate man who built the first steamboat that went to the satisfaction of all was Robert Fulton.

Robert Fulton did not invent the steamboat or any part of it. He simply combined all the necessary parts so that they worked together perfectly. His vessel, the *Clermont*, was the first practical success in the building of steamboats.

From a mere child, Fulton had shown himself the born inventor. He loved to spend hours in the shops and at the forges watching the men at work. One day he came to school very late. "Where have you been?" asked the master. "I have been making myself a lead pencil. It is the best I have ever had." And Robert handed his teacher a pencil which he had hammered out of sheet metal. It was indeed an excellent pencil; the lad had not overestimated it.

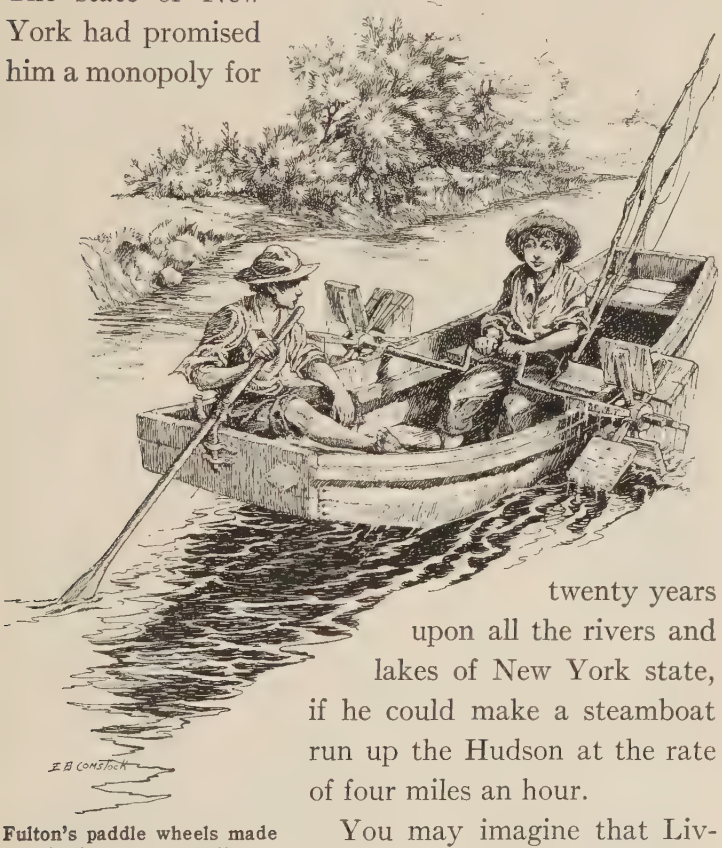
Robert used to go fishing with a chum a few years older than himself. The boys used a flat-bottomed boat which they moved with long poles. This labor was very fatiguing. Robert invented paddle wheels which, when attached to the boat, made it move very easily. After this, the fishing trips were all play and no work.

Robert Fulton was very skillful in drawing and painting. He was in doubt as to which he should be, a portrait painter or an inventor.

When he was twenty-one, Fulton went to England. There he sought out the well-known American painter, Benjamin West. He studied painting under West, but he also turned his attention to inventions. He made some important devices that have to do with canals, and he also invented the torpedo and the torpedo boat.

Fulton went to France and while there met Robert R. Livingston, the American patriot and statesman.

Some years before, Livingston had tried to make a steamboat run on the Hudson River, but he had failed. The state of New York had promised him a monopoly for twenty years upon all the rivers and lakes of New York state, if he could make a steamboat run up the Hudson at the rate of four miles an hour.



Fulton's paddle wheels made the boat move easily.

You may imagine that Livingston was interested in meeting the inventor Fulton. The two men became friends and, later, partners. Fulton built a trial boat and used it upon the Seine. The French people seemed

to think little of it, but Livingston and Fulton were satisfied.

In December, 1806, Fulton arrived in New York. One of Watt's engines had been shipped to America, and very soon Fulton was directing men who were at work upon the new boat. He called her the *Clermont*, which was the name of the country home of his partner, Livingston. But the vessel was called "Fulton's Folly" by those who thought his purpose a mad one.

The *Clermont* on the Hudson River.

August 17, 1807, was the day set for the trial trip of the *Clermont*. She was to go to Albany, and, if she breasted the current at the rate of four miles an hour, the New York monopoly would be secured by the partners. You can see how much there was at stake.

Livingston and Fulton had many invited guests, both men and women. It was a great occasion. The

shores were lined with onlookers, and at last the hour of starting came. We will let Fulton himself tell of their departure. "The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the boat to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated: 'I told you it was so; it is a foolish scheme; I wish we were out of it.'

"I elevated myself upon a platform and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter, but if they would be quiet and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the works. In a short time it was obviated. The boat was soon put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses."

As the *Clermont* pushed on steadily mile after mile upstream, the guests grew happier and more confident.

The fresh air, the wonderful scenery, the delightfully rapid motion made the day one never to be forgotten. Finally the party broke into Fulton's favorite song:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?"

Doubtless many were thinking more of the bonny Hudson than of the bonny Scotch river so far away.

The boatmen in their little craft upon the river and the farmers on the shore were filled with amazement as the *Clermont* passed. She burned very soft wood, so that much smoke and flame poured from her smoke-stack. When some of the sailors and boatmen saw "this queer-looking sailless thing" gaining upon them in spite of contrary wind and tide, they actually abandoned their vessels and took to the woods in fright.

The speed of the little vessel quite satisfied Fulton and Livingston. Here is Fulton's report of the first trip:

"My steamboat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favorably than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is one hundred and fifty miles. I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. I had a light breeze against me all the way, both going and coming, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners, beating to the windward, and parted with them as if they had been at

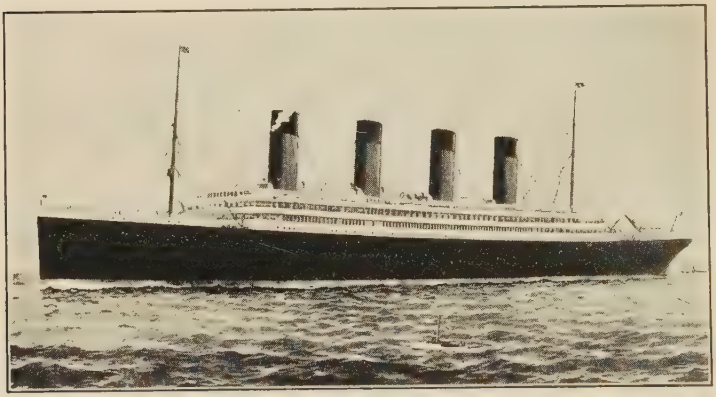
anchor. The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved." Thus the *Clermont* won the New York monopoly for the partners.

It was planned to run the steamboat several times a week between New York and Albany. The early passengers were looked upon as men of courage by the rank and file, who feared lest the *Clermont's* boilers should explode. When Judge John Q. Wilson was to make the trip, a friend stopped him in the street with these words: "John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee she is the most fearful wild fowl living, and thy father ought to restrain thee."

In the next few years Fulton was busy building vessels for steamship companies in different parts of the United States. He also built ferryboats to run across the North and East rivers in New York city. He invented the rounded ends of the ferryboats and the floating docks. A further task was the building of the first war steamer ever constructed. Her speed was two and a half miles an hour, and this was considered marvelous in those days. She bore the name of *Fulton the First.*

Robert Fulton died in 1815, at the age of fifty. He was a man who spelled "Ideas" with a capital, and "money" with a small letter. What he was trying to accomplish meant far more to him than the money he might make. He was a man of charming manners and noble character.

As a consequence of his great achievement, the rivers and lakes throughout our broad land began to be



A modern ocean steamship, the *Olympic*.

dotted with steamboats. By the help of steam, the West was settled rapidly; mails were carried more swiftly; trading between states was easier. "The steamboat had become a powerful factor in the development of American nationality."

THE COMING OF THE STEAM RAILROAD

"Who are the greatest men of the present age? Not your warriors, not your statesmen; they are your engineers."

— JOHN BRIGHT.

SOON after the success of the *Clermont*, Robert Fulton was journeying from New York to Washington. He was traveling by stage, and there were many tedious delays while the horses were changed. At one wayside tavern the long wait prompted one of the passengers, a woman, to turn to Mr. Fulton with these words:

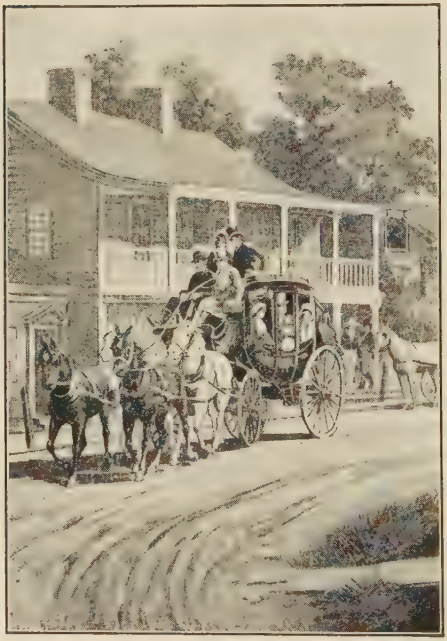
"O, Mr. Fulton, you have invented a way to travel quickly over the water; why can you not invent a way to carry us quickly over the land?"

Fulton bowed low, and said, "Madam, it will come."

Of course you realize that what made both the steamboat and the steam locomotive possible was the invention of the steam engine by James Watt, in 1765. It was this engine with which both Englishmen and Americans were experimenting in order to make the successful locomotive.

Some of the early locomotives ran freely in England, as do automobiles to-day. No tracks were laid down for them. On account of the thick smoke and fiery

sparks that belched from their smokestacks, they terrified the country people for miles around. It was even said that the crops would be ruined and the domestic animals would be killed by the flaming breath of the locomotive.



"Traveling by stage."

Both in England and in America the value of rails had been proved in mines, quarries, and collieries. Mules or horses could draw loaded cars more readily if the cars ran upon rails. These tracks were first of wood, either flat or beveled; later these wooden rails were topped with metal; then metal rails alone were used. Horses gave way to small steam engines which drew heavy loads for short distances. These first engines had little speed; they crept along with turtle-like slowness.

The man who built the first engine that attained to satisfactory speed was George Stephenson of New-

castle upon Tyne, England. Stephenson had been a machinist and engineer from his youth. He was not a greater inventor than others who were trying to improve the locomotive. He was patient; he was persevering; and above all he was practical. He knew how to win the confidence of moneyed men; consequently he had funds by him always for his experiments. Thus he won out, when others failed.

In 1821, Stephenson was employed to construct the first English railroad, from Stockton to Darlington. Four years later the line was opened with great success. An engine, dragging a coal car in which were seated the railroad officials, ran over the line. A man on horseback rode ahead to warn people off the tracks. "Suppose a cow should happen to get on the track, Mr. Stephenson," suggested an onlooker. "It wad be vera bad for the coo," replied Stephenson dryly.

In 1826, the Liverpool and Manchester line was begun, with George Stephenson as the chief engineer. Four years later came the grand opening of the road when, for the first time, a locomotive showed great speed. On that day, September 15, 1830, the *Rocket*, built by Stephenson, made a wonderful record, running thirty-five miles an hour.

Interest in locomotives and steam engines was very keen in America. The people of the United States showed themselves thoroughly alive to the importance of what was happening in England.

The man who helped to bring about the first successful steam railroad in America was Peter Cooper. Cooper had great practical sagacity. He owned much land near Baltimore; and he saw that, if Baltimore grew as a city, this land would advance in value.

Baltimore was eager to establish a trade with the West. Both New York and Philadelphia had opened up waterways, but experts declared that the digging of a canal was too expensive for Baltimore to undertake.

The next proposal was to establish a railway, with cars drawn by horses. In 1827 the Baltimore and Ohio Railway was organized. Money came in very freely. Great success seemed certain. Unfortunately it was soon discovered that the horse cars would not pay expenses.

But news began to reach Baltimore as to what was being accomplished with steam engines in England. Hope sprang up again, only to sink once more when word came that Stephenson declared that steam engines could never make the short turns that occurred here and there on the route that must be taken from Baltimore to the West.

All the merchants except Peter Cooper abandoned the idea of steam. He, however, said to himself, "I believe I can knock together a locomotive that will take those various loops and will be a success, even in America." He told his plan to the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio and then fell to work.

He procured a small brass engine and a boiler of the size of an ordinary kitchen wash boiler. He needed iron tubes, but, as none were to be had, he knocked off the wood from two muskets and used the barrels. The resulting steam engine was no larger than a hand car used by workmen upon the railroad. It weighed less than a ton. Cooper named it the *Tom Thumb*.

One Saturday night Peter Cooper asked the president of the road and a few other guests to take a short trip with this engine. They ran about two or three miles into the country, and all were delighted. The little engine had done well. Cooper then invited them all to share a trial trip the following Monday, when the engine would be tested more severely.

Several mishaps, however, postponed that test. The *Tom Thumb* was stored in a shed that night, and on Sunday a thief broke in and stole all its copper for old junk. Later, one of the wheels was broken by a workman; and again, both wheels were injured.

When, after these delays, the trial trip did occur, it was a great success. Peter Cooper thus describes it: "At last all was ready; and on a Monday we started, — six in the engine, and thirty-six in the car which I took in tow. We went up an average grade of eighteen feet for seven miles; made the thirteen miles to Ellicott's Mills in one hour and twelve minutes; and came back in fifty-seven minutes. The result of that experiment was that the bonds of the railroad company

were sold at once and there was no longer any doubt as to the success of the road." This was in 1830.

The stagecoach owners of Baltimore were furious at the success of Cooper's engine. They realized that much of their livelihood would be gone if cars were to be drawn by steam. So they proposed a nine-mile race between a horse and the engine. The horse was to draw a light car on rails parallel to the railroad track. They selected a swift gray horse to enter against the engine.

The race did actually occur. The horse started more quickly, but the puffing engine at last got under way. For a while it was a neck and neck race. But the horse grew tired and the engine ran ahead. Victory seemed sure. But alas for the *Tom Thumb!* A pulley slipped; the train broke down; and the gray horse actually won! How the stagecoach proprietors laughed and jeered!

In the early days trains went at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and fares were three or four cents a mile. The cars were at first built like the old stagecoaches, but soon the roads began to build the long car with platforms at either end. Accidents were frequent, as there was little system in the dispatching of trains.

Because the United States had not skilled workmen, the locomotives for the first steam railroads were imported from England. You remember Fulton se-

cured the engine for the *Clermont* in England. But, in time, Americans began to find the English locomotives unsuited to America. Our country, with its

"The race did actually occur."

steep upgrades and its great distances, required a different sort of locomotive. So our inventors came to alter the English type to fit our own needs.

Year by year the speed increased; the rails and

road bed improved; the coaches grew more comfortable. In 1869 the Union Pacific Railroad, the first steel link binding the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, was completed and opened with great rejoicing. Henceforth our people could visit with ease the unknown, strange, and beautiful sections of our country and grow to understand the thoughts and purposes of fellow citizens three thousand miles away.

A locomotive of to-day.

Railroad speed in 1830 was about four miles an hour; to-day it is over a mile a minute. In 1830 there were but twenty-three miles of passenger railways in the United States; now there are about 250,000 miles of railway, which cost twenty billion dollars. A century, lacking a few years, has brought about a tremendous change.

THE BUILDING OF THE ERIE CANAL

At the close of the eighteenth century, a sad fact was evident to the people of eastern New York and New England. Trade from the West was not coming in their direction. Instead, it was being drawn westward and southward into the Mississippi valley.

From the neighboring state of Ohio, for example, goods were sent to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Thence they descended the Ohio and Mississippi to find a market at New Orleans. The growing territories of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Michigan were already following the example of Ohio.

The citizens of Albany and New York felt that much of this promising trade, by right, should belong to them. But the transportation rates from Buffalo to both Albany and New York were exceedingly high. It took three weeks and cost ten dollars to send a barrel of flour from Buffalo to Albany. From Buffalo to New York the charge was one hundred dollars a ton.

As this was before the time of locomotives, the remedy proposed was not the railroad, but the canal. New York state seemed naturally adapted for this purpose. "The Hudson River, carrying tide water through a mountain cleft for a distance of one hundred and fifty

miles; its tributary, the Mohawk, extending westward almost to the smaller lakes, which practically formed a chain to the great inland sea, Ontario, and brought one within comparatively short distance of Erie; these were ideal conditions for canalization."

In 1812 the time seemed to have arrived for action. Commissioners were appointed; surveys were made; gifts of land were solicited; an expert engineer was called from England. The state of New York had high hopes of aid from the government.

Then came the War of 1812. In time of war, no nation enters upon expensive undertakings. Money must be husbanded for the conduct of the war. Still the people thought and talked much about the canal project during the next few years.

A strong friend to the canal was De Witt Clinton, a patriotic citizen of New York state. He wrote a strong paper stating clearly the great benefit that would come to the state if the canal were built. People came to call the canal "Clinton's big ditch."

One great difficulty was the expense. "How shall you get back the millions it will cost?" said the citizens. "We shall tax every boat that goes through it," Clinton answered.

In March, 1817, it was settled that the government would not aid in building the canal. Instead of being downcast and discouraged, the people of New York state pluckily decided to do the work themselves.

They were undertaking "the greatest piece of engineering that had, up to that time, been attempted in the United States." The cost had been calculated as between five and six millions.

On July 1, 1817, De Witt Clinton became governor of New York. Three days later the mammoth work was begun.

You must remember that, in those days, there was no blasting and no steam machinery. "Every pound of dirt must be lifted by the shovel." The canal was to be 40 feet wide, 4 feet deep, and 363 miles long. To hasten the work, convicts from the state prisons were added to the laborers. "Those old-time diggers must have known how to make the dust fly," for in eight years the Herculean task was done.

No wonder the opening of the Erie Canal was an occasion of public rejoicing. The great day was October 26, 1825. When the waters of Lake Erie entered the canal, the glad news was signaled by cannons throughout the length of the canal and down the Hudson River to New York city. These, you remember, were the days before the telegraph had been invented.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the great day, a procession of brightly painted barges started to traverse the canal. The first barge was the *Seneca*. It was gay with bunting and was drawn by four noble gray horses which stepped briskly along on the towing path. On

the deck might be seen two casks, each filled with water from Lake Erie. The passengers on the *Seneca* were

"Governor Clinton poured the water from Lake Erie into the sea."

Governor Clinton and prominent men who had helped to bring about the great result.

Day after day the barges swept on, met by gayety and festivities all along the route. At Albany, brightly

decorated steamboats took the canal boats in tow and brought them to New York. Even then the journey was not quite done. The party went down the harbor and out beyond the Narrows. Here Governor Clinton poured the water from Lake Erie into the sea. This was to typify the union of the inland waters with the ocean.

The Erie Canal had cost $7,602,000, but more than this sum was received from the tolls during the ten years following its completion.

The consequences that resulted from the opening of the canal were "all that had been prophesied and much more. The rates of transportation were at once greatly cheapened. The barrel of flour could now be carried from Buffalo to Albany for thirty cents. Formerly, you remember, it had cost ten dollars. It was not long before $1 would transport from Albany to Buffalo as much weight as $15 had formerly done." There was a gain also in speed. As for the towns along the route of the canal, they promptly sprang into cities. Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo are all prosperous cities to-day, thanks to the Erie Canal.

As for New York city, wealth untold came to her from the West. She grew to be the first commercial city in the land, because the citizens of New York had had the foresight and energy to accomplish a mighty feat of engineering at the appropriate moment.

THE INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH

"I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."
— PUCK.

SWIFT as are the steamboat and locomotive, the telegraph can outstrip them all. In a moment of time friends, separated by oceans or continents, can speak to each other. Space and time are not the impossible barriers they were seventy years ago. The man who gave to the world the great gift of the telegraph was Samuel Finley Breese Morse.

During his youth and early manhood, there was one lesson that was impressed upon Samuel Morse. This was the importance of concentrated attention. His father writes: "Your natural disposition, my dear son, renders it proper for me earnestly to recommend to you to attend to one thing at a time; it is impossible that you can do two things well at the same time. . . . This steady and undissipated attention to one object is a sure mark of a superior genius; as hurry, bustle, and agitation are the never-failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind."

Samuel Morse resembled Robert Fulton in one way.

He too loved painting and wished to make this art his life work. Seeing the heart of the young man was set upon painting, his parents did their best to help him in his chosen work. With Washington Allston, he crossed the ocean to become a pupil of the American artist, Benjamin West, who was living at the time in England. West, you recollect, had also been the teacher of Fulton.

The journey from Boston to London was a long one in those days. It was over a month before Morse could write home the news of his safe arrival. In this first letter he says: "I only wish you had this letter now to relieve your minds from anxiety. . . . I wish that in an instant I could communicate the information; but three thousand miles are not passed over in an instant, and we must wait four long weeks before we can hear from each other."

Years afterward his father indorsed the letter with the words "already dreaming of the telegraph."

Samuel Morse remained abroad four years. After his return to America, at twenty-four years of age, he began to earn his living as a painter. Fortune alternately frowned and smiled upon Morse. At times money came in freely; then again he would be very poor, not knowing whence his next dollar was coming.

In 1829 he went abroad for further study. He remained in Europe for three years, and it was on the return voyage that he reached the great turning point in his career.

It was a pleasant company of passengers on the packet ship *Sully*, and many an hour was whiled away in conversation. One evening the topic was some recent experiments with electricity.

"Does the length of wire affect the speed of the electric current passing through it?" some one inquired.

"Oh, no," replied a Dr. Jackson, "it passes instantly over *any* length of wire."

"If electricity can go ten miles without stopping, it can go around the globe," said Morse. "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, why may not messages be sent by means of electricity?"

What a wonderful thought was this! Many heard the words, but their tremendous import was alone realized by the speaker himself.

He went away and brooded over the new idea. Tradition tells us that he did not sleep that night, but that rude sketches of instruments and the Morse alphabet of dots and dashes were worked out to the sound of the sea and the ship's bells.

Although Morse was not a scientist, he was a practical, intelligent man gripped by an idea; and he determined to devote his life to its pursuit. He dropped his art entirely. He merely gave lessons to a few pupils in order to make enough money to live upon. His invention filled all his thoughts. He slept little so that he might have more time to devote to his work. He ate

but little, often living for days at a time upon crackers and tea.

By 1835 Morse had a mile of telegraph wire wound round and round the walls of a good-sized room. In one corner was a small battery, in another corner a mysterious bit of clockwork. The results with this wire were most satisfactory.

Then, for a number of years, came exhibits, — exhibits to friends, to scientific men in New York city, and to President Van Buren and his cabinet in Washington.

Morse could not afford to show the telegraph on a grand scale. He must have aid from the government, and for that aid he worked on, year after year. Sometimes his hopes were high; more often he was deeply depressed. He was nearing the half-century mark; he was able to do but little for his children; he was very poor. Frequently he was faced with the question, "Am I playing the part of a madman in pursuing this Will o' the Wisp?" Who could say?

But the quality wrought into the very fiber of his nature by the teachings of his father was still with him. He must persevere, let the outcome be what it might.

1843 was a critical year for Morse. The House of Representatives had passed a bill appropriating $30,000 for a trial of the telegraph. The Senate must confirm this action, or it would go for nought.

It was the last session of the Senate for that year.

The evening was growing late. There were one hundred and forty bills before Morse's. The poor man,

Morse at work on his telegraph.

hoping against hope, had sat all day in the gallery praying that the Senate might act favorably.

At last a kindly senator approached the inventor and laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Go home, Morse," he said, "there is no chance of action being taken upon your bill to-night." And Morse went. It is said that he determined to give up the struggle.

The next morning, while he was at breakfast, a bright-faced young girl entered the room.

"I have come to congratulate you, Mr. Morse, on the passage of your bill," she said.

"You are mistaken, Miss Ellsworth. Nothing was done last night," said the inventor.

"Ah, no, Mr. Morse, it is you who are mistaken," cried Miss Ellsworth, eagerly. "Just before the Senate adjourned last night, it acted favorably upon your bill. Father was there, and he told me I might bring the good news to you this morning." Then and there the happy inventor promised Miss Ellsworth that she should send the first message over the completed wire.

Thus it came to pass that on May 24, 1844, the first message that sped from Washington to Baltimore and was flashed back again over a circuit of eighty miles, was four words of Annie Ellsworth's choosing. "What hath God wrought?" was the message, a passage from the book of Numbers.

It was with a happy face and a light heart that Morse sat at the Washington end of the wire spelling out this first message, while eager and congratulatory friends thronged about him. He was much pleased with

Annie Ellsworth's selection. "It baptized the American telegraph with the name of its Author," he said.

Morse had no more dark and struggling days. Honors of all kinds came to him thick and fast. In 1858 a meeting was held of representatives from the chief powers in Europe who raised the sum of $80,000 in gold, as a gift to the great inventor.

In America Morse was given the degree of LL.D. by Yale College. Funds were raised by the telegraph operators throughout the country, and a statue to the great inventor was erected in Central Park, New York.

The evening of the day upon which the statue was unveiled, a brilliant reception was given Professor Morse in the Academy of Music. Upon a small table stood the first telegraph instrument ever used. This had been connected with every telegraph wire both at home and abroad, and the inventor was asked to send a message "to the listening world."

"There was a moment's impressive silence. Then the click, click of the instrument was heard in the farewell message of the father of the telegraph.

"'Greeting and thanks to the telegraph fraternity throughout the world. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

"'S. F. B. Morse.'

"From the four corners of the globe came back the answers, each a blessing upon the man who had made all the peoples of the round earth to be as one."

STIRRING TIMES IN THE SOUTHWEST

THE story of Texas and the way in which her liberty was achieved is one that links itself with many heroic lives. Two men who toiled and suffered most that Texas might be free were Samuel Houston and David Crockett. Both had known frontier life and had fought under Jackson; both had been attracted to that "new, immense, unbounded world" of Texas, because it had seemed to offer larger opportunities for endeavor.

Sam Houston was born in Virginia in 1793. When he was thirteen his father died, and his brave and steadfast mother guided her family of six sons and three daughters over the Allegheny Mountains to western Tennessee. Their new cabin was not far from the villages of the Cherokee Indians, with whom Sam was soon on most friendly terms. Whenever he was discontented with matters at home, he would run away to stay with the Indians.

The boy's schooling was meager, yet certain favorite books, among them Pope's *Iliad*, he read and reread. Later he entered the army and, with the rank of ensign, fought against the Creek Indians. Houston showed himself as brave as a lion and won the warm approval and friendship of his commanding officer, General Jackson.

At the battle of Horseshoe Bend the Indians were firmly intrenched behind a strong stockade. The American troops were to charge these fortifications. Major Montgomery, the first man to leap upon the stockade, was shot dead. Ensign Houston took his place; he stood there, poised for a moment; then, with drawn sword, he leaped down among the Indians. He was promptly followed by his men, but he was wounded by an arrow in the thigh. The arrow was withdrawn, but the loss of blood that followed left Sam nearly helpless.

After a time he was able to scramble over the breastworks and was on his way to a surgeon, when he met Jackson. The commander ordered the young man not to return to battle. Sam implored permission to fight again after his wound had been cared for, but Jackson was firm.

Houston, however, disobeyed these orders. The distant sound of the fray was too much for him, and soon he was once more with his regiment in the hottest of the fight.

Later in the day this young man of twenty proved his courage again. A band of fleeing Indians had hidden themselves in a deep ravine. This ravine was covered with logs, so that the only way to reach the foe was by a charge into the entrance. Jackson called for volunteers. The only one to respond was wounded Sam Houston who, seizing a musket with a shout for

"With drawn sword, Houston leaped down among the Indians."

others to follow, ran to the mouth of the ravine. Since no other soldiers had joined in the rush, Houston received the entire discharge from the Indian guns. Fortunately but two balls struck him, one in his shoulder, the other in his arm.

Turning, he walked away and, once out of range, fell helpless. General Jackson, however, never forgot that moment and never failed to stand by the plucky young fellow who alone had tried to carry out his wishes at Horseshoe Bend. Years after, President Jackson said of Houston, "I thank God there is one man, at least, in Texas whom the Almighty had the making of, and not the tailors."

The next fifteen years were very successful ones for Houston. In time he went to Congress, where he served his state and country for four years. At the age of thirty-four he became governor of Tennessee. He was most popular in his native state, and a brilliant career seemed assured.

Suddenly everything was changed. Through a misunderstanding, the whole country turned against him. He resigned his governorship and took refuge with his old friends, the Indians. His prospects were ruined, and he knew it. The saddest fact was that he was blameless, but he could not establish that fact. Jackson, however, stood by his friend, and it is believed that a secret commission from the President to discover certain facts with reference to Texas was what finally

aroused him to take his place in the world of men once more.

And now let us turn to Crockett. David Crockett was a man like Daniel Boone. Of large native intelligence, scanty education, honest purpose, sweet and generous heart, he was the type of man who is so taught by experience that he rises to places of large influence in the life of his community and of the state. Keen woodsman, stout Indian fighter, and upright magistrate, he was one of those followers of Andrew Jackson whom the popular tide swept into the Halls of Congress, when it carried their leader himself to the White House.

Crockett lost his seat in Congress after a while. Thereupon he decided to fight for the cause of liberty in Texas. So to Texas he went in 1834, with his beloved rifle "Betsey" slung over his shoulder.

Mexico and Texas were Spanish possessions, far from content with the rule of the mother country. A body of immigrants from the United States had settled in eastern Texas. These foreigners were at first regarded with disfavor by the natives, but when they fought side by side with the Mexicans to free the country from Spain, the feeling changed. But this was not for long.

The Mexican government, at first liberal, became harsh and unreasonable. One dictator after another sprang into power; unjust laws were passed. The Americans protested, but slight notice was taken of their action; they were not represented in the government.

It was the story of the Revolution again. The American settlers, by this time greatly increased in numbers, strove first for the repeal of the unjust laws. Later they declared themselves independent of Mexico. Fighting began in October, 1835. Certain towns had been garrisoned by the Mexicans. The Texans attacked these stations, and by December 14th there was hardly a Mexican left in Texas.

Austin, a man to whom Texas owes much, was the commander in chief of the Texan forces. Houston had charge of military matters in the eastern part of the state. Houston foretold the return of the Mexicans with the "rise of the grass" in spring. Certain outlying posts were held by small bands of Texans. Houston urged that these places be abandoned, as they could not be defended, but no attention was paid to his words.

One exposed station was San Antonio. The fortress of the town was an old Franciscan mission of the early eighteenth century, surrounded by a wall eight feet high and three feet thick. Upon the wall were mounted fourteen cannons. The fort covered three acres, and at least one thousand men were necessary for its defense. Within, however, there were but one hundred and fifty Texans commanded by Colonel Travis, a gallant young officer of twenty-eight. Colonel Bowie was Travis's senior officer, but he was ill in the hospital. Our old friend David Crockett was second in command.

On February 23, 1836, the enemy appeared, led by General Santa Anna. He demanded the surrender of the fort; Travis replied with a cannon shot. Santa Anna ran up a blood-red flag to signify no quarter, and the siege began. There were four thousand Mexicans, well armed and equipped with heavy artillery.

Santa Anna maintained a bombardment for a number of days, and, on March 6, decided to storm. At five o'clock in the morning the mission was attacked on three sides. There were twenty-five hundred against one hundred and fifty, yet from the north, east, and west sides of the Alamo, the Mexicans fled before the hot defense of Travis's little band. A brief respite, and once again they came, to be repulsed for the second time with heavy slaughter. But the hundred and fifty could not be everywhere at once. Santa Anna saw that the west wall was, for a moment, undefended. His third charge was directed there and met with success. The Mexicans burst into the courtyard of the Alamo, and the defenders, fighting desperately, were surrounded by fire and steel. Some of them rallied in the hospital where Bowie lay. Others followed Crockett, now in chief command, to the yard, to die with him there.

"The only fight left now is in the churchyard. A little handful, bloody, powder-stained, desperate, are backed up against the wall. Hope is lost, but they are dying in high fashion, faces to the foe, striking while they have a heart-beat left. 'Fire the magazine,' says

Crockett to Major Evans, the only remaining officer. The man runs toward the church where the powder is stored, and is stricken down on the threshold. The Mexicans rush upon Crockett and his remnant. The

Crockett at bay.

keen, death-dealing 'Betsey' has spoken for the last time; the old frontiersman has it clasped by the barrel now. Swinging this iron war club he stands at bay, disdaining surrender. The Mexicans are piled before him in heaps, but numbers tell. They swarm about him; they leap upon him like hounds upon a great

stag; they pull him down, and bury their bayonets in his great heart, — so he makes a fine end.

"Wherever men live to love the hero, these will not be forgotten. Their sacrifice had not been in vain, for the cry that swept Texas to freedom, that drove the Mexican beyond the Rio Grande, was 'Remember the Alamo!'

"For pure heroism this defense of the Alamo, may be likened to the sacrifice of Leonidas and his three hundred at Thermopylæ. To-day a monument to these brave Texan dead stands on the former site of the old Franciscan convent. It bears these words that linger long in the mind: 'Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none.'" [1]

Soon after the fall of the Alamo, the Texans suffered another crushing defeat. Santa Anna believed that now Texas was conquered. Houston had, at this time, less than a thousand soldiers. It would have been folly to seek an engagement. Instead, with wonderful sagacity, he retreated.

The Texan retreat convinced Santa Anna that his enemy's cause was lost. He divided his army into three bands, sending them in different directions. This move was exactly what Houston had desired. The odds now were not hopelessly against him, so far as numbers were concerned. Moreover, if he could capture Santa Anna, he could dictate terms.

[1] Quoted from *McClure's Magazine*, January, 1902.

The foes came face to face at San Jacinto. Houston decided upon a sudden attack. That the men might fight with the courage of desperation, he decided to destroy the only means of retreat, a wooden bridge. Two men, one of whom was the famous scout, Deaf Smith, were secretly sent with axes to accomplish this task.

At four o'clock the Texan band began to play "Will you come to the bower I have builded for you?" The troops were starting upon their rush across the plain when Deaf Smith galloped upon the field. "Fight for your lives!" he roared. "Vince's bridge is cut down!" Houston on horseback led the furious charge, shouting to the men to withhold their fire. "Remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo!" was the passionate cry with which they fell upon the foe. The Mexicans did their best, but who could withstand such foemen? Revenge fired the Texan band to a white heat, as they fell upon the murderers of Travis, Bowie, and David Crockett. "Me no Alamo! me no Alamo!" pleaded many a Mexican on that day of reckoning, but he spoke to pitiless ears.

It was all over in twenty minutes. The patriots had nine men killed and twenty-three wounded. The Mexicans had six hundred and twenty-three killed and wounded. Best of all, Santa Anna, the commanding general and Mexican president, was a prisoner.

At one blow the fetters were struck from Texas, the

Mexican banner retreated beyond the Rio Grande, and the way was opened for American progress towards the South.

One word further in regard to Sam Houston. This great victory made him the leading man in Texas. He became the president of the Lone Star Republic. He directed her policy most wisely until, in 1845, his great hope was realized, — Texas became a part of the United States.

There was trouble with Mexico over the boundary line, and the Mexican War was the result. When peace was declared, the United States had gained additional territory equal to one third its possessions at that time. Much of the glory of bringing that great gift to his beloved country is due to brave, honest, big-hearted, outspoken Sam Houston.

FRÉMONT, THE PATHFINDER, AND HIS GUIDE, KIT CARSON

"Though the pathfinders die, the paths remain open."

THIRTY years after Lewis and Clark had made their great expedition to the Pacific coast, another young man penetrated the unknown West. He was John Charles Frémont, and he went not once but many times. His purpose was to find the best routes for settlers from the East. He was to map out the rivers, discover the passes over the mountains, choose sites for forts, and make notes of the soil, the plants, the animals, and the roving tribes of Indians. At first, Frémont was sent by the government; later he chose to go for himself. Frémont's adventures were many and thrilling; and in one expedition he helped to make history in a very remarkable way, as we shall see.

Frémont was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1813. At the age of twenty-four he went on his first western expedition, under an experienced explorer, named Nicollet. Frémont was an excellent surveyor and mathematician and was most useful to Nicollet. He was a fine rider and a good hunter; and he made himself invaluable, so that Nicollet asked him to go on a second expedition, the following year.

At this time the United States government wished to find the best overland route to the Pacific Ocean. Emigrants were eager to go, and the government should be able to direct them properly. Frémont was asked to lead an exploring party to the South Pass, Wyoming. The band of adventurers left St. Louis

Emigrants to the West.

by steamer; and, on this steamer, it is said, Frémont was so fortunate as to meet Kit Carson and to engage him as guide.

Christopher Carson was a little, gentle, blue-eyed man, four years older than Frémont. He was a grandson of Daniel Boone and he was more than a "chip of the old block, he was the old block itself." For sixteen years he had been going over the trails of the

fur trappers in the western wilderness, as teamster, guide, trapper, and hunter. Brave as a lion, he had fought countless times with savage men and beasts and come off the victor. Though very quiet of manner, he had a "forcefulness and self-confidence that sooner or later was bound to impress itself upon others." The meeting was indeed a happy one for Frémont.

The first government expedition was successfully accomplished in five months' time. Perhaps the most striking event in the trip was the ascent by members of the party of the loftiest peak of the Wind River Mountains, known to-day as Frémont's Peak.

The following year a greater undertaking was asked of Frémont by the government. He was to explore the unknown country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific.

California was a province of Mexico. The inhabitants had formerly consisted of Spaniards, Mexicans, and Indians, but of recent years there had been several thousand emigrants from the United States. It was believed that Mexico would be unable long to retain California. The province was held by the slightest of bonds. The important question was, into whose hands she would fall, once the Mexican tie was broken. The United States had a powerful rival in England, who you must remember owned great stretches of country in the far Northwest.

Texas had won her freedom in 1836. California

Frémont's party toiling over the mountains.

might soon follow in her steps. It seemed to the government wise to gather all possible facts concerning the topography of this coveted province.

It was the part of the route through Mexican territory that proved well-nigh fatal to the party. The outward route was well-known ground to Carson. But when they turned into California, he informed Frémont that the trails were strange to him. Nevertheless he pressed on, serving the party as best he could.

The snows caught them, lost, bewildered, far from any camp or homely shelter. A lofty mountain range, the Sierra Nevada, lay between them and the settle-

ments of men. Frémont decided to cross these mountains in the dead of winter. For this choice he has been much criticized.

The Indians did not approve. When he asked them for a guide, they raised their hands to their necks and even above their heads to show the depths of the snow. They shut their eyes and shook their heads to show the nameless terrors of the trail. Finally one young Indian, dazzled by the splendor of a blanket, a gift from Frémont, agreed to lead the anxious party.

Day after day the journey continued. The cold grew more intense; to make matters worse, the food gave out, and they were forced to eat the leather of their saddles.

At last the Indian guide gave up in despair. He threw his dearly won blanket over his head and wept aloud. Despair was filling all hearts, when Carson returned from a reconnoiter with good news. He had, at last, recognized landmarks. All they had to do was to press on with new courage and soon they would find the valley they sought. Days of agony followed, but on March 6, 1844, they reached Sutter's Fort. It was Carson who had saved the lives of those who had won through.

The explorers returned homeward by the old Spanish trail to Santa Fe. Between September, 1843, and May, 1844, they had made a circuit of 3500 miles. More authentic maps could now be made of the far West.

The government next asked the pathfinder to discover, on a third expedition, a more direct route from the United States across the Great Basin and the Sierra Nevada. In time the task was accomplished, and the little party came out upon the Pacific coast. Frémont asked the Mexican authorities at Monterey for permission to rest and refit. The request was promptly granted. In a short time the attitude of the Mexicans changed completely. They sent messages ordering the Americans to leave Mexican territory at once.

As a matter of fact, hostilities were beginning between the United States and Mexico, but this Frémont did not know. No news from the East had reached him for eleven long months. His position was one of great peril.

He marched northward towards the American settlements in the valley of the Sacramento. Here he could coöperate with the settlers in case, at this time, they should choose to rise against Mexico.

On the march they were met by Captain Gillespie, who had ridden a great distance to bring news from Washington to Frémont. The United States was on the point of going to war with Mexico. Frémont was to discover the wishes of the American settlers in California and to unite with them if they chose, at this time, to free themselves from Mexico. There was the grave possibility of England's stepping

in; foreign warships might enter the ports of California. That, however, might be arrested, if the settlers acted promptly.

What followed in California may be very briefly told. The American settlers arose and declared their freedom from Mexico. Frémont united his force with theirs. They fought a number of skirmishes with the Mexicans and were victorious. Twice the United States fleet coöperated with Frémont.

Frémont sent Carson with dispatches all the way to Washington, so that the government might know the progress of affairs in California. The long journey

Country ceded to the United States at the close of the Mexican War.

of four thousand miles, from California to Washington, he made in three months. There were dangers from mountain and flood; there were strange tribes of In-

dians to fight; but the dauntless little man never wavered in resolution as he rode, swam, and fought his way across the vast unknown stretches of our land.

At the close of the Mexican War, there were added to the United States Upper California and an enormous tract of land, out of which Nevada, Utah, Arizona, part of Colorado, and New Mexico were formed. Our government paid Mexico the sum of fifteen million dollars as indemnity.

Later in life Frémont served for a brief time in the Civil War and was a candidate for the presidency. His character was a noble one and has been summed up by one of his friends in these words: "He was the knightliest soul and the truest gentleman I ever met."

During the later years of his life Kit Carson was a trusted Indian agent in New Mexico. His tact, his wisdom, and his great sympathy with the redmen in his care rendered his services invaluable. He too was "one of nature's noblemen, pure, honorable, truthful, and sincere."

WONDERFUL NEWS FROM THE FRONTIER

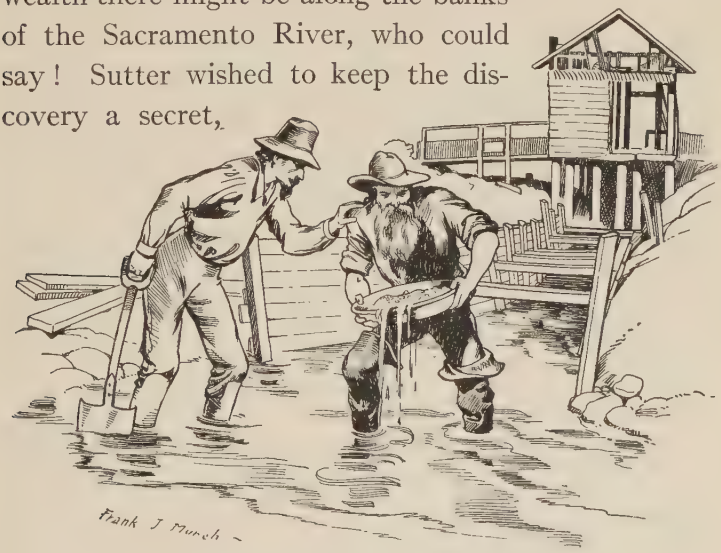
One of the early posts, or settlements, in California was that of John A. Sutter. You remember that, after Frémont and his followers had made their winter crossing of the Sierra Nevada, it was at Sutter's Fort that they found refuge. That fort was near the spot where Sacramento stands to-day.

Sutter was an ambitious man, always anxious to improve his holding. In 1847 he decided to build a flour mill. For this he would need timber, and so the first step of all seemed to be the erection of a sawmill. This building must, of course, be close to the forests, so a small party of men, led by an American wheelwright, named Marshall, were sent up the valley of the Sacramento. A suitable location was found on a mountain stream, called the American River. In January, 1848, the sawmill was finished.

To test the working of the mill, water was turned through the mill race all one night. In the morning Marshall saw, in the bed of the race, gleaming bits of metal the size of grains of wheat. He picked them up and told the workmen that he had found gold. The men laughed, but Marshall galloped forty-five miles down the valley to confer with Sutter. Sutter,

with Marshall, applied the proper tests. The specimens were hammered and proved malleable. Tested with acid, they reacted as did gold. A careful estimate of the weight gave the specific gravity of gold.

"It must be gold!" at last cried Sutter, and he and Marshall stared at each other in amazement. What wealth there might be along the banks of the Sacramento River, who could say! Sutter wished to keep the discovery a secret,



The discovery of gold at Sutter's mill.

but that was, of course, impossible. At once the workmen deserted the sawmill to seek their fortunes along the river banks.

One day a horseman rode through the streets of San Francisco waving a bottle of gold dust. "Gold! Gold! Gold! from the American River!" he shouted.

The sight of the coveted metal was enough. All San Francisco caught the gold fever and hastened to the diggings. The churches were closed; the sick were untended; the law courts held no sessions; the newspapers ceased publication; houses were left half built; and fields were left half tilled, for ministers, doctors, lawyers, printers, carpenters, and farmers had hastened to the American River. There on their knees they were digging up the soil and rocking it from side to side in pans of water, hoping to make a fortune in a few weeks. Boundless wealth was certainly here, and those first on the spot had the greater chance.

"Gold! Gold! Gold!"

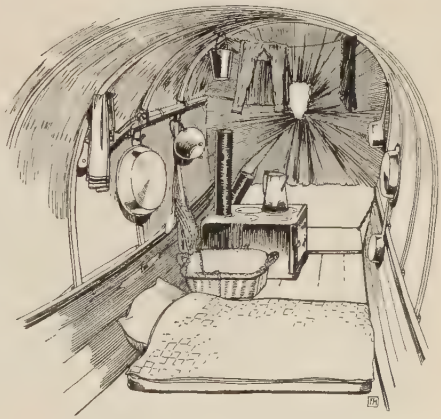
In the fall of 1848 the news reached the East. Then came the rush to California from the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi valley, as it had come before from the Pacific slope.

There were three main routes, — two by sea and one by land. Travelers might go around Cape Horn, making all the journey by sea. They could take boat to Mexico, Nicaragua, or the Isthmus of Panama, cross the country, and then take a steamer on the Pacific coast to California. The third route was to cross the continent in wagons drawn by oxen.

Those who went on the overland route suffered most.

This was the cheapest way of going, and a good number started with poor cattle, scanty food, and utter ignorance of the route. Many had no idea of the great width of our country, of its arid plains, nor of the mountains to be crossed. Whole families migrated in this way.

The "prairie schooners," as the wagons were called, were heavy, lumbering affairs, roofed over with canvas. They were drawn by oxen or horses. In a long line these "schooners" made their slow progress over the prairie. At one place on the road a count was made of those passing westward. Twenty thousand persons and sixty thousand animals was the amazing record of that summer of '49!



Interior of a "prairie schooner."

The early miners worked along the beds and banks of the Sacramento River and its tributaries. "Placer mining" this was called. The later arrivals sought gold in pockets or in quartz veins among the mountains. By the first method the gold was washed out; by the latter method, it was crushed out. Some-

times as much as forty dollars' worth of nuggets would be found in a panful of mud. The nuggets often were as large as an acorn or even a walnut. Sometimes miners made as much as five hundred dollars a day.

Because all the world went a-mining, high prices were set upon articles of food and other necessities. There were crowds to be fed and very few farmers at work. Consequently potatoes, onions, and eggs were sold at one dollar apiece. A chicken brought sixteen dollars. At the outfitter's store a shirt cost fifty dollars; a pair of high boots, fifty-eight dollars; and a Colt's revolver, worth in New York about twenty dollars, cost from one hundred twenty-five to one hundred fifty dollars. A candle was valued at three dollars; washing was eight dollars for a dozen pieces; while one hundred dollars was the doctor's fee for a single visit.

In less than a year San Francisco had grown from a village to a large and prosperous city. Sacramento also had had a mushroom growth. In 1848 there was no such place; in 1849 there was a thoroughly wide-awake and flourishing town. A short time after the great discovery at Sutter's mill, the population of California had risen to 250,000 persons. In the seven years from 1849 to 1856, the golden harvest was estimated at nearly $500,000,000.

All types of men were herded together at the diggings. Desperadoes gathered with deacons and "mothers'

darlings" about the camp fires. Good men and bad men handled the pick side by side. Many little incidents show the unspeakable loneliness of these adventurers, — of their constant longing for the dear ones at home. Once a man with his wife and baby attended the simple church service. The baby cried,

An early view of San Francisco.

and the mother arose to carry it away. "'My good woman!' said the preacher, 'I beg you to remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their own loved ones at home.' These words brought sobs and tears throughout that rough assembly. That infant's cry seemed to them the music of angels."

SPANISH MISSIONS IN THE SOUTHWEST

The three decades from 1769 to 1799 were important ones on both coasts of our great country. On the eastern coast, the colonists were fully occupied in establishing an independent republic. On the Pacific coast, the Spaniards were creating missions and drawing under the protecting guidance of the church the Indians of California.

The Jesuits were among the first in the field. By their eloquent appeals, as they journeyed from place to place, they collected a large amount of money. With this sum they established Indian missions, first of all in the Peninsula of California, Lower California as it was called.

Nearly one hundred years later the work crossed the border into Upper California. The order of Franciscans carried the cross to San Francisco Bay, under the leadership of a frail, middle-aged monk named Junipero Serra. Father Junipero had a heart of fire; he was ready to spend and be spent in the service of God and of his red brother, the Indian.

In 1767 the King of Spain wished the work of extending the Spanish empire and christianizing the Indians to begin. It was decided to establish missions at San Diego and at Monterey.

Four expeditions were prepared. Two were to go by land and two by sea. Notwithstanding his lameness, Father Junipero started on the long overland journey. On July 1, 1769, he and his party reached

"Father Junipero inaugurated the mission."

San Diego, where the expeditions that had been sent by sea were awaiting them. Then followed busy days. The vessel *San Antonio* was to return for provisions, while two thirds of the able-bodied men were to move northward to Monterey. Father Junipero was to remain to establish the mission at San Diego.

On Sunday, July 16th, two days after the company separated, Father Junipero inaugurated the mission. Sweet-toned mission bells were suspended from a tree, and as their chimes rang out upon the summer

air, all the little party flocked to the spot where stood the father before a great cross which had been erected. Hymns of praise were sung, prayers were offered, and muskets were fired to the tolling of bells, to tell to all that the first Christian mission in California was established.

The exploring party to the northward did not meet with full success. They reached Monterey, but failed to recognize either the bay or the surrounding landmarks. They continued their journey farther northward, however, and reached the beautiful land-locked San Francisco Bay.

San Gabriel Mission.

Between the years 1769 and 1798 twenty-one missions were planted along the Pacific slope of California.

The mission began as a traditional mustard seed which soon grew to giant proportions. Two priests, half a dozen soldiers, a few converts, a chime of bells, a dozen cattle, horses and sheep, a parcel of cuttings of trees and vines, — these constituted the raw materials of the missions. After ten years' time what was to be found?

A church of stately and commanding proportions, commodious convent buildings, wide courtyards, shops, and small but comfortable homes for the families of

Christian Indians had sprung up as if by magic. The flocks were numbered by thousands. The silver-leaved olive orchards, the golden-fruited orange groves, the arcades upon arcades of purple-clustered vines, all testified to the skillful culture of the fathers and the Indian gardeners they had trained.

The days of the Indians were carefully planned by the director of the mission. Very early in the morning the bells called all into the church for prayers. Then followed a simple breakfast of porridge and tortillas, a thin, flat cake of flour baked upon a flat stone. After breakfast the men scattered to the fields, orchards, vineyards, brickkilns, and shops. Dinner was at noon and was followed by a couple of hours for rest, so necessary in a warm climate. At two, the Indians returned to work and labored till an hour before sunset. At the angelus hour the bells summoned the toilers to evening prayer. Supper followed, and then the Indians amused themselves with games, simple music, and dancing.

It was a quiet, wholesome life. The red man accepted the Christian faith and committed himself to the guidance of the good priests with docility. He loved and clung to the father with childlike devotion.

In 1833 the Mexican government decided that the mission centers were to be dissolved. While the fathers went elsewhere, each Indian was to have his own plot of land and prove his power to support himself as a good Mexican citizen.

But the Indians, so industrious and docile under the guidance of the good priests, were, as yet, incapable of self-direction. They drank; they gambled; they lost their money and lands to shrewder people. They returned at last to the wild life of their fathers. But wherever scattered, through good and ill fortune, they kept the faith in which they had been trained by the mission fathers. The labors of Father Junipero and his friends had borne good fruit.

DANIEL WEBSTER, THE GREATEST ORATOR OF AMERICA

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on January 18, 1782. His home was poor, so far as bodily comforts were concerned, but rich in love and self-sacrifice.

Ebenezer Webster had been blessed with ten children, five sons and five daughters. The ninth child and youngest son was Daniel. All the boys were expected to work on the farm, but because Daniel was the youngest and the weakest his father demanded very little of him. Consequently the boy had much time for reading, fishing, and roaming about through fields and woods.

He never remembered learning to read. At a very early age he used to read with fluency and charm. Farmers and workmen, passing by the farmhouse, would sometimes pause and ask "Webster's boy" to read to them. The child was dark, with wonderfully brilliant black eyes, and a very beautiful voice. His selections were always from the Bible, and he read with a dramatic power that held his hearers spellbound. As they rode away, they would often mutter to each other that Dan would be a great man some time.

One day in the haying field Judge Webster opened his heart to his boy. He told him that he had felt the lack of an education all his life. Had he been sent to school and college, in his youth, he believed that he would have been among the leading men in New Hampshire that day. Instead, he was only a poor farmer. But what he could do to give his son this priceless gift he should do. Daniel was to have some months at Exeter Academy.

"Webster's boy" reading to the farmers.

The boy was overjoyed at the news. He determined to do his very best, for his father's simple, manly words had gone straight to his heart.

Daniel Webster entered Dartmouth College in 1797 and was graduated four years later. He studied with diligence and spoke before his fellow students with ease.

In 1804 he went to Boston to read law in the office of Christopher Gore, an eminent lawyer who was, later,

governor of Massachusetts. Thirteen years later Webster was one of the leading lawyers in Boston, earning twenty thousand dollars a year in fees. The old father had been in his grave for ten years, and Daniel had never been able to do much towards making those last years ones of comfort and ease. Ebenezer Webster, however, would have gloried in the great gift that he gave to his beloved country, for his son Daniel became a great lawyer and statesman, and the greatest orator we have ever had in America.

Much of Webster's power was due to his impressive appearance. A man who knew him well thus describes him: "He was a dark, raven-haired fellow, with an eye as black as death is, and as heavy as a lion's, — that heavy look, not sleepy, but as if he didn't care about anything that was going on about him or anything anywhere else. He didn't look as if he was thinking about anything, but as if he would think like a hurricane if he once got waked up to it. They say the lion looks so when he is quiet."

An English navvy who once saw Mr. Webster on the street in Liverpool pointed him out with the words, "There goes a king!"

Daniel Webster was in political life for nearly thirty years. He served seven years in Congress, nineteen years in the Senate, and five years as Secretary of State.

As Secretary of State, his most noted act was the negotiating of the Ashburton Treaty with England.

This settled the northeastern boundary of the United States, which had been a disputed question since the war of the Revolution. Other grievances against England were considered and settled by this treaty, which has been called "one of the most creditable negotiations in which the United States was ever engaged." Henry Cabot Lodge says that "with the exception of John Quincy Adams, no one has ever shown higher qualities or attained greater success in the administration of the State Department than Mr. Webster while in Tyler's Cabinet."

Twice Mr. Webster was a candidate for President, but he never secured the nomination. For twenty years he hoped for the great prize, but it always eluded him. He was not popular. Men held him too much in awe. While other candidates were nicknamed "Old Hickory," "Tippecanoe," and "Rough and Ready," he was always the "Honorable Daniel Webster."

As a statesman, Webster made masterly speeches in both the House and the Senate, so that it now remains for us to consider him as an orator.

Webster's speeches can be divided into two classes, — those made in Congress and those made outside. To the second class belong the Plymouth Oration, the two Bunker Hill Orations, and the Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

The aged John Adams, a noble speaker himself, and one who had heard the greatest orators of England,

wrote to Webster in regard to the Plymouth speech as follows: "This oration will be read five hundred years hence with as much rapture as it was heard. It ought to be read at the end of every century, and indeed at the end of every year, forever and ever." He also added, "If there be an American who can read it without tears, I am not that American."

Daniel Webster.

In the Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, delivered in 1826, appears the well-known speech supposed to have been made in Independence Hall by Adams. One of its famous passages runs as follows: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote." Through wonderful sympathy Webster had entered into the very mind and soul of the ardent, forceful John Adams.

Of scores and scores of speeches made in Congress, two stand out as preëminently first. They are the

second Reply to Hayne and the Seventh of March Speech.

The Reply was made in 1830, when Daniel Webster was still in middle life at the very height of his powers. The question was on the Constitution. The South, headed by John C. Calhoun and General Hayne of South Carolina, declared it to be a compact of the states, from which each state could at any time withdraw. The North thought otherwise. It believed that, whatever the Constitution might have been in 1787, the states had become welded together into a nation, an empire, an indivisible whole. This belief was in the air of the North, but it had not been expressed. That noble task was Webster's.

Hayne had been declaring the right of each state to judge for itself whether laws made by the government were binding upon it. "It is a critical moment," said Mr. Bell of New Hampshire to Mr. Webster, "and it is time, it is high time that the people of this country should know what this Constitution is." "Then," replied Mr. Webster, "by the blessing of heaven they shall learn, this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand it to be."

They did learn. How thrilling it must have been to hear fall from the lips of the great Defender those noble passages which schoolboy declaimers through the length and breadth of the land have taught us to know so well! "Union and Liberty, now and

forever, one and inseparable." These words "became wisdom to Lincoln and valor to Grant . . . and inspired deeds of immortal heroism on a hundred fields."

The Seventh of March Speech seems, to a large number of Webster's admirers, the great mistake of his life.

Daniel Webster's home in Marshfield.

From the time when Texas had sought admission to the Union, the question of slavery had been to the fore. Discussion had waxed warm between the North and the South. Measure after measure had been introduced. Finally Henry Clay, one of the great leaders of the time, introduced the Compromise Bill of 1850. This was practically a surrender to the South by the

North. One of its measures gave slave owners power to claim the return of their negroes who might have escaped to free soil. This clause aroused the opposition of the antislavery party.

Then, to the amazement of his supporters at the North, the great Daniel Webster, who had again and again spoken against slavery, arose and advocated Clay's bill. Many of his warmest friends were too overwhelmed for words. By this speech he had broken with his past and with all his early principles. Was it the longing for the presidency that had made him so untrue? Who can say?

Judged by the most lenient point of view, Webster was making a most desperate effort to save the Union. "His speech was a powerful effort to arrest the antislavery movement. It was a mad project, for nothing could kill the principle of human liberty, not even a speech by Daniel Webster."

Lodge says, "If the Seventh of March Speech was right, then all that had gone before was false and wrong. . . . Webster knew in his heart and conscience that he had made a dreadful mistake."

Daniel Webster died at his home in Marshfield in the fall of 1852. "His fame is high and sure in the story of America." His name, as a speaker, is linked forever with the greatest masters of speech, with Demosthenes and Cicero, with Chatham and Burke.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, THE GREAT NULLIFIER

"From 1830 to the day of his death, Calhoun may be called the very impersonation of the slavery question."

THE years between 1830 and 1852 were wonderful ones in the history of our nation. Burning questions were being considered and men of extraordinary ability were in Congress to discuss and settle them. "There were giants in those days," for Webster, Clay, and Calhoun each spent nearly forty years of his life in Washington. Sometimes they united to make a law; more often they opposed one another. Then wonderful eloquence was shown on both sides, for all these men were most able speakers.

Very little is known of the private life of Calhoun. He was born in South Carolina in 1782, the same year as Daniel Webster.

At twenty John C. Calhoun entered the junior class at Yale College; at twenty-two he was graduated; at twenty-five he was beginning to practice law in his native state; at twenty-seven he was in the state legislature; and at twenty-nine he was in Washington. South Carolina had elected him to be one of her representatives in Congress.

All predicted for the young man a noble career. He

was so clear of mind, so able in speech, so strong and pure of purpose that men much older than he accepted him, from the first, as a leader.

What was his appearance? He was tall and slight, with keen eyes that shone with great brilliancy. His

An early view of Yale College.

manner was always courteous and his voice was beautiful. Very early in his career, he became the idol of his state. Many who did not understand his arguments were ready to vote as he wished, simply because they knew and loved the man and believed in his patriotism as they believed in all that was best in their own souls.

During his earlier years in Congress, Calhoun always supported the measures that were for the best good

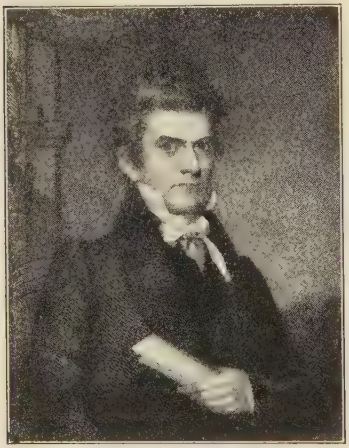
of the country as a whole. In regard to national roads, banks, and the tariff no views could be wiser, nobler, or more patriotic than John C. Calhoun's. He was "the chief champion of some of the most national measures" voted at this time.

You remember what was said in the last chapter in regard to the opinion that Calhoun had of the Constitution. He thought that the states had made a compact from which any one of them could withdraw at any time. Such an act would be secession. Daniel Webster declared that the national government was not a compact, but a Union which no state had the right to leave.

Soon after the Hayne-Webster debate, South Carolina was much dissatisfied with the United States tariff. It was most oppressive all through the South. Under the leadership of Calhoun, South Carolina passed a nullification act. This act declared that the United States tariff laws were to be of no effect in South Carolina after February 1, 1833. If the United States government should force them upon the state she would secede. This was in November, 1832.

On December 11th, 1832, President Jackson issued his famous proclamation to the people of South Carolina. "It was full of fire and vigor. It was at once strong, reasonable, and gentle. 'The laws of the United States must be executed,' he said. 'Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their

execution deceived you. . . . Their object is disunion, and disunion by armed force is treason.' The people of the United States owe Jackson a deep debt of gratitude. His name — a name of power for many years to come — was joined with the idea of union and the supremacy of the Constitution. But he did more than issue a proclamation, he made preparation to enforce the law."



John C. Calhoun.

The situation was a very serious one, for no one knew exactly what might happen. Henry Clay, the great Peacemaker, brought forward a compromise bill. This bill so modified the tariff that South Carolina was given what she desired. At the same time a "force bill" was passed, giving President Jackson special powers. These special powers were such as he would need to enforce the law in any rebellious state. Thus South Carolina received " the rod and the olive branch bound up together."

The high-spirited state accepted the olive branch but paid no attention to the rod. She repealed the nullification act, and the danger was over for the time. It was, however, over only for a time, for nearly

thirty years later the same steps were taken that led to the great Civil War. Once the threats of nullification and secession had brought the United States government to terms. Might not the plan be tried successfully a second time? Calhoun sowed the wind, and his beloved state reaped the whirlwind.

From this time Calhoun stood out as the great champion of slavery and of state rights. He loved the Union, but to him the Union meant a compact of free states, not a national government set over subject states.

As he lay dying in 1850, the problems of his country were close to his great heart. "The South! the poor South! God knows what will become of her!" he cried.

John C. Calhoun had done his duty as he saw it. His fine mind and strong will were bent to one aim, — the strengthening of slavery and the doctrine of state rights. Because he failed, his life was a tragedy, but it was not a falsehood.

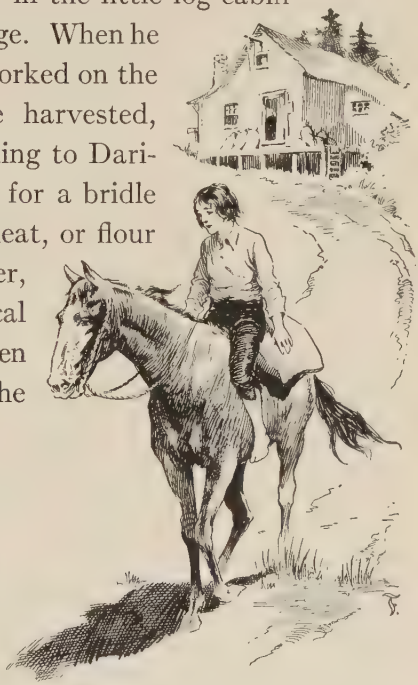
HENRY CLAY, THE GREAT PEACEMAKER

"If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key." — HENRY CLAY.

IN 1844 Henry Clay was a candidate for President. He had been defeated in his efforts to secure this high office several times, but this year the hopes of his friends were high. The Reverend William Gunn and his twelve stalwart sons marched to the polls at Lexington, Kentucky, and voted for Henry Clay. Later, when they found that their candidate, the "old oak of Kentucky," had been defeated, they all, as one man, burst into tears. This story shows how tenderly he was beloved by the members of the great Whig party. For days after the election, prominent Whigs could not meet in the streets of New York or Philadelphia without weeping.

The presidency is a great goal for any man. We must remember, however, that it is not the test of the highest greatness. Clay always took his defeat magnificently. He never lost his good nature, but remained a big-minded, big-hearted man throughout a life full of disappointments. Perhaps no statesman has ever been so beloved; he "was a winner of hearts to his last day."

Henry Clay was born April 12, 1777, in a small neighborhood in Virginia called the "Slashes." The child's education was a scanty one. He learned to read, write, and cipher in the little log-cabin schoolhouse in the village. When he was not in school, he worked on the farm. He plowed, he harvested, and was often seen riding to Daricott's mill with a rope for a bridle and a bag of corn, wheat, or flour for a saddle. Years after, in some of his political campaigns, he was spoken of as "the millboy of the 'Slashes.'"



The millboy of the "Slashes."

At nineteen, Henry Clay determined to be a lawyer. He spent a year in hard study in an office in Richmond, and, at the age of twenty, was admitted to the bar.

Clay decided to go west and grow up with the country. In 1797 he removed to Lexington, Kentucky, and soon had built up an excellent practice.

When Henry Clay was twenty-six, he was elected to the state legislature. Three years later he was sent to Washington to finish another man's term in the Senate.

From this time, for the next forty years, Henry Clay was in public life. To read our country's history from 1807 to 1852 is to read the life of Henry Clay. He was at first in the Senate; then he chose to enter the House; later, he was again in the Senate. He was elected Speaker of every Congress in which he sat, and was for four years the Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams. His name is linked with great measures which, above all others, won for him the name of the "Great Compromiser" or "Peacemaker." They were the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the Compromise of 1833, and the Compromise of 1850.

Since the invention of the cotton gin and the industrial changes that followed in its wake, the North and the South had been developing away from each other. Slavery had been growing stronger at the South; meanwhile, at the North, a belief had arisen that slavery was a great evil.

Henry Clay hated slavery, and he often said so strongly. But he believed the great evil must be corrected slowly and gradually. To strike suddenly the fetters from several million slaves would result in serious and widespread evils, he believed.

Henry Clay was an ardent patriot. He wished to preserve the Union at all cost. The United States Constitution itself was the result of compromise. Certain states had yielded certain matters for the sake of harmony. So, whenever there was great

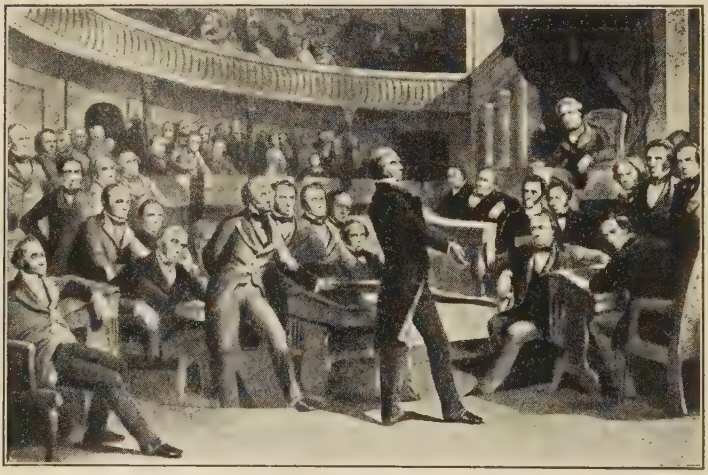
tension between the North and the South, Henry Clay would come forward with a peace measure, a compromise. He was not a waverer; he was not a trimmer; he believed in the wisdom of his policy. "Consequently, whenever there was need, he was promptly at hand with the poultice for the bleeding wounds of the nation."

John C. Calhoun and other Southern leaders were anxious to keep the number of slave and free states even. How they fought in season and out of season to maintain this balance of power! In 1820 the question was about the admission of Missouri as a slave state. Clay proposed to admit Maine as a free state and Missouri as a slave state; and to declare that hereafter there be no slave states formed in the Louisiana Purchase north of 36° 30′, the southern boundary of Missouri. This, in brief, was the Missouri Compromise, which became a law at that time.

The story of Clay's Compromise of 1833 has been told in the chapter upon John C. Calhoun. It was Henry Clay who offered the "olive branch" which was accepted by the rebellious state of South Carolina.

In 1850 Henry Clay was an old man of seventy-three. He had been out of public life for six years. But a serious crisis had come in the affairs of the nation, and the cause was slavery. The Mexican War was over. Were the new regions to become slave or free states? Secession was in the air.

Kentucky urged Clay to take his place once more in the councils of the nation, and he obeyed. He was very frail, and he knew that to reënter political life



Henry Clay speaking before the Senate.

would shorten his own life by years, but he never hesitated.

With Henry Clay, to be in Congress was to be a leader. He prepared the Compromise Bill of 1850 with its seven important provisions, some to please the South and others to please the North. The bill, however, was more favorable to the South. Then came the speech explaining and defending the measures of the bill. "Many eyes were suffused with tears as the old man straightened himself to his full height and began his speech. It was almost like seeing a ghost. . . .

Even those who differed from him could not but admire the man who, in his age, had come to heal the wounds of the nation he loved so well."

"Still in these embers live their wonted fires." So it was with Henry Clay. As he spoke, the fire of youth returned to his eyes, his tall form held itself erect, while the beautiful silvery tones rang through the council halls of the nation as thrillingly as of yore. For three hours he spoke without any evidence of fatigue. At the close of the speech there was a burst of applause, and then followed "a scene such as the Senate had never witnessed before. Men ran to grasp his hand and women vied with each other in a desire to kiss his tear-stained cheeks."

Webster, in his Seventh of March Speech, and Calhoun alike supported the Compromise of 1850. The bill, as a whole, did not pass, although its separate measures became laws.

The bill of 1850 did not really settle the issues between the North and the South. It merely postponed them for eleven years. But of this we may be sure: Henry Clay did more than any other man living could have done to secure a temporary peace.

One great service of Henry Clay's should never be forgotten. It was, to a large degree, his memory and his teaching that kept Kentucky true to the Union at the opening of the Civil War. He had said, in 1850, "The honorable Senator speaks of Virginia being my

country. This Union is my country; the thirty states are my country; Kentucky is my country. . . . But even if it were my own State — if my own State, lawlessly, contrary to her duty, should raise the standard of disunion against the residue, I would go against her. I would go against Kentucky herself, in that case, much as I love her."

These strong, true words were remembered and heeded by the men of Kentucky, when the hour of decision came.

Upon Clay's monument are written these striking words: "I know no South, no North, no East, no West."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE HOUR

"New birth of our new soil, the first American."

— LOWELL.

WHEN a mere boy, Abraham Lincoln borrowed from a neighbor a life of Washington. This book he read and reread with enthusiasm, pondering long upon the secret of a useful and patriotic life. He longed to be, like Washington, wise and devoted.

To-day, his own life offers to a boy or girl the same inspiration that Washington's life offered to him. "From log cabin to the White House" is a phrase that has been linked with the names of a few of our Presidents. It is one of the glories of America that many of her rulers have sprung from lowly homes. But never was poverty sterner or conditions more adverse than those which Abraham Lincoln faced as a child and a youth. Only an intrepid will could have conquered such a fate.

On February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky. His father was Thomas Lincoln, a man of easy good nature but with little education or energy. He was somewhat of a rolling stone; he believed that change of location would mend

his fortunes. He moved his home several times, but as he still remained poor, the years proved only that what was needed was a changed man. Mrs. Lincoln was a gentle, frail woman whose days were filled with hard work. She loved her two children, Abraham and Sarah, dearly. Sarah was two years older than little Abe.

When Abraham was seven, his father moved from Kentucky to Indiana. It was a long journey by land and water, but the boy enjoyed it. When they reached the spot where Thomas Lincoln had made his claim, an ax was put into Abe's hand. He was tall and strong for his age. At nine he could do almost a man's work, and even at seven he could work well. From that time until he was in his twenty-third year an ax was his constant companion.

Birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

Thomas Lincoln set to work to clear land and to build their home. The new cabin was rude and unfinished. There were neither doors nor windows. The floor was of earth trodden down hard. The bed was made by driving two stakes into the ground at one side of the room. From these stakes, poles were laid across to the logs in the wall; upon this rude

frame, boards were placed and the frontier bedstead was completed. The bedding consisted of leaves and dry boughs, covered with skins of animals. Abraham slept in a loft above the living room. Pegs were driven in the wall to form his staircase.

But there were happy hours in this poor home. Mrs. Lincoln would sit with her little boy by the cheerful wood fire and read to him from the Bible. When Abraham wished to read for himself, his mother gladly taught him all she knew. Then he would sit in the chimney corner or lie prone on the hearth reading and rereading the few books he could find.

What did little Abe look like? He was a tall, thin, awkward boy with a homely face. Still his eyes were so earnest and kind and his smile so friendly that people liked him at once. He wore trousers of tanned deerskin and a shirt of homemade linsey-woolsey. He never wore stockings until he was a man. In winter he wore moccasins of deerskin made by his mother. His coonskin cap also had been made by her. She had left the ringed tail of the animal hanging down behind, as an ornament.

A great sorrow now came to the boy. His beloved mother fell sick and died. Life on the frontier was more than her feeble strength could endure. On the last morning she drew the child Abraham into her arms and whispered: "My boy, I am going away, and you will not see me again. Be good — I know

you will. Help your father. Take good care of your sister. Live as I have taught you, and love God always."

These last words of his mother Lincoln never forgot. He often repeated them to himself and, at all times, tried to follow them. Long years afterwards, when he had won a great place in the world, he said, "All that I am, and all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." It is a beautiful fact that our two great American heroes, Washington and Lincoln, were both loving and dutiful sons.

For a year, life was most forlorn in this frontier home. Then Thomas Lincoln went away and returned in a few days with a new mother for the children. The new mother brought with her quite a store of household goods, — beds, bureaus, chairs, tables, warm blankets, and clothing of all sorts. She insisted upon having the cabin finished, so her husband fell to work laying a floor, hanging a door, and putting in oiled paper for window panes.

The new wife had a big motherly heart, and soon Sarah and Abe were warmly dressed and more comfortable than they had ever been before in all their lives. Abraham interested Mrs. Lincoln. She admired his ambition to secure an education, and she kept the other children from disturbing him when he was hard at work over his books in the evening.

Abe helped his father clear his land and inclose it

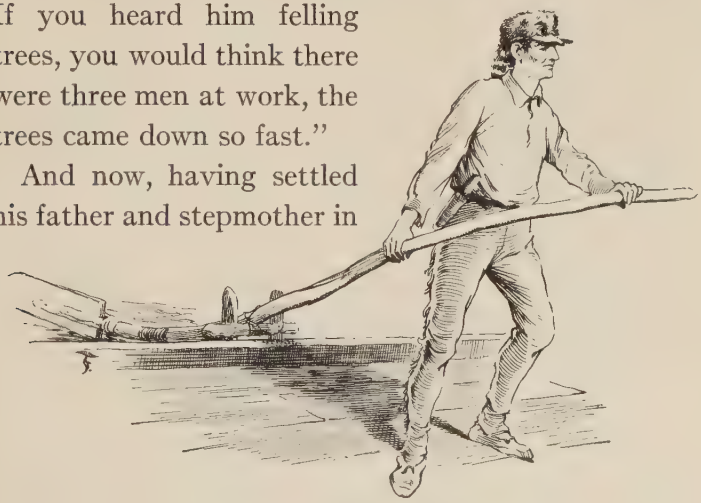
"Hard at work over his books in the evening."

with rail fences. He plowed, he planted, he hoed, he harvested, he carried the corn to the mill. Often he hired out to work for the neighbors. But then, of course, his father kept the money that he earned. What he liked best was plowing. At the end of each furrow the horse was allowed to rest. Scarcely had the animal halted, when Abe was on the fence deep in a book that he had pulled from his pocket. After a few minutes, the work of plowing went on again.

In all his life Abraham was in school but a single year. This, however, made no matter. The boy was determined to learn, and early and late he was busy with his studies. He read all the books he could lay his hands on through a circuit of fifty miles. They were few in number but very choice. He read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Æsop's Fables," "Weems's Life of Washington," a history of the United States, and the Statutes of Indiana. Lincoln made the contents of these books his own by reading and rereading them, by copying notable passages, and by turning over in his mind the thoughts and their expression. He did not let a book leave him until he had "absorbed all its strong juices into his own nature."

In studying arithmetic, he used a smooth clapboard or wooden fire shovel for a slate. His pencil was a bit of charcoal. When the surface of the shovel was so blackened that the sums were illegible, Lincoln shaved off the board and began again upon a fresh white surface.

In 1830 Thomas Lincoln moved to the valley of the Sangamon River in Illinois. Abraham helped him build his house and then put a fence around ten acres of prairie land. "How he would chop!" said Dennis Hanks long afterward. "His ax would flash and bite into a sugar tree or sycamore and down it would come. If you heard him felling trees, you would think there were three men at work, the trees came down so fast."



Lincoln on the Mississippi flatboat.

And now, having settled his father and stepmother in their new home, the young man was free to seek his own fortunes. What offered was humble enough. He was employed as boatman to take a flatboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans. The new scenes were a tonic to him. New Orleans itself was the most picturesque city in America at this time. It was here, in this gulf port, that he came face to face with the great evil of slavery. Standing in the slave market, he saw

the agony of parting, the tears, the blows, the price laid down for men and women. Lincoln had great tenderness of heart, and the sight was one he never forgot.

Later, Lincoln and a man named Berry went into partnership, in order to carry on a store of their own. One day a man came by who wished to get rid of a barrel, which he offered to Lincoln for fifty cents. Lincoln made the trade and thought no more about it. One day he decided to examine his purchase and, on turning out the contents of the barrel, discovered to his surprise a complete set of Blackstone. Blackstone is the author of books which all students of law study.

It was Lincoln's habit to master the contents of all his books. He would have read these books anyway, but as he had always longed to be a lawyer, he now gave all his spare time to their study. "Perched upon a woodpile, or lying under a tree with his feet thrust upwards against the trunk and 'grinding around with the shade' he caused some neighbors to laugh and others to say he was daft." But the more thoughtful could not help respecting him and wondering over his future.

In March, 1837, at the age of twenty-eight, Abraham Lincoln was admitted to the bar. He had won the goal of his ambition.

But, in all these years, he had won something that was even more precious. This was the trust and affection of all who knew him. What was there in this

homely, awkward young man that made faces brighter when they met him? First of all there was his kindness of heart. Whatever the need, he was ready to help. When a wagon was to be pushed out of the mire, his shoulder was first against the wheel; he split wood for widows; he tended children; and once he carried home on his back a drunken man who was in danger of freezing to death.

Soon after he went to live in Springfield, he passed a little girl crying at the gate. "What's the matter, Sissy?" he asked.

"I was going to spend a week at auntie's and the expressman has forgotten to call for my trunk. I shan't catch my train."

"He ran with the little girl to the station."

"Get your bonnet, Sissy, and show me the trunk," cried the big-hearted man.

Throwing the trunk on his shoulder, he ran with the little girl to the station, tossed them both upon the train, and walked away happy.

Another quality his neighbors admired in Abe was

his honesty. In his store keeping days he once overcharged a customer sixpence. That night he walked three miles to return the money. Another time he accidentally gave a woman a quarter of a pound of tea less than she had paid for. He did not rest until he had weighed out what was owing and had taken it to the customer.

Lincoln's honesty, however, was more than commonplace material honesty in business dealings, important as that is. Honesty of mind was the very core of the man, deep-rooted in the center of his being. This honesty showed itself in his clear, simple speech, in his direct, straightforward purposes, in his inmost thoughts. Every new thought he must "bound on the north, south, east, and west." When he had accepted a truth, he forthwith acted upon it, whether it seemed expedient or not. He was ready to rise or fall with truth.

Thus his honesty came to have a tremendous force in the Illinois court rooms. He would not plead for a man whom he believed to be in the wrong. He once threw up a case in the court room, when he had become convinced that his client was a scoundrel. As the community came to realize these facts, moral prestige was secured by the side upon which Abraham Lincoln was to appear.

Another quality that endeared Lincoln to his neighbors was his humor. He was always genial, always

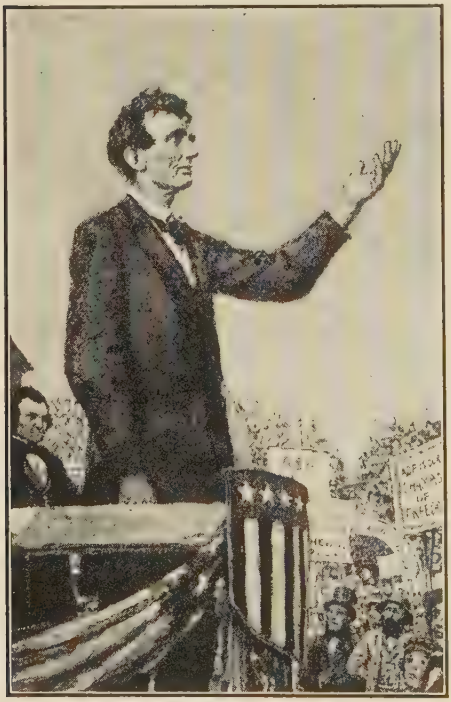
ready with an amusing story that invariably shed light on the whole matter under discussion. While the farmers, business men, and politicians of Illinois laughed at the wit, they also caught the flash of truth. Few could help liking the plain, awkward man with his gaunt, tired face and his winning smile.

We have read how the country was nearly rent in twain over the slavery question in 1850. At that time Clay introduced his famous compromise measure, which was supported by Daniel Webster. In the decade from 1850 to 1860 the extension of slavery became the burning question of the day.

The South saw that, to keep any balance of power between the slave and the free states, it must be possible to have slavery in the territories. The Missouri Compromise was practically repealed by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854. These territories were to be opened to colonization, and the choice of slaves or no slaves was to lie with the settlers themselves. Then followed lawless times. In the midst of the excitement a new party, the Republican, was born, pledged to prevent the extension of slavery in the territories. This was in 1856.

In 1858 a senator was to be elected in Illinois. Lincoln was the candidate for the Republicans. His rival was Senator Stephen A. Douglas, who sought reëlection. For years Lincoln had been carefully studying the slavery question, "bounding" it from all sides. He

sought not expedient views, views that would win votes, but the truth. He proposed that he and Douglas should meet in debate on the question of slavery in the territories. Douglas accepted. He was a handsome, polished, successful man. Lincoln was homely, awkward, and not exactly successful. Indeed, he called himself, at this time, a failure.



Lincoln and Douglas in debate.

The rivals were well matched, and each was in dead earnest. Douglas represented the Democratic party. He claimed that it was right for the people in the territories to choose whether or no they would have slavery. This he called the principle of "popular sovereignty." For himself, he said, he did not care whether slavery was extended in this manner or not. Lincoln said that slavery was a great evil. The government had no right to root it out of the

states already in the Union. They had come in as slave states under the Constitution. But the nation could keep slavery out of the territories, and it was its duty so to do. A famous oft-quoted passage from one of Lincoln's speeches at this time is the following: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved — I do not expect the house to fall — but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other." A boy who heard the debate recalls that "while I had thought Lincoln the homeliest man I ever saw, he was the handsomest man I ever listened to in a speech. Lincoln, in action, no one has been able to describe. He was simply grandeur itself."

Although Lincoln had the best of the debates, Douglas won the senatorship. The disappointment of Lincoln was keen. He said "I feel like the boy who stubbed his toe — it hurt too bad to laugh, and he was too big to cry!"

His clear and forceful views had won the attention of the East. Abraham Lincoln was now a leader in the Republican party, and he was invited to come to New York to make a speech at Cooper Union. Easterners were curious to see and hear this man from the backwoods. Men of letters, critics, and politicians gathered in quite a spirit of curiosity.

One of the audience writes his impression in the following words: "He was tall, tall — oh, how tall, and so angular and awkward that I had, for an instant, a feeling of pity for so ungainly a man. His clothes were black and ill-fitting, badly wrinkled — as if they had been jammed carelessly into a small trunk. . . .

"He began in a very low tone of voice. . . . He said, 'Mr. *Cheerman*,' and employed many other words with an old-fashioned pronunciation. I said to myself: 'Old fellow, you won't do. It's all very well for the wild West, but this will never go down in New York!'

"But pretty soon he began to get into his subject; he straightened up, and made regular and graceful gestures. His face lighted as with an inward fire; the whole man was transfigured. I forgot his clothes, his personal appearance, and his individual peculiarities. Presently, forgetting myself, I was on my feet with the rest, yelling like a wild Indian, cheering this wonderful man. In the close parts of his arguments, you could hear the gentle sizzing of the gas burners. When he reached a climax, the thunder of applause was terrific.

"It was a great speech. When I came out of the hall, my face glowing with excitement and my frame all a-quiver, a friend, with his eyes aglow, asked me what I thought of Abe Lincoln, the rail splitter. I said, 'He's the greatest man since St. Paul!' And I think so yet.

"The speech was published the next day in all the New York papers. Mr. Lincoln had won the esteem of the most thoughtful men in the East. They said to him at parting, 'Be true to your principles, and we will be true to you, and God will be true to us all.'

"And he answered: 'I say Amen to that! Amen to that!'" [1]

Thus it came to pass that Lincoln was nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for President. Old parties were breaking up. There were, in all, four candidates, among them Douglas, the choice of one wing of the Democratic party. Lincoln, however, was successful. He won the election in the fall of 1860, to the anger of the slave party.

As soon as Lincoln's election was a certainty, seven states seceded from the Union and set up a Confederate government. They were South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. They chose for their president Jefferson Davis of Mississippi.

Upon a rent and disorganized nation, dawned the morning of the fourth of March, 1861. The inauguration address of President Lincoln was conciliatory. He said, in closing: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you.

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves

[1] *Abraham Lincoln*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.

the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

Lincoln's task was a tremendous one, a greater one, many think, than even Washington's. He had taken solemn oath to maintain the Union, and, at all cost, "Honest Abe" would keep his word. He could do nothing without the consent and support of the people of the United States. Would they stand behind him in his efforts? The antislavery men saw but one thing, — the immediate freeing of the slaves. To do this would be to act unconstitutionally. This difficulty the ardent band refused to see. They criticized Lincoln for sloth and hardness of heart. Other Northerners were hesitating and timid. They were quite ready to say to their Southern brethren, "Go in peace." If the South should make war, no one could be sure that the North would heartily coöperate with the government. Another peril was that European countries would recognize the Confederacy as a nation. Lincoln stood alone, but undaunted. All his life long he had been used to responsibility; the burden of the nation he shouldered fearlessly, prayerfully.

On April 12, 1861, the stars and stripes flying over Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor were fired upon.

For two days Major Anderson, the Union commander, was besieged. On April 14, he surrendered, marching out with all the honors of war.

Then, indeed, the North was thoroughly aroused. The people were aflame with patriotism. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to serve for three months, and the response was enthusiastic. Many more men offered themselves than were needed. At the south, North Carolina, Virginia, Arkansas, and Tennessee joined the Confederacy.

With the war actually under way, Lincoln was the commander in chief. He mustered the troops, studied the topography of the enemy's country, planned the movements of the Northern armies, and sent orders to the generals. These were strange new duties, but he toiled night and day at the war office and, in time, became expert.

One day in July, 1862, Lincoln read to his cabinet an Emancipation Proclamation written by himself. This document set free the slaves of the states in rebellion. These slaves were raising corn and other produce that fed the Southern army. They were employed in throwing up earthworks, and in many other ways sustained the activities of the Confederate arms. Since the proclamation could be justified as a war measure, the cabinet approved. It was decided to issue the document after the next Northern victory. Accordingly, on September 23, after the battle of

Lincoln reading the Emancipation Proclamation to his cabinet.

Antietam, an Emancipation Proclamation was issued, giving freedom to the slaves on January 1, 1863.

This edict did not free the slaves in the border states, — in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, — states that were true to the Union. From the first, Lincoln had realized that the balance of power lay with these states. If they could be kept from seceding, the North must win. Consequently, he followed a wise conciliatory policy which held these wavering states true to the Union.

The remaining events of the war may be sketched rapidly. The army of the Potomac had been commanded by general after general. Each, in turn, had suffered tremendous defeats. In March, 1864, Gen-

eral Grant, the conqueror of Vicksburg, was made commander of all the Union armies.

In June, Lincoln was nominated for a second term. There was much opposition to him. The war had been dragging on with varying fortunes. Battles with great losses of life marked the path of General Grant's slow progress toward Richmond, the Confederate capital. People shook their heads. Perhaps a new leader might bring success.

The country around Richmond.

Suddenly, in the fall, came victory after victory. Atlanta fell and Sherman made his triumphal march to the sea. Lincoln now appeared a brilliantly successful leader to the eyes of all, even of his detractors.

He was triumphantly reëlected in November. On January 31, 1865, the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution became a law of the land. This declared that, in future, no slavery could exist within the United

States. Our Civil War was fought over the question of union. But the deeper question of slavery that had sown the seeds of disunion, was settled forever.

On March 4, Lincoln read his second inaugural. It breathes a wonderful spirit of tenderness and brotherhood and closes with these matchless words:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The lines of the Southern defenses were at last giving way before Grant. On April 3, Petersburg fell, and about the same time Lee and his valiant little army marched out of Richmond. Lincoln visited the deserted Confederate capital a few days later and, in company with a few friends, walked through the silent streets. News of his presence reached the colored people. Then the streets were silent no longer. They whom he had freed flocked about the tall, gaunt man with the sad and wistful face, shouting: "God bress Massa Linkum! He's de Messiah, suah! Praise de Lord! Dere'll be no more sighin' now! Oh, dis am de judgment day! De good Lord bress you, President Linkum!" Many fell on their knees and tried

"They flocked about the tall, gaunt man."

to kiss his feet. The great man was deeply moved. "My poor friends," he said, "do not kneel to me. Kneel to God only, and thank Him for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy."

Another week passed. The news had come of Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox. The nation rejoiced that the cruel war was indeed at an end, and a deep content filled the President's heart. The Union was saved!

But the cup of rejoicing was dashed from the nation's

lips. On the night of the fourteenth of April, Abraham Lincoln was shot by a Southern sympathizer, and the following morning he died.

> "And when the morning opened Heaven's gate,
> There passed the whitest soul a nation knew."

The stricken nation could not, at first, realize its terrible loss. It was stunned. But the mourning was deep and heartfelt throughout the country. Even the South felt that it had lost its most powerful friend.

"Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen. . . . Never was funeral sermon so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman."

Washington the founder, and Lincoln the preserver, of American Liberty! They shine "as twin stars in the firmament of our national fame."

TWO CIVIL WAR GENERALS

MANY great men served as officers in the Civil War on both the Northern and the Southern sides. The purpose of this chapter is to paint certain characteristics and tell typical anecdotes of two such leading generals. They are Grant for the North and Lee for the South.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

The qualities that made Ulysses S. Grant great were courage, honesty, and a will like iron. Some of these traits had been marked in the child and the growing boy.

Birthplace of U. S. Grant.

One day, when Grant was two years old, there was a celebration of some kind in his native town. His father took the baby to see the procession and, as he held him high in his arms, a neighbor boy passed by. The lad was playing his part in the celebration by loading and firing a pistol.

"Hello, Lyss," said he, "Want to shoot? Do let him try, Mr. Grant."

The father clasped the tiny fingers around the trigger. Bang! went the pistol. All around them women screamed, but the child did not flinch.

"Tick it again! Tick it again!" he urged. A second time he fired, with the same coolness as before. No duck took to water more easily than he did to fire-arms. "That child is born to be a general," said a man who had been watching.

Grant tells the following story of himself at eight: "There was a Mr. Ralston . . . who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt that . . . my father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price. If it was not accepted, I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse, and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him, 'Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and, if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five.'"

This straightforward honesty was marked in him all his life.

Grant led an uneventful career at West Point; he distinguished himself in the Mexican War; at its close,

he left the army to go into a business life. For the next dozen years he was a failure. He could not even

Grant drilling raw troops.

support his own family. The Civil War, however, called out all that was strongest and best in Grant and revealed him to the nation, — a truly great man.

He had wonderful power to control and manage men. Give him a body of raw soldiers, and he would so drill and train them that, in a few weeks' time, they would seem like picked troops. While the army of the Potomac advanced only to retreat, while they fought drawn battles or losing battles on the hundred miles' stretch from Washington to Richmond, the army of the West under Grant was making slow progress but

with telling effect. The news of the taking of Forts Henry and Donelson "was a breath of health after jaded months of sickness." Grant's words, "I propose to move immediately upon your works" and "unconditional surrender" were like a backbone appearing in something that had begun to look like a jellyfish. Soldiers and citizens saw with delight the interpretation of Grant's initials, and U. S. Grant henceforth became "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

The whole secret of Grant's success was that his tremendous will had been aroused. He was bound to succeed for his country's good. After he became commander in chief, he said, "I feel as sure of taking Richmond as I do of dying." "Not McClellan, not Meade, not Lincoln himself, not any one at all had ever been able to feel as sure as that. This utter certainty of the Union's success burned in Grant like a central fire and . . . made his will a great natural force which gravitated swiftly and irresistibly to its end." It is not strange that the great men around him should become aware of this power. Lincoln felt, in his marrow, that here was a man who would finish the task set him. He had sought such a one ceaselessly, and at last he was found. The clamor of the country, "Give us a man!" was answered. "Sherman felt the power near at hand, as he fought under Grant, and wrote to him that it was something which he could liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour."

"When Lincoln was taken, . . . no man was so loved as Grant." The nation made him President for eight years, but his best years, his most shining years, were the four of the Civil War.

ROBERT E. LEE

Robert Edward Lee grew up amid surroundings and traditions very similar to those of George Washington. He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, which was also the county of Washington's birth. His father, "Light Horse Harry Lee," was a brilliant young cavalry officer under Washington. It is to Harry Lee that we owe the famous saying about Washington, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Robert was a grave little fellow, earnest and thoughtful beyond his years. When he was eleven, his father died, and from that time he devoted himself to his invalid mother.

At eighteen Robert Lee entered West Point, for he wished to be a soldier like his father before him. His scholarship was excellent, and he graduated second in his class.

His first active service was in the Mexican War. Here it was that McClellan, Thomas, Grant, Johnston, Jackson, and other generals of the Civil War received their training. General Scott, the commander in chief, paid Lee high tribute. He said: "My success

(in Mexico) was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Colonel R. E. Lee. . . . Lee is the greatest military genius of America and the best soldier that I ever saw in the field."

West Point Military Academy.

Twelve happy years passed by, crowded with devoted service to both country and family. In 1861, the great crisis was at hand.

What was it that gave Colonel Lee to the Southern side? He did not believe in slavery, — his slaves were free. Neither did he believe in secession. He loved the Union, but before the Union, he loved his native state. He was first and foremost a Virginian. Wherever Virginia placed herself, there Lee would be at her side, his sword drawn to defend her. When

Virginia was invaded by Northern armies, Lee and his friends believed that they were resisting tyranny just as truly as Patrick Henry and George Washington had resisted it of old.

The command of the Northern army was offered to Robert Lee. He refused this great honor, resigned from the United States army, and offered his sword to his native state. "I could have taken no other course, save in dishonor," he said. "If all were to do over again, I should act in precisely the same way." Thus there came to the aid of the Confederacy one of the few really great commanders that the world has ever seen.

General Lee on his favorite horse, Traveler.

In one brief chapter it would be impossible to speak fully of the leadership of Robert Edward Lee. Much of the superior fighting quality of the splendid army of northern Virginia was due to the fact that for four years it retained the

same commander, General Lee. "Marse Robert," "Uncle Robert," "the old man," — these were the names the men in gray had for their leader.

"Lee's final victory was that the devotion of the South to him was greater in the hour of defeat than in that of victory."

Robert E. Lee might have been Governor of Virginia; but he chose, instead, to work for peace and for the upbuilding of the South. He became President of Washington College, a small struggling school that had been endowed by George Washington. He knew and loved the boys in his charge, and his influence over them was a mighty power during the five years in which he guided the destinies of the college.

Robert E. Lee died suddenly in 1870 at the age of seventy-three. In his memory the name of the college was changed to Washington and Lee University.

Lee's character was singularly perfect. He was totally lacking in all self-seeking. "There was that about him in manner and still more in action which proved that he thought only of his country and his duty." He was brave, yet tender. Once in battle he exposed his life to raise a fledgling sparrow and place it in its nest. Again, a young officer who had sulkily resented a well-merited rebuke by Lee awoke in the damp cold morning to find that his commander had spread his own oilskin coat over him while he slept.

Thomas Nelson Page closes his life of Lee with these

words: "He has a nobler monument than can be built of marble or brass. His monument is the adoration of the South; his shrine is in every Southern heart."

The final struggle of the Civil War was to be waged between General Grant and General Lee, then commanders respectively of the Northern and Southern armies. Richmond was the capital of the South, and it was the purpose of the North to capture Richmond.

For three years Lee, with a much smaller force, had fought practically a drawn battle with the Northern armies. But when President Lincoln appointed Ulysses S. Grant commander in chief of the Northern armies, Grant thereafter kept the Confederate armies so busy that none could relieve the other. He would fight and continue fighting, "until he pounded his opponent to pieces." Every able-bodied man of the South was in the field. Grant saw that it was cheaper in the end to give two men or even three for one in battle. He also refused to exchange prisoners, since that was now the only way in which recruits could come to the South.

This aim explains such fearful contests as those of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, where the slaughter staggered the North and brought forth cries of protest against the sturdy little general who could "keep silent in seven different languages." At Cold Harbor, Grant lost 7000 of his finest troops within an hour. In but little over a month he had lost

about 55,000 troops, a number nearly equal to the soldiers in Lee's army.

Other Northern commanders had turned back after meeting such furious checks, but not so Grant. "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," was his one comment.

Leaving Cold Harbor, he made a swift and skillful crossing of the James and moved against Petersburg, the key to Richmond on the south. Lee was there almost as soon, and a stern siege began.

These were the last days of the war. The fate of Richmond hung on the fate of Petersburg. The plight of Lee's army was indescribable. They lacked clothing, blankets, medicines, ammunition, and food. All were starving together. The Southern coast line was blockaded by the Northern fleet so that no food could come from Europe. The Northern generals, Sherman and Sheridan, had made Georgia and the Shenandoah, the granaries of the South, a barren waste. "The next crow that flies over the valley must carry his own rations," said Sherman. Mrs. Lee and her friends were knitting socks night and day, but how could they compete with the factories of the North?

However, the strength and courage of Lee were still firm. "Inspired by his example, the whole South seemed to lean up against him, in implicit, loving reliance." For months he held 100,000 troops at bay with a skeleton army of less than 30,000 men.

In April, to save his army, Lee sent word to President Davis that he could defend Richmond no longer. He soon after abandoned Petersburg and marched westward. He had hoped to meet his provision trains at Amelia Court House, but by an unfortunate accident the train had gone into Richmond. This was a fatal blow. With Grant in hot pursuit, the Confederates, in rapidly decreasing numbers, toiled wearily on to Appomattox. It might be possible to cut their way out, but that would mean an unnecessary loss of life. The end had plainly come.

Lee saw it and accepted the situation. To him his duty was clear. "There is nothing left for me but to go and see General Grant."

So, on the ninth of April, Lee and Grant met to agree upon the terms of surrender. "Lee wore a spotless gray uniform, long cavalry boots, spurs and gauntlets, and carried the beautiful sword given him by Virginia. . . . His tall, splendidly proportioned figure and grave, dignified bearing heightened the effect. His well-trimmed hair and beard were almost snow-white . . . and his clear eyes and erect carriage were remarkable for a man of fifty-eight. Grant was barely forty-three . . . but his face was worn and haggard from recent illness, and his thickset figure and drooping shoulders were those of a man well advanced in years. For uniform he wore the blouse of a private, to which the shoulder straps of a lieutenant general had been

Lee and Grant arranging the terms of surrender.

stitched; his trousers were tucked into top-boots worn without spurs; he carried no sword, and from head to foot he was splashed with mud."

Lee had shown no emotion during the interview. Only, as he stepped upon the porch of the house where the fateful papers had been signed, and caught sight of the blue Virginia hills, he struck his gauntleted hands together in a gesture of unutterable agony. He then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly back to his army. They were waiting, grief-stricken and dejected, upon the hillsides, when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. In an instant they were about him, bare-headed, with tear-wet faces; thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping; cheering him amid their tears; shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

Both North and South may look back with pride upon the fine sense of honor displayed when these two great generals met in the closing scene of the Civil War, at Appomattox. Each general acquitted himself perfectly. General Grant offered most generous terms, which General Lee accepted with dignity.

THE COMING OF THE AIRPLANE

"Brother Vulture saw it,
And called me as it passed:
'*Look and see! Look and see,*
Men have wings at last!'"
— JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

Fifty years ago, an able scientist was patiently at work upon the great problem of flight. He was Otto Lilienthal, "the father of the airplane." In his German home town were many storks. He studied these birds, paying especial attention to the efforts of the young storks in learning to fly. He saw that they always faced the wind, took several running steps, and then with a few vigorous flaps of their wings launched themselves into the air. He also studied other birds, — birds of prey, marsh birds, and sea fowl. He built and flew kites of various shapes. Finally he built his "glider." This consisted of a pair of wings and a tail for balancing. The wings were fastened on each side of his body and controlled by his arms.

The glider was to be used on a hillside. There were sandhills near his home that Lilienthal made use of at first. Later, he had a hill built fifty feet in height, which gave him a sloping descent of two hundred and

thirty feet. He also needed a wind blowing at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Given such a wind, his method of gliding was this: he would run down the side of the hill till he gained good speed; then he would give an upward jump, and draw up his legs. The air would actually hold him, but only for a few seconds. However, several times he glided a distance of over one hundred yards.

Lilienthal built other gliders. With each new machine, he gained more control in flight. He grew bolder, venturing aloft in high and gusty winds. Friends warned him, but he paid no heed. In twenty-five years he had made over two thousand flights, always unharmed. But one day, in 1896, a sidewise gust of wind caused his machine to heel over and to crash violently to the ground. This sad accident caused the death of a noble pioneer of flying.

At the time of Lilienthal's death, two brothers named Wright kept a bicycle shop in Dayton, Ohio. Their business was small and unimportant, but they were remarkable men. They were readers, students, true scientists in spirit. Wilbur Wright was the elder, a man nearly thirty years old. He was silent, almost grim, with a will like iron. The younger brother, Orville, met other men more easily. He was always full of ideas and brought enthusiasm to the partnership. But both brothers could keep their own counsel.

The death of Lilienthal attracted the attention of the Wrights. His achievements awakened their keen interest. In the next four years they read everything they could obtain on flying. They made ready to go on from where the German scientist had been halted by death.

In 1900 they built their first machine,— a new and larger form of glider. It consisted of two horizontal planes, one above the other. The pilot was to lie, face down, on the lower plane. This was really the first biplane. Over two years passed before the Wrights added a power engine.

Like Lilienthal, they also sought hills. At Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the sand dunes offered exactly what they wanted,— solitude, a reasonable height, and a soft surface in case of a fall.

Here the Wrights learned the principles of rising, of descending, of balancing, of keeping an even keel in that most treacherous and uncertain element,— the gusty air. One by one, remarkable adjustments were thought out and applied. They headed the machine up or down by moving a small plane, set out well in front of the large horizontal planes. To keep the glider from rolling over sidewise, the Wrights made the ends of their wings flexible so that at will the pilot could, by means of cords, make one wing tip slant up and the other slant down. This step was a great gain. They also added a vertical balancing plane in the rear, to correspond to the tail of

a bird. This plane, like the one in front, was also worked by cords.

The result of all these improvements was that, by the end of 1902, the brothers were able to glide more than six hundred feet. Now and then, one of them soared. When favored by an upward current of air, he would

Keystone View Co.

"The first airplane took the air in perfect style."

remain poised on the wind for half a minute. These seemed small gains, it is true, but they were magnificent results, considering the difficult path they were treading.

In the winter of 1902 the inventors took a very important step. They built a gasoline motor with which they might drive their glider. Then it became necessary to build a new machine. In this new model, the

pilot sat instead of lying. Wooden levers in his hands regulated the flexible wing tips and the small planes at front and rear.

On December 17, 1903, "the first airplane took the air in perfect style." The wind was blowing at the rate of twenty-seven mile an hour, and the flight lasted twelve seconds. Wilbur was the pilot.

Next Orville was in the air a full minute.

The patience and self-restraint of the Wrights were wonderful. Although their goal was in sight, they refused to be hurried. They made short flight after short flight, acquiring slowly the speed that was needed by which to make the swift adjustments that the ever-changing gusts of wind required. They still preserved silence. Their neighbors were not interested in what they were doing. The brothers even dared to make their flights near Dayton.

The next two years were spent in building one more biplane and perfecting it. From one minute, the time aloft was increased to five minutes. A turn — the very first — was made.

In October, 1905, Orville flew a distance of twenty-four miles and was in the air thirty-eight minutes. Thus the goal was won. What the brothers had set out to accomplish had been done. Their engine could run during a good flight. The pilot could control his machine perfectly.

At last curiosity was aroused. Strangers began to

appear near the flying field. The precious machine — embodying many ideas — had not been patented. At a glance an expert could learn much. In self-protection, the Wrights took the biplane to pieces and packed it away. It remained hidden for two full years.

The French government, at this time, was interested in the problem of mastering the air. They wanted practical, successful airships to use for military purposes. The brothers wrote to the French war department, offering to sell their invention. Captain Forbes was sent from France to investigate. The Wrights could not exhibit their biplane lest an expert should capture its secrets. They brought forward two witnesses to prove their successful flight. Captain Forbes advised France to secure the machine, but she did not.

It was unfortunate that the Wrights let 1906 and 1907 slip by before presenting their work to the world. Had they at once patented their airship and been able to show their results to Captain Forbes, their power-driven biplane would have been the first in the field in Europe, as it was in America. But during those two years Europe had been pressing ahead, and power-driven flights had occurred before Wilbur went to France.

The brothers were scientists, not keen business men. They needed a promoter. He appeared in the person of Mr. Hart O. Berg. Patents were taken out in all countries, and then demonstrations were planned. Orville was to go to our army base at Fort Meyer,

Virginia, with one machine, while Wilbur was to cross to France with the other. All their lives the brothers had lived and worked side by side. They were deeply moved by this first parting.

Wilbur proceeded to Le Mans, France, there to set up his airplane. He slept and ate in the shed beside it, to the horror of the hospitable French people. His admirers sent him a French cook. After enduring unusual menus for a while, Wilbur sent the man away and thereafter cooked for himself.

His mechanical work was not easy. He had many difficulties in getting the machine adjusted for flight. Critics even began to say that he never had done and never could do the things that had been claimed for this American airplane.

But Wilbur toiled and Wilbur whistled and refused to be hurried. But he grew depressed and discouraged.

The one bright star in the sky was the brilliant achievement of his younger brother in America. Orville had flown a distance of fifty miles; he had soared two hundred and fifty feet and had then circled around and around. This was magnificent flying. Orville was hailed all through America as the conqueror of the air.

Then came tragic news. Orville had fallen a hundred feet and had broken his thigh. What was worse, his passenger, an army lieutenant, had been killed. The misfortune was due to the breaking of a propeller, and in no way was the pilot to blame.

This tragedy was the last straw. Who can blame Wilbur for weeping?

But this was the darkness that precedes the dawn. Wilbur's machine was now in order. At first, with his

Underwood and Underwood

Colonel Lindbergh and his airplane, "The Spirit of St. Louis."

usual wise caution, he made brief flights. The onlookers smiled critically.

Then, one day, Wilbur stayed in the air for over an hour. Then he flew for over two hours. The French

became enthusiastic. This was magnificent! glorious! epoch-making! The French government immediately ordered machines for use in their army.

Wilbur went into Italy to exhibit his biplane. At Pau, France, he next taught two pupils to fly. These men began to teach others, and so the number of flying men began to grow.

Factories were established both in America and in France. Orville went to Germany and secured orders there. In 1909 there were large sales of the Wright biplane. The brothers worked to make their model swifter and lighter. In 1911 this new model was widely sold. They were now rich men. Money was well enough, but their compensation for fifteen years of toil, struggle, aye, and peril in the air, was quite aside from mere cash. Their reward was, as Kipling says, "the joy of the doing."

It is a thrilling fact that the single engine on the airplane used by Charles Lindbergh in 1927, in his non-stop flight from New York to Paris, was a Wright engine — made by the company which took over the business of the Wright brothers. It revolved three million times in the flight of thirty-four hours. What a faultless machine to act so unerringly through the handicap of ice, and snow, and sleet! Glory to all good workmen and their work!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"The two things in America which seem to me most extraordinary are Niagara Falls and President Roosevelt."

— JOHN MORLEY.

There was a driving force, a torrential energy in Theodore Roosevelt, that carried everything before it. Student, author, hunter of big game, explorer, soldier, reformer, orator, statesman, world leader; Roosevelt was all these different kinds of men. Furthermore, whatever he undertook, he drove through with amazing vigor. He was "ever a fighter." He had "a passion for testing his endurance and pluck by facing the grimmest dangers." Deserts, stampeding cattle, quick-shooting cowboys, tropical jungles, lions, tigers, snakes, wardheelers, political grafters, national bosses; he faced them all with joyous courage. Moreover, "his sense of humor flashed like a mountain brook" through all his undertakings.

The American people found "Teddy" always interesting. His words and actions were so unexpected, so dramatic, that they missed him keenly when he was away on long expeditions into unknown Africa or South America. They admired his courage and energy; they

trusted his truth, his high ideals, his simple goodness. "He had a clear vision of the world in which he dwelt and saw the path by which to lead and improve it." In his day and generation, "he proved himself to be the greatest moral force in the public life of the world."

Theodore Roosevelt was born into a home of comfort and ease. He had all the advantages that money could bring to a child living in the city of New York. But even as a toddler, he met his first foe. This was ill-health. The little boy was terribly afflicted with asthma. Many were the nights when he lay awake, gasping for breath. In the summer his father would often lift him from bed, wrap him warmly, and go for a night ride. The moving breeze often brought relief to the little sufferer.

Books and collecting small animals for study helped to occupy this small invalid. Theodore read real books always. History, travel, and natural history were his favorite subjects. The boy had teachers at home, as he was not strong enough to go to school. He collected stones and learned to stuff birds. His toads, frogs, beetles, and snakes were always falling out of boxes, bureaus, and closets.

A few years passed. Theodore had developed into "a tall thin lad with bright eyes and legs like pipe-stems." But his old enemy, asthma, threatened to make a permanent invalid of him. His wise father had a small gymnasium fitted up in the house. Then he

said to his son: "You have brains, but you have a sickly body. In order to have your brains bring you what they ought, you must build up your body. It depends upon you."

Roosevelt chose. He toiled faithfully, ardently, in the gymnasium to develop his puny body. He rode, he swam, he took boxing lessons, he shot at a mark. In time the victory was won. In a few years he was well.

At eighteen Roosevelt went to Harvard. He was certain that a vigorous mind would aid him in whatever he undertook. So he worked honestly and thoroughly at all his college tasks.

The child Theodore had been timid. He shrank from other boys because he realized how easily they could knock him about. The college student plunged into athletics, especially boxing and wrestling. In his *Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, Mr. Hagedorn says of his hero, "He was plucky; moreover, he took punishment with a grin, and he was a good sport.

"Once, for instance, in the middle of a hot bout, time was called. He promptly dropped his hands, but his opponent did not. That young man drew back and struck him square on the nose. There were some classmates watching, and an indignant roar of 'Foul! Foul!' arose.

"Roosevelt, his face covered with blood, shouted: 'Stop! Stop! He didn't hear! He didn't hear!' . . . The rumpus subsided . . . Theodore . . . shook

hands heartily with his opponent, resumed hostilities, and gave him the drubbing of his life."

Once, in these sparring matches, Roosevelt had reached the finals in the lightweight matches. He was to meet a Mr. Hanks. Describing the bout afterwards, a classmate said: "It was no fight at all. Hanks had the longer reach and was stronger, and Roosevelt was handicapped by his eyesight. You should have seen the little fellow staggering about, banging the air. Hanks couldn't put him out, and Roosevelt wouldn't give up. It wasn't a fight, but, oh, he showed himself a fighter."

When Theodore was in his senior year, his father died, and the son was left a comfortable income. He did not need to work, but his whole nature was set against idleness and ease. He wanted to become a man who did things. The only road that led to this goal, he well knew, was the road called Work. He decided to go into politics, for he realized that there was an opportunity for service to his fellow men.

Theodore joined a political association in New York; he began to know men active in city affairs, — the saloon keepers, the horse car-conductors, and the ward bosses. He was a good "mixer"; he constantly saw honesty of purpose and true worth beneath a rough exterior. He came to find friends in experienced politicians who slowly began to believe in this youth, so new in the political game. His aims, they found, were

not visionary; they were intelligent and practical. He fought for a cause, not because it was *his* cause, but

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"He was a new sort of tenderfoot."

because his heart and mind told him that it was a good cause, good for every one.

Just then two crushing sorrows came to Roosevelt. He lost both his beloved mother and his young wife within twenty-four hours. He turned, for comfort, to

the wilderness, and went west to his ranch, — the Elkhorn Ranch near Medora, North Dakota.

Here he spent two years, living the hard, free life of a ranchman. "He went on long rides after the cattle, he rounded them up, he helped to brand them, and to cut out the beeves destined for the Eastern market. He followed the drove when it stampeded during a terrific thunderstorm." He even plunged into the river after the flying herd in his eager pursuit. He chopped cottonwoods for the camp fuel; he shot the fresh meat needed for food; he learned to care for the ponies; and at least once he spent a full day and a night in the saddle without rest.

A cow-puncher who knew him well said that he was a new sort of tenderfoot. He was "handy as a pocket in a shirt," and "a plumb good sort." His motto, "do your job and keep your mouth shut," stood him in good stead. He won the respect of all the western ranchers and the lifelong devotion of those who knew him best.

The next dozen years must be passed over very briefly. After his return from the West, Roosevelt became a Civil Service Commissioner at Washington. This office he held six years. In 1895 he was made President of the Board of Police Commissioners in the city of New York. The next step was to the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

On February 15, 1898, the battleship *Maine*,

stationed in Havana harbor to protect our citizens on the island in the case of war between Spain and Cuba, was blown up. Two officers and 264 enlisted men were killed. A flame of indignation swept the country, but the government endeavored to be just. They waited to study the conflicting reports and to learn just where the blame lay. Shells in the magazine of the *Maine* might have exploded, instead of the terrible wreck being caused by a Spanish torpedo.

War against Spain was declared by the United States on April 23, over two months after the blowing up of the *Maine*. During those two months the Navy Department was provid ng the ships with food, coal, and ammunition; bringing the crews up to full strength; planning a campaign; and strengthening the naval bases. Roosevelt toiled night and day to push along these important tasks.

When war was declared, Roosevelt resigned from the navy. He wished to go to the front, to be on the "firing line." "I want to tell my children that their father had a share in freeing Cuba," he said. Roosevelt proposed to recruit a cavalry regiment himself.

When word went forth that Roosevelt was raising a regiment, thousands offered themselves. Only one thousand could be taken. These, however, were all friends or admirers of Roosevelt, — men from all ranks both West and East whom his alert and valiant spirit had drawn as by a magnet. To his standard flocked

ranchmen, hunters, professional gamblers, miners, broncobusters, town marshals, rascals of the border, society polo and football players, oarsmen, West Pointers, and Indians. This motley company was named the Rough Riders. The Rough Riders were alike in two things: — they all had courage, and they all were devoted to Theodore Roosevelt.

The most thrilling engagement of the Rough Riders during our brief war with Spain was the charge at San Juan Hill. The American forces were in a wooded river valley, commanded by the forts of the Spaniards on the hill crests. The enemy had the range and were delivering a withering fire. They must be dislodged. Word came to Roosevelt to assault the hill and capture a red-tiled ranch house, — a plain mark for all to see. This was far better than fighting an unseen foe hidden in the jungles.

Roosevelt shouted to his men, "We'll have to take that hill!" "We'll have to take that hill!" they roared joyously. Roosevelt leaped on his horse and, swinging his hat, set forth. He was bathed in perspiration and caked with Cuban mud from the knees down. A blue bandana handkerchief with white dots hung from his campaign hat to shield his neck from the blazing sun.

In Macaulay's poem, *The Battle of Ivry*, a great French king says to his troops:

"Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Even as the French followed Henry IV's white plume at Ivry, so did the Rough Riders follow Roosevelt's blue

"We'll have to take that hill!"

bandana that hot July day. It was their banner at San Juan.

After the red ranch house was taken, Roosevelt gained permission to charge again upon the Spaniards they had dislodged. The enemy had taken up a position on another crest. The Rough Riders charged across a

wide valley and, with the bullets zipping around them, plunged up the next hill. In all, they took three hill crests at San Juan in very gallant fashion.

The story of San Juan Hill was told in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Roosevelt became at once a popular hero.

In November, 1898, Roosevelt was elected Governor of New York State. For many years state affairs had been managed by Senator Platt, — Boss Platt, as he was called. It was a question who would be more powerful in New York, — the new Governor or Platt. Roosevelt, like Lincoln, said to himself, "We must use the tools we have." To get work well done was the main thing; he might wish for cleaner tools, but best of all was to seize and work with what was at hand. When Platt suggested good men for offices, Roosevelt appointed them. When Platt proposed unfit candidates, Roosevelt firmly refused to accept them. Men everywhere came to know that Roosevelt was as honest as he was energetic and as fearless as he was true.

Platt wearied of trying to bend Roosevelt to his will. The Senator decided to remove him from New York politics by having him nominated for the vice presidency. McKinley was to be nominated as President. Roosevelt, at first, was unwilling to accept. The vice presidency has been called the receiving-tomb of many ambitious politicians, and Roosevelt was quite wise in hesitating. However, he was told the party needed

him to strengthen their ticket in the West. Thereupon he yielded.

The summer and fall of 1900 he spoke to millions of his fellow citizens. They came to know and welcome his stocky figure, his vigorous gestures, his glasses, his friendly grin. The clear vigor of his thinking; his stern rebukes; his flashing humor, fascinated and delighted his hearers. McKinley and Roosevelt were elected in November, and took office in March, 1901. In September of that same year, the kind McKinley was assassinated. Theodore Roosevelt became the twenty-sixth President of the United States. He was also the youngest President our country has ever had.

Quite a group of citizens had mistrusted Roosevelt when he took the presidency. They said: "He is young; he is a soldier; he loves to fight; he will plunge the country into war." But they were mistaken. Roosevelt settled questions with other nations so wisely and generously that there could be no chance for war.

Furthermore, Roosevelt brought about the signing of peace between Russia and Japan. These nations had been fighting for over a year about the ownership of Asiatic lands. Two Russian statesmen and two Japanese met our President in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and there signed the papers that concluded a peace. For this achievement Roosevelt was given the Nobel Peace Prize for 1906.

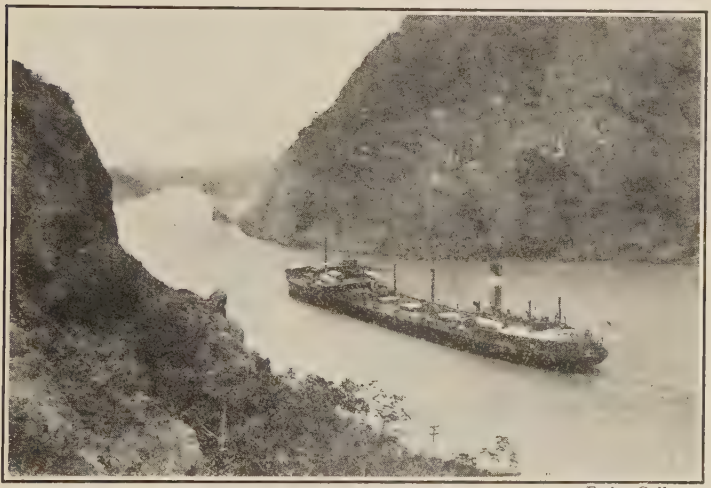
If you should choose the outstanding achievement of

Roosevelt's administration, it probably would be the Panama Canal. Three centuries before, many hardy captains had sought vainly for a northwest passage to India. Then, as the outlines of the western continent became known, it was seen that this short passage could only be found across the narrow neck of land joining North and South America. The most natural route for a canal across this isthmus was through Panama, which was owned by Colombia.

A Frenchman, Count de Lesseps, obtained the privilege of cutting a canal across at this point. He was an able engineer who had made the Suez Canal. But Panama proved a more difficult undertaking. The high mountains and the river floods presented tremendous problems. But the greatest obstacles to success were the tropical climate, the malaria, and the yellow fever. The workmen sickened and died; the work languished; funds diminished and then ceased. Millions had been spent and three quarters of the gigantic undertaking was yet to be done.

Such was the state of affairs when the United States offered to buy the French works. She also proposed to pay Colombia ten million dollars for a strip of land six miles wide across the isthmus. All seemed favorable, when suddenly Colombia decided that her rights in her province of Panama had been sold for too low a figure. She demanded forty million instead of ten. This seemed extortionate.

Revolutions in Panama were almost yearly affairs. The little province saw her opportunity. She threw off the yoke of Colombia and offered to treat with the United States as a free nation. Our government



Ewing Galloway

The Panama Canal to-day.

promptly recognized the new Republic of Panama, and other nations did the same. More reasonable terms were made with Panama, and presto! "the great ditch" was ours to dig.

Many criticized Roosevelt for the haste with which he acknowledged the new Republic. To some it savored of too sharp practice. But others maintained that, in dealing with holdup men, you must not overlook any advantage that chance holds out. No Secretary of State has been abler than John Hay, who was guiding our ship

of state at this time, and both Hay and Roosevelt have always regarded the Panama episode as the achievement in which they took most pride.

When President Taft succeeded him, Roosevelt went for a year to Africa to shoot big game. The specimens he obtained were to go to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. With Roosevelt went his second son, Kermit, a lad of twenty, an excellent shot and a good rider.

From Africa Roosevelt made a brief tour of Europe. He was welcomed with enthusiasm everywhere. Statesmen and crowned heads fêted him; the German Kaiser arranged a military review; Oxford University, England, awarded him a degree.

In 1912, the Republican party met to select a candidate for President, and renominated Taft. Many Republicans were dissatisfied, and, under Roosevelt's leadership, formed the new Progressive party. Roosevelt was their candidate. Thus the Republican party was divided, and, in consequence, the Democrats elected their candidate, Woodrow Wilson.

Roosevelt again left the country, going on an exploring expedition to South America. This was a dangerous trip. Roosevelt was ill with jungle fever; it looked as if he might die in the tropical wilderness. But he came out at last safely, although his health never again was so perfect as it had been. He had wished to explore and chart an unknown river of Brazil called the

River of Doubt. He brought to the Brazilian government a map of its course which he had plotted. They, in return, renamed the river Rio Teodoro.

Menacing clouds of war had long been overhanging the nations of Europe. In mid-summer, 1914, the bolt fell. Declaration after declaration of war followed so rapidly that at the end of a week the larger part of Europe was divided into two camps with Germany and Austria-Hungary on one side and Russia, France, Belgium, Serbia, and England on the other. The latter group were called the Allies, and were joined later by Japan, Italy, and Rumania. Turkey and Bulgaria took the side of Germany.

Roosevelt believed that the United States should join the Allies. He declared that our attitude in the World War should be not a matter of policy, but of principle. We should not ask what was easiest or pleasantest for us to do, but what was right. He saw liberty and right down-trodden and bleeding, and our free and powerful nation standing smugly by. He saw the Battle of Armageddon, and the United States safely "neutral in thought and deed." He was indignant as Germany broke solemn treaties, — "scraps of paper" she called them, and made war on helpless Belgium, a neutral country she had sworn to protect; he protested when she wantonly burned the priceless Louvain library and destroyed ancient cathedrals like Rheims, which were lovely as "frozen music." But most of all his anger

flamed forth at her treatment of helpless women and children, as her airships bombed quiet English coast towns and country villages, and her submarines sank the *Lusitania* and scores of neutral ships.

And Roosevelt spoke for the right cause in clear and certain voice. He wrote constantly. So vigorously did he present his views that when, nearly three years after that eventful August in 1914, the United States joined the Allies, many felt he had done more than any other man to prepare the mind of the nation for this worthy step.

Brown Bros.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Of course, Roosevelt was eager to go to the front. He offered to raise a division of volunteers. It was said that three hundred thousand men were anxious to serve under him. Twice he requested permission, but each time it was refused. This was undoubtedly the sharpest disappointment of his life.

But he had four fine sons to represent him. The youngest, Quentin, was but nineteen. He was an aviator and fell fighting within the German lines. Roosevelt never got over the loss of this dear young son.

But he was very proud of the family record. To a friend who had gone to condole with him, he said, exultantly, "Haven't I bully boys? One dead and two in the hospital!"

He himself fought bravely with the pen for the cause so dear to his heart. His health was now failing, but he strove to be well as valiantly as he had done as a little boy. His face was often gray with pain as he and his secretary toiled late into the evening to clear his desk of the day's accumulation of work. Certainly life never ceased to be strenuous for Theodore Roosevelt.

He lived to see the armistice; he welcomed home one dear invalid son. Then, in January, 1919, he died in his sleep.

Archie Roosevelt sent this message to his soldier brothers in France: "The Lion is dead!" The pathos and profound homage of these few words made a perfect tribute.

"Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt — these are the three whom Americans will cherish and revere; each of them a leader . . . and example in a structural crisis of our nation's life."

WOODROW WILSON

". . . Our American democracy may be honestly proud that it has received one who put . . . into the hearts of all the world . . . the aspiration . . . for the coming of a peace of good will among men of good will."—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

WOODROW WILSON grew up in the South amidst the suffering which followed the Civil War. At an early age he was sent to school in Columbia, South Carolina, a city which had been burned to the ground when General Sherman captured it after his famous March to the Sea. Parts of the city were yet in ruins. The people still talked of that terrible day. To young Woodrow there was nothing spirit-stirring, nothing picturesque and exciting, about war. It was ugly, cruel. When, later, he felt that he had an opportunity to do away with war for all time, he was willing to sacrifice everything, even his own life, to accomplish it.

Woodrow Wilson was a son of old Virginia, the state which has given us seven Presidents. His forbears were scholars,—ministers, teachers, and writers. And young Woodrow loved books; loved to argue and to "match minds," as he called it. His father, the Reverend Joseph Wilson, enjoyed reading aloud to his family. He would comment on noble and beautiful

passages. It was perhaps from these happy hours with him that Woodrow Wilson learned to use exact and beautiful English; to express his ideas so perfectly that some of his sayings later became household words. His home life in a Presbyterian manse was deeply religious. There were long family prayers. Always the family sought to discover what was the right and Christian way to decide any question. Young Woodrow grew up studious, thoughtful, and high-minded, but frail in body.

American history might have been different had the boy tussled and fought with other boys, been knocked down, got up with a cheerful grin, and gone into the fight again. Both Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were handicapped at the start by feeble bodies. But Roosevelt, under his father's wise care, built up a strong, rugged physique. Wilson did not, and again and again his health failed him when he needed it most.

At the age of eighteen, Wilson entered Princeton College. He was a conscientious student, and did particularly well in literature and history, his favorite subjects. After leaving Princeton, he studied law, and in time opened an office in Atlanta, Georgia. So little practice came his way, however, that he decided to become a teacher instead. He entered Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, for further study in history and the science of government.

Wilson at once began to make a name for himself. The books and articles he wrote while a graduate

student here attracted the attention of teachers throughout the country. Colleges offered him teaching positions in his favorite subjects. In 1890, at thirty-four, he became a teacher in his own college, Princeton, where he was to spend the next twenty years.

In 1902, a great honor came to Professor Wilson. He was chosen president of Princeton University, and he must have felt he had reached the goal of his ambition. What more could a teacher wish than to be the head of one of the most famous universities of America? But for Woodrow Wilson, Fate had decreed a more dramatic career than that of college president.

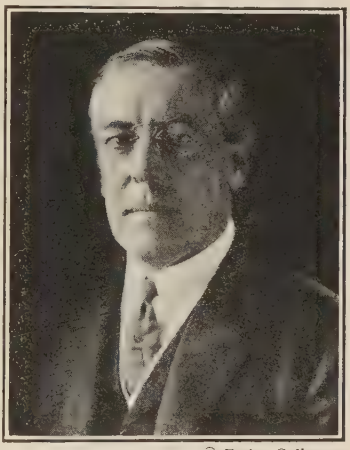
For eight years he remained as president of Princeton. Then his friends called him into the great game of politics, and he was elected Governor of New Jersey. People hoped that the man who wrote so clearly and convincingly about the problems of government would himself be a good Governor.

Wilson did not disappoint them. He was fearless, independent, astute. He was popular, too. What won the voters "was the soul of Woodrow Wilson — wholesome, aspiring, brave, with a radiance that shone upon his face and gave a glowing air of youth to his middle-aged fifties." His clear, thoughtful arguments were very different from the speeches of other politicians, and brought many people over to him.

In the course of events the Democrats chose Governor Wilson as their candidate for President in 1912.

This was the year when the Republican party was divided. The result of the split was that Woodrow Wilson was overwhelmingly elected, and became our twenty-eighth President in 1913.

The first years of his administration went well. Congress and the President did excellent team work. A number of wise laws were passed, and the whole country praised him. The college professor was proving to be a skillful politician as well as a great speaker and writer.



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Woodrow Wilson.

In the second year of his administration, in 1914, came that terrible week when every one felt the world had gone mad. One declaration of war followed on another like claps of thunder in a furious storm. Every great nation of the world, except our own, was at war. The country was bewildered, afraid of being drawn into the conflict. Then Wilson spoke for America. The United States must keep sane in this crisis. We must be neutral in word, in deed, even in thought. This was his message.

But before the first years of the war had passed, Wilson was to be bitterly attacked for his neutrality.

Jeers, sneers, taunts, fierce criticism met him on every side. In the United States were many people of English, German, French, and Italian birth. They were American citizens, yet their hearts turned fondly to their mother countries in the hour of peril. The strict neutrality of the President angered first one side, and then the other. People attacked him and praised him by turns. But the great majority of Americans felt that he had kept them from being drawn into the conflict. "War in Europe, peace in America. God bless Wilson," they said.

But although Woodrow Wilson hated war so much, it was not easy for him to remain neutral. Germany angered us again and again by torpedoing passenger ships on which peaceful Americans were traveling. Finally the great liner *Lusitania* was struck, and 124 Americans, some of them women and children, went down with her. A great cry of horror and anger went up from the nation. Germany promised such a thing should not happen again, but the sinkings went on. More Americans were killed. Even though the eastern states were clamoring for war, the amazing patience of the President continued. Whatever the provocation, war still seemed to him wrong.

Wilson was reëlected in 1916 after an exciting contest. The logan of the Democrats, which carried the day, was "He kept us out of war."

But no one knew better than Wilson himself how soon

that saying might become untrue. He made one last effort to bring about peace. It was unavailing. Then Germany announced that any ships approaching the English and French coasts would be torpedoed. This warning was for neutral as well as Allied ships. Some horror like the *Lusitania* sinking would follow.

Promptly Wilson recalled our minister to Germany. Then, on April 2, 1917, he appeared before Congress to

Ewing Galloway

A submarine cruising on the surface.

ask for a declaration of war. He explained that peace was no longer possible.

Behind the President stood a united, enthusiastic nation. It caught his spirit of sacrifice, his passion for the right. This was not a war for gain, to make America richer or more powerful. We were to free oppressed peoples everywhere. We were " to make the world safe for democracy." It was a crusade; the great adventure; a " war to end war."

Our allies were in sore need of our help. General Pershing sailed for France in May of that year to pre-

pare for the coming of our armies. There was much to be done. Barracks for the soldiers were to be built; railways laid; and supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition collected. We sent thousands of workmen to France, who built roads and bridges, who cut down forests, and constructed warehouses. Meanwhile, our navy was aiding the Allies in blockading Germany and in ridding the seas of the dreaded submarines.

Thousands of volunteers joined the armies Wilson had asked for. Congress passed a law which brought all the young men to the colors as fast as they were needed. We were building a great military force in record time.

But money, food, and ships were as necessary as soldiers. The American people raised billions of dollars by Liberty Loans. Our Allies needed all the food we could spare, and people gladly gave up eating meat and wheat on certain days to allow more to go to France. We set out to raise more food. War gardens were everywhere. Parks, lawns, beautiful private grounds were planted with corn, beans, and potatoes, and even the children had their war gardens and weeded them through the long vacation hours. Nearly two hundred new shipyards sprang up to answer England's plea for "Ships, and more ships, and yet more ships."

But, in all this excitement, Wilson did not forget his hatred of war; that this was a "war to end war." When the fighting ended, there must be an association of nations to prevent wars in the future. The people of

warring Europe began to agree with him. One of his speeches made a great impression. It gave fourteen conditions on which a just peace could be made with Germany. These were the famous "fourteen points." Our Allies accepted them. Wilson had become the spokesman of all the nations opposed to Germany.

Ewing Galloway

Americans on the battle line in northern France.

And now, in 1918, at last the war was going against Germany. Her armies launched four furious drives in the spring and early summer. But the Allies held, and then slowly but steadily began to force her back. News of American victories at Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne set bells ringing and whistles blowing in the home land.

Germany was losing hope. Behind the fighting lines

the home people were weakening. The British fleet had blockaded the German coast so that little food could be imported. There were few to plow and to plant. Famine entered the Fatherland.

A strange, new attack was made upon this discouraged, hungry people. Airplanes and tiny balloons scattered the speeches of Woodrow Wilson over all Germany. His ideas on liberty, democracy, government, and the rights of small nations became known to our enemies. These speeches were most devastating bombs. Germany began to crumble. There were no more soldiers to take the place of those who had fallen; her own allies were making terms; half the world was against her. She threw up her hands and cried "Kamerad!" She would trust to President Wilson's "Fourteen Points" for a just peace.

Armistice Day — the happiest day in four long years — came on the eleventh of November, 1918. War-weary men laid down their arms and hailed the great peace that many had given up hope of ever seeing.

Wilson decided to attend the peace conference at Paris himself. He felt that his vision of a world without war was so important that he must present it in person. He best could speak for generous treatment of the enemy, and explain the League of Nations which would make war a thing of the past.

Enthusiastic crowds greeted Wilson in Europe. They believed in him and in the idea of a just and last-

ing peace of which he spoke. Wilson was elated. He ardently hoped their faith in him would be justified.

Then he sat down at the council table with Clemenceau of France, Lloyd George of England, and Orlando of Italy,— and all was changed. They were playing one game; he, another. They wanted more territory, money, colonies, from Germany. Wilson tried to show them how much more important it was that the peace they were making should be just; that there must be a League of Nations to do away with war. He seemed a foolish visionary to these Old World diplomats.

But they had his measure. Apparently he would do anything to have them agree to his League of Nations. They bargained with him: the League should be formed, but in return they would take larger slices of territory from Germany, more colonies, more ships and money.

This was bad enough, but there was another disappointment for Wilson here. During the war the Allies had made secret treaties among themselves, dividing the spoils they hoped to win. These were revealed to the man who had promised the world "open agreements, openly arrived at." If he wanted his League of Nations, he would have to consent to these unjust agreements. In bitterness of soul he played the game as the others played it. He bargained, he traded, despising and hating it all. He realized that he had betrayed not only our enemies, who now trusted him, but some of our weaker allies. He still hoped that the

League would right the wrong sometime. But it was a sad, disillusioned President who returned to America.

Here is where the training of the boy Woodrow Wilson was lacking. He should have grinned; he should have confided to the nation, "I'm not so clever as I

Underwood and Underwood

Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau, and Wilson at Paris.

thought. I've been badly beaten over there. It is a bad treaty. But one thing I *have* saved, — my precious League of Nations. It is the best that I, single-handed, could do. Take hold, all of you, and help me make it better. Then I'll present it to them again." Modesty, hopefulness, honesty, — how his fellow citizens would have rallied to their great leader

again. Alack and alas, if only little Woodrow, after a knockdown blow, had learned long ago to rise with a grin and go into the fray again. But, since leaving Paris, he had become a bitter, solitary, opinionated man.

Before the treaty could be ratified it had to be approved by the Senate. Instead of asking their advice and help, he demanded that it be approved "without dotting an 'i' or crossing a 't.'" "Take it or leave it," his gesture seemed to say. They left it.

The truth is, now that the war was over, many Americans began to dislike the idea of the League. They thought we should leave Europe alone, and that we might be drawn into every war which broke out if we joined. They had lost faith in Wilson since the peace conference at Paris. In the Senate, there were enough votes against him to prevent approval of the treaty.

But the President's iron will was not broken. He would appeal to the people themselves. They could make the Senate do his bidding. He would tour the country from coast to coast, so that the whole nation could hear him. His purpose was noble, as always, but his spirit was bitter and almost vindictive. He "would smite his enemies hip and thigh"; he would not allow the Senate to "break the heart of the world."

The trip was to be made in the heat of early autumn. Physicians advised against it. But Woodrow Wilson would not yield, even to save himself. From city to city he went, earnestly, passionately, defending the

League. The people once more began to turn to him; it seemed as if he might yet win. But, while on the train near Wichita, Kansas, came the bolt from the blue. He had demanded more from his frail body than it could endure. He collapsed, and was taken back to Washington. For the year and a half remaining of his term as President, he was a helpless invalid.

America did not ratify the Treaty of Paris, which Wilson had helped to write, but made a separate peace with Germany. We would not join the League of Nations. But other nations supported it when we refused. Other noble men, this time in Europe and in South Africa, took up Wilson's task. More than once the League was able to prevent war breaking out, even as Wilson had hoped. But it was a bitter thing to him that his own country should have refused to join. He died in Washington, February 3, 1924.

As the man who guided the United States successfully through the greatest of all wars, Woodrow Wilson must always be considered one of our great presidents. But he cannot take his true place in history until we know whether the League of Nations he strove for will succeed. If it becomes what he hoped it would be, he will stand among the great men of all time. "If the League of Nations crumbles . . . then Wilson will become one of the host of good men who spent their zeal striving for futile things."

The world waits to see.

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LIST OF DATES

1753. Benjamin Franklin, postmaster-general of the colonies.
1754. Franklin's plan of union rejected.
1763. French and Indian War ended by Treaty of Paris.
Patrick Henry argues the "Parsons' Cause."
1764. Samuel Adams denies the right of England to tax Americans without representation.
1765. Stamp Act.
Patrick Henry speaks against the Act.
Franklin in England petitions against the Act.
Steam engine invented by James Watt.
1766. Stamp Act repealed.
1768. England sends two regiments to Boston.
1769. Junipero Serra establishes the mission of San Diego, July 16.
Daniel Boone visits Kentucky.
James Robertson explores eastern Tennessee.
1770. Boston Massacre, March 5.
1772. John Sevier joins the Watauga settlements.
1773. Boston "Tea Party," December 16.
1774. First Continental Congress in Philadelphia, September 5.
1775. Boonesborough is built.
Paul Revere's ride, April 18.
Battles of Lexington and Concord, April 19.
Ethan Allen captures Ticonderoga, May 10.
Second Continental Congress, May 10.
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17.
Washington takes command of the Continental army, July 3.
1776. Franklin sent to obtain aid from France.
British driven out of Boston, March 17.
Declaration of Independence, July 4.
Indian attack on Watauga, July 21.
Battle of Long Island, August 27.
Nathan Hale hanged as a spy, September.
Washington captures the Hessians at Trenton, December 26.

1777. British plan to capture the Hudson valley.
Gen. Stark routs the British at Bennington, August 16.
Burgoyne beaten in two battles at Freeman's Farm, September 19 and October 7.
Howe and Washington maneuvering around Philadelphia, September and October.
Surrender of Burgoyne's army, October 17.

1778. The *Drake* surrenders to Captain Paul Jones, April.
Kaskaskia taken by George R. Clark, July.
Indian attack on Boonesborough, August.

1779. Clark's expedition against Vincennes, February.
Battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, September 23.

1780. Sevier wins the battle of Kings Mountain, October 7.

1781. Gen. Morgan defeats the British at the Cowpens, January 17.
Gen. Greene worsted at Guilford Court House, March 15.
Cornwallis besieged in Yorktown by Lafayette, August.
Cornwallis surrenders to Washington, October 19.

1783. Peace concluding the Revolution, September.

1787. Constitution of the United States, September.

1789. Washington inaugurated first President, April 30.

1790. Death of Franklin, April 17.

1791. National capital located on the Potomac River and named Washington, September.

1793. Whitney invents the cotton gin.

1800. Napoleon acquires Louisiana from Spain, October.
Congress meets for the first time in Washington, November 17.

1801. Thomas Jefferson, third President.

1803. Louisiana purchased from France, April.
Lewis and Clark start out to explore Louisiana, November.

1805. Lewis and Clark reach the mouth of the Columbia River, November 7.

1807. Robert E. Lee born, January 19.
Fulton's first trip in the *Clermont*, August.

1808. Slave importation stopped by the Constitution.

1809. Abraham Lincoln born, February 12.

1813. Jackson's campaign against the Creeks.

1815. Sam Houston at battle of Horseshoe Bend, March.
Jackson wins the battle of New Orleans, January 8.

1817. Work begun on the Erie Canal, July.
Jackson's campaign against the Seminoles.

1819. Purchase of Florida.

1820. Missouri Compromise.
1825. Erie Canal opened, October 26.
1829. Andrew Jackson, seventh President.
1830. Webster's reply to Hayne, January.
Peter Cooper builds the *Tom Thumb*.
1832. South Carolina, under the leadership of Calhoun, threatens secession, November.
1833. Compromise proposed by Henry Clay.
1835. Samuel Morse at work on the telegraph.
1836. Defense of the Alamo, March 6.
Battle of San Jacinto, April 21.
Texas independent of Mexico, June.
1842. Webster-Ashburton Treaty, August 9.
1843. Frémont and Carson explore California.
1844. First telegraphic message sent, May 24.
1845. Texas annexed to the United States, December.
1848. Gold discovered in California, January.
Close of the war with Mexico.
1850. Clay proposes another Compromise.
Webster's "Seventh of March" speech.
California admitted to the Union.
1854. Kansas-Nebraska bill.
1856. Woodrow Wilson born, December 28.
1858. Lincoln-Douglas debates.
Theodore Roosevelt born, October 27.
1860. Lincoln's speech at Cooper Union, February.
Lincoln elected sixteenth President, November.
1861. Fort Sumter surrenders, April 14.
1862. Battle of Antietam, September 22.
1863. Emancipation of the slaves, January 1.
Lee defeats Hooker at Chancellorsville, January 25.
Union victory at Gettysburg, July 1–3.
1864. Grant's campaign around Richmond, May.
Lincoln reëlected, November.
1865. Fall of Petersburg, April 3.
Lee surrenders to Grant at Appomattox, April 9.
Lincoln assassinated, April 14.
1898. *Maine* destroyed in Havana harbor, February 15.
War declared against Spain, April 25.
Battle of San Juan Hill, July 1–3.
Peace protocol with Spain signed, August 12.
Roosevelt elected Governor of New York, November 8.

1900. The Wrights' first biplane glider.
1901. Roosevelt, Vice President, March 4.
Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President, September 14.
1903. Republic of Panama recognized.
The Wrights' first airplane flight, December 17.
1906. Russo-Japanese Peace Conference, Portsmouth, N. H.
1908. The Wrights' first public airplane flights in America and France.
1909. Taft, twenty-seventh President, March 4.
1912. Roosevelt nominated by the Progressive Party.
1913. Wilson, twenty-eighth President, March 4.
1914. Beginning of the World War, July 28–August 4.
1915. Sinking of the *Lusitania*, May 7.
1917. United States declares war against Germany, April 6.
1918. Wilson enumerates the "Fourteen Points," January 8.
Battle of Château-Thierry, June 4.
Battle of St. Mihiel, September 12–14.
Battle of the Meuse-Argonne, September–November.
Armistice signed, November 11.
1919. Death of Theodore Roosevelt, January 6.
Treaty of Paris signed, June 28.
1921. Harding, twenty-ninth President, March 4.
Separate peace with Germany, July 2.
1924. Death of Woodrow Wilson, February 3.

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